00046967

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016

A

Supplementary Parallel-Text Edition

of

Chaucer's Minor Poems.

A Supplementary Parallel-Text Edition

of

Chaucer's Minor Poems,

(CONTAINING MOST OF THOSE THAT COULD NOT BE GOT INTO THE *PARALLEL-TEXT EDITION*).

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.,

TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

46967

PUBLISHT FOR

THE CHAUCER SOCIETY

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON.

46467

Bungay:
CLAY AND TAYLOR, THE CHAUCER PRESS.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES (6 *Texts*)	1
II.	AN A B C, OR ALPHABETIC HYMN TO THE VIRGIN (6 *Texts*)	27
III.	ANELIDA AND ARCITE (3 *Texts*)	37
IV.	THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN (3 *Texts*)	59
V.	THE COMPLAINT OF MARS (3 *Texts*)	141
VI.	TRUTH (6 *Texts*)	153
VII.	THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS (3 *Texts*)	157
VIII.	GENTILESSE (3 *Texts*)	161
IX.	LACK OF STEDFASTNESS (3 *Texts*)	163
X.	FORTUNE (3 *Texts*)	167

(The first 5 Poems are not in their order of time. For that, see the Contents of the *Parallel-Text Edition*.)

SUPPLEMENTARY PARALLEL-TEXTS OF

Chaucer's Minor Poems

(*FOR WHICH THERE IS NOT ROOM IN THE* "PARALLEL-TEXT EDITION").

I. THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES.

Three Texts.

(For six others see the "Parallel-Text Edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems"; and for two Fragments see the Appendix to the "One-Text Print of Chaucer's Minor Poems.")

[*Tanner MS* 346 (*vellum*, ? 1440, *Bodl. Libr.*), *leaf* 120.]

The Parlement of Briddis.

(1) [*The Proem.*]

The lif so short the craft so long to lerne
The assay so hard so sharpe the conqueryng
The blysful ioy a-wey that fletiñ so yerne
Aℓℓ this mene I be loue that my felyng
Astonyeth so with his dredfuℓℓ worchyng
So sore I-wis that whan I on hym thynke
That wote I wele where I wake or wynke

(2)

ffor aℓℓ be that I knowe not loue in dede
Ne wote how he quyteth folke hir hire
Yit happeth me in bokis ofte rede
Of his myracles and of his crueℓℓ ire
Ther rede I wele he wol be lord and sire
Dar I not seyn his strokis ben so sore
But god saue swich a lorde I can no more

(3)

Of vsage what for lust what for lore
On bokes rede I ofte as y you tolde
But why þat I speke aℓℓ þis not yore
A-gone it happed me for to be-holde
Vp on a boke was wryte with letteres olde
And ther vp on a certeyn thyng to lerne
The longe day fulℓfast I radde and yerne

(4)

For out of olde feldes as men seiñ
Comyth al this new corn fro yer to yer
And out of olde bokes in good feiñ
Comyth al þis new science þat men lere
But now to purpos of my first matere
To rede forth it gan me so delite
That al day thought me but a lyte

[*Digby MS* 181 (*Bodl. Libr.*, *paper*, ? 1450-60), *leaf* 44.]

[*m, ñ are printed for* m, n *with curls over them; initial* a *generally for* A; ſ *and* k *have curls to them. Of* r· *the* · *may be meant as part of the* r, *as in the Cambr. Univ. Libr. MS Ff.* i. 6.]

the parlement of Fowlis.

(1) [*The Proem.*]

t He life so short / the crafte so louge to lerne
The assay so harde / so sharpe the conqueryng
The blisfuℓℓ ioy awey that fleiñ so yerne
Aℓℓ this mene I by loue / that my Felyng
Astonyth so with his dredfuℓℓ worchyng
So sore I-wis þat when I oñ hym thynke
Not wote I weℓℓ wher þat I flete or synke

(2)

¶ For by aℓℓ that I knowe not loue in dede
Ne wete howe she quyteth Folke here hire
Yit happith me in bokes ofte to rede
Of his myracles and of his Crueℓℓ ire
there rede I weℓℓ / he woℓℓ be lorde & sire
Dare I not sayñ his strokes beñ so sore
But god saue suche a lorde I cañ no more

(3)

¶ Of vsage what for luste / what for lore
On bokis rede I. ofte as I you tolde
But why þat I speke aℓℓ þis /. not yore
Agoñ it happed me For to beholde
Vpoñ a book was write with lettres olde
And ther-vpoñ a certeyñ thyng to lerne
The longe day fuℓℓ faste I redde / and yerne

(4)

¶ For out of olde Feldis as meñ seiñ
Comyth aℓℓ this new corñ from yere to yere
And out of olde bokis in good feyth
Comyth aℓℓ þis newe sciens that meñ lere
But nowe to purpos of my First matere
To rede forth it ganne me to delite
That aℓℓ day it thought me but a lite

[*MS Arch. Seld. B.* 24. (*Bodl. Libr.*, *paper*, ? 1470-80), *leaf* 142.]

[*The first* 2 *stanzas of the Proem are wanting. A leaf is out of the MS.*]

(3)

Of vsage olde quhat for loue / quhat for lore
On bokis red I oft / as I you tolde
And quher-fore þat I speke now this but more
I schall ȝow seyne /. It hapned me to beholde
Vpon a book writen with lettres olde
And ther-upon a certane thing to lere
The long day I red fuℓℓ fast but were

(4)

For out of olde feldis quhere sowen sede is
Commyth all this new corne fro ȝere to ȝere
And out of olde bookis as men redis
Cummyth all this new science þat men lere
But now to purpose of this ilke matere
I can me so delyte forth for to rede
The long day me thoght full schort but drede

(5)

This boke of which I make mencion
Entitlid was al ther' I shal you telle
Tullius of the dreme of the Cipion
Chapetres it had .vij. of heuen & helle
And erthe and sowlys that ther-in dwelle [leaf 120, back]
Of which as shortlye as I kan trete
Of his sentence I wol you telle the grete

(6)

First tellith it whan Scipion was come
In to Aufrik how he mette Masinysse
That him for ioy in armes hath I-nome
Than tellith he hir speche and all the blysse
That was be-twixt hem tyl the day gan mysse
And how his aunsetry aufrikan so dere
Gan on his slepe that nyght to hym Appere

(7)

Than tolde he hym that fro A sterry place
how aufrican hath hym Cartage I-shewid
And warnede hym by-for' of al his grace
And seide hym what man lerid or lewid
That louyth commoun profit well I-thewed
he shal vn to a blysful place wende
Theyr ioy is that lasteth with-oute ende

(8)

Than askid he yif the folke that her' be dede
haue lyf and dwellyng in an other place
And aufrikan seide ye with-out drede
And oure present worldis lyuys space
Menith but a man deth what wey we trace
And rightful folk shul go whan they dey
To heuyn & shewed hem the Galoye

(5)

¶ This book of which I make mencion
Entitelled was all *per* I shall you telle
Tullius of the dreme of the Cipion
Chapters it had vij. of heuen and hell
And erthe. and sowlis þat ther-in dwell
Of which as shortly. as I can trete
Of his sentens I wol you tell the grete

(6)

¶ First tellith it when Cipion was come
Into Affrik. howe he mette Masinysse
þat hym for ioy. in armes hath I-nome
Than tellith he hir speche & all the blisse
þat was betwix hem / till þe day gan mysse
And howe his auncetre Aufrican so dere
Gan on his slepe. that nyght till hym appere.

(7)

¶ Than tolde he hym that fro a sterry place [leaf 44, back]
howe Aufrican hath hym cartage I-shewed
And warned hym bifore of all his grace
And seide hym what man leryd or lewde
That louyth commune profite / well I-thewyde
he shall vnto a blisfull place wende
There ioy is þat lastith without ende

(8)

¶ Than asked he if þe Folke þat here be dede
haue lif and dwellyng in a-nothir place
And Aufrican seide / ye with-out drede
And howe oure present worldis lifis space
Mornyth but a maner deth what wey we trace
And rightfull folke / shull go when they die
To heuen and shewed hem the Galeye

(5)

This book / now quhich I mak of mencion
Entitulit was thus / as I schall telle
Tullius of the dreme of Scipion
Chapitres sevin It had of hevin and hell
How þat the body and soule ther-In mon duell
Off quhiche as schortly as I can It trete
Off this sentence I schall 3ow soyne the grete

(6)

First tellis It quhan Scipion was comen
In Affric. how he met *with* Manassis
And him / for Ioye In armes hath he nomen
Than telles he thair speche and all thair blis
That was betuene thame quhill the day can mys
And how his ancester Affrican so dere
Gan In his slepe that nyght to him appere

(7)

Than tellis It þat from a sterny place
How Affrican hath him Cartage schewit
And warnyt him before of all his grace
And seid quhoso he be lerit or lewit
That loue is cummyn profyte wele thewit
He schuld In-to a blisfull place wende
Quhere Ioy Is ay / with-outen any ende

(8)

Than askit he / gif folk þat here ar dede [leaf 142, back]
Haue lyf and duelling In an othir place
Affrican said / 3a without any drede
And how þat here oure present lyves space
Was bot a moment here quhat weys we trace
And ryghtwise folk schuide go after thai dye
To heuen but dredc / and schewit him the galye

(9)

Thañ shewed he hym the litel erth þat her is
At regard of heuenys quantite
And after shewid he hym the ix speris
And after that the melody herd he
þat comyth of thilk speris thries thre
That wel is of Musyk and Melodye
In þis world here and cause of Armonye

(10)

Than bade he hym se the erth that is so lite
And was somdele ful of harde grace
That he ne sholde hym in the worlde delite
Than told he hym in certeyn yeres space
þat every sterre shuld come in to his place
Ther it was first and all shal oute of mynde
þat in this world was don of all mankynde

(11)

þañ prayed he Scipion tell hym alle
The wey to come to heuen blysse
And he said knowe þy self first mortall
And loke ay bisily thou werk and wisse
To comon profit & thu shalt neuer mysse
To come swiftly vn to that place dere
That ful of blisse is and soulis clere

(12)

But brekers of the lawe for to seyn
And lecherous folke after þat they be dede
Shul alwey a-boute the erth in peyne
Tyl many a world be passed oute of drede
And þan foryeve hem al her wicked dede
Than shul they come vn to that b[l]isful place
To which to come god sende ech louer grace

(9)

¶ Thañ shewed he hym the litle erthe þat here is
At regarde of heuens quantite
And after shewed he hym the ix. speres
And after þat / the melodye herde he
þat comyth of þilk speres thries thre
That wellis been of musik and melodie
In this wordle here / and cause of armonye

(10)

¶ Thañ bade he hym se the erth þat is so lite
And was sumdeł ful of harde grace
That he ne sholde hym / in þis wordle delike
Thañ tolde he hym in certeyn yeres space
That every sterre sholde come in to his place
Ther it was firste / and all shall out of mynde
That in this wordle was doon of all mankynde

(11)

¶ Thañ praid he Cipion tell hym all
The way to come to heuen blisse
And he said knowe þi-silf first mortal
And loke ay bisily thowe werke and wisse
The commune profite . and þou shalt neuer mysse
To come swiftly / vnto that place dere
That Full of blisse is and sowlis chere

(12)

¶ But brekers of the lawe sothe to sayn
And lecherous Folk / after þat they been deed
Shull alwey whirle about the erth in payn
Tyl many a world be passid out of drede
And then for-yeue hem all here wicked dede
Thañ shall þei come into that blisful place
To which to come god sende eche louer grace .

(9)

Than schewit he him the lytill erth þat here Is
At regard of the heuenys quantitee
And after schewit he him the nyne speris
And after that /. the melodye herd he
That cummyth of thai ilke speris thrise thre
That wolles ar of musik and melodye
In this world here /. and cause of armonye

(10)

Than seid he thus syn erth was here so lyte
And full of turment and of hard grace
That he ne schuld him In this world delyte
For ilke sterne schuld cum Into thaire place
Thider quhare he predestynate was
Quhare It was first / and all schuld out of mynd
That In this world was doon of all mankynd

(11)

Than praid him Scipion to tell him all
That were to cum vnto that heuenys blis
And he seid / first knowe thy-self mortall
And luke ay besily thou wirk ywis
The common profit / and thou shalt noght mys
To cum swiftly vnto that place so dere
That full of blis is /. and of soulis clere

(12)

But brekaris of the lawe sooth forto seyne
And lecherouse folk aftere thai be dede
Schall quhirll alweye the world about In peyne
Quhill many a world be passit out of drede
In this degree quitis god ilke man his mede
Than schall they cum In-to that blisfull place
To quhiche to cum god send vs all grace

(13)

The day gan faile and the derke nyght
That revith bestis from her bisinesse
Bereft me my boke for lak of light
And to my bedde y gan me for to dresse 88
Fu[l]filled of thought & besy heuynesse
For both I had thing' which þat I nolde
And ek I no had thing' that I wolde 91

(14)

But finally my spirit at the last'
For wery my labour' all the day
Toke rest' that made me to slepe fast'
And in my slepe I mette as I lay 95
how Affrican right in that seluen A-ray [leaf 121, back]
That Scipion hym sawe be-fore þat tide
was comen & stode right at my beddes side 98

(15)

The verry hunter sleping in his bedde
To wode a-yen his mynde goth a-non
The Iuge demeth hou his pleas ben spede
The carter dremeth hou his cartes gone 102
The rich of golde þ' knyght fighteth with his fone
The seke metetli he drynketh of the tonne
The louere metith he hath his lady wonne 105

(16)

Can I not seyn yif that the cause were
For I red hadde of Affrican be-forn
That made me to mete þat he stood ther'
But thus seid' he þou hast the so wel born 109
In lokyng' of myn olde boke al to-torn
Of which Macrobye rought nought A lite
That somdele of thy labour' wolde I quyte 112

(13)

¶ The day gan faile and the derk nyght [leaf 45]
That revith bestis from here besynesse
Bireft me my book for lak of light
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse 88
Fulfilled of thought / and of besy heuynesse
For bothe I hadde thyng'. which þat I nolde
And I no hadde thyng'. that I wolde. 91

(14)

¶ But finally my spirite att last
For wery of my labour all the day
To rest that made me to slepe fast
And in my slepe I mette as I lay 95
howe Aufrican right in þat seluen aray
That Cipion hym sawgh before þat tide
Was comyn and stood right at þe beddis side 98

(15)

¶ The wery hunter slopyng in his bedde
To the wode a-yen / his mynde goth anoon
The Iuge dremyth howe his plees been spedde
The Carter dremyth. howe his Cartes goon 102
The Riche of golde / þe knyght feightith with his Foon
The seke dremyth / howe he drynketh of þe Ton
The lover' metith / he hath his lady' won 105

(16)

¶ Can I not sayn if that the cause were
For I redde hadde of Aufrican biforn
That made me to mete he stode there
And thus said' he / þou hast þe so well born 109
In lokyng' of myn olde boke all to-torn
Of which Macrobie rought not a lite
þat somdele of thy labour wold' I the quyte 112

(13)

The day gan faile / and the derk nyght [leaf 147]
That revis bestis all thaire besynesse
Rest me my book for faut and lak of lyght
And to my bed I gan me for to dresse 88
Fulfild of thoght /. and besy hevynesse
For bothe I had thing þat I wold' noght haue
And als the thing I wold'. so god me saue 91

(14)

Bot fynaly my spirit at the last
For Irknes of the laboure all the day
Toke rest' þat maid me for to slepe fast
And In my slepe I met þat I schall say 95
How Affricane ryght In that ilk array
That Scipion him sawe before that tyde
Was cummyn / and stude ryght at my beddis syde 98

(15)

The wery huntare sleping In his bed
To wod agayn him thinkis he gois anon
The Iuge dremys how his pledis ben sped
The cartare dremys how his cartis gone 102
The riche of gold / the knyght fightis with his fone
The seke man wenis he drinkis of the tonne
The louer wenis he has his lady wonne 105

(16)

Can I noght seye if þat the cause were
For I had red of Affrican beforn
That maid me to think þat I stude there
But thus said he /. thou has the so wele borne 109
I loking on myn old' book for to torne
Off quhiche Macroby had sum tyme delyte
That he sum dele thy labour wold' the quite 112

(17) [*Invocation.*]

Cithera thu blisfulL lady swete
þat with þy firy bronde dauntest who the liste
And madest me þis sweven for to mete
Be þou my helpe in this for þou mayst best 116
As wisely as I saw the north north west
when I be-gan my sweven for to wryte
So yeue me myght to ryme & to endyte 119

(18) [*The Story.*]

This forseid Affrican me hente A-none
And forth with hym vn-to A gate brought
Right of A park walled with grene stone
And ouer the gate with lettres large I-wrought 123
Ther wer vers writen As me thought
On either half of ful grete reuerence
Of which I shal now sey the pleyn sentence 126

(19)

Thorogh me men gon in to that blisfulL place [leaf 122]
Of hertes hele & dedely woundis cure
Thorogh me men gon vn to the wel of grace
There grene & lusty may shal euer endure 130
This is the wey to al good auenture
Be glad þou reder and þy sorowe of caste
Al open am I. passe in and hye the faste 133

(20)

Thorogh me men gon than spake þat oþer side
vn to the mortal strook of the spere
Of which dysdayne & daunger is the gide
þer tro shal neuer frewto ne leues bere 137
This streme you ledeth vn to þe sorwful were
þer-as this fissh in prison is all drye
The-shewing is only the Remedye 140

(17) [*Invocation.*]

¶ Citherea thowe blisfulL lady swete
þat with thy Firebrond dauntist whom þou list
And madist me this sweven for to mete
Be thowe myn helpe in this for þou maist best 116
As wisly as I sawe the Northn West
Whan I be-gan my sweven for to write
So yeue me myght / to write it and endite 119

(18) [*The Story.*]

¶ This forsaid aufrican me hent anoon
And forth with hym vnto a gate brought
Right of a parke walled with grene stoon
And ouer the gate with letters large I-wrought 123
There were vers wretyn as me thought
On eythor half / of full grete differens
Of which I shall nowe say / the playn sentens 126

(19)

¶ Through me men come into þat blisfulL place [leaf 43, back]
Of hertis hele and deedly woundis cure
Through me men goon vnto þe well of grace
Ther grene and lusty may. shall euer endure 130
This is the way to all good auenture
be glad þou reder. and þi sorow of cast
All open am I passe in. and hie the *Fast* 133

(20)

¶ Through me men goon / pan spake þat oþir side
Vnto the mortall stroke of the spere
Of which disdayn and daungere is þe gide
There tree shall neuer fruto / no leves bere 137
This streme you ledith vnto the sorowfull were
There as this Fysshe in prison is all drie
The-shewyng is only the remedie 140

(17) [*Invocation.*]

Citherea thou blisfull lady swete
That with thy grete hete dantis quhom the lest
That maid me this sueving for to mete
Be thou my help In this / for thou may best 116
And ala wisely as I saw the north north west
Quhan I began my sueving to endyte
So geue me grace to ryme It / and to wryte 119

(18) [*The Story.*]

This foresaid Affrican me hent anon [leaf 143, back]
And forth with him to a 3ett me broght
Ryght of a park wallid with grene stone
And ouer the 3et with lettres large wele wroght 123
There was versis writtin as me thoght
On athir half of full grete defference
Off quhich I schall 3ow seyne the pleyne sentence 126

(19)

Throw me men gois vnto that blisfull place
Off hertes hele / and dedely woundis cure
Throu me men gois vnto the well of grace
Quhare grene and lusty May schall euer endure 130
This is the weye / to all gude auenture
Be glad thou reder. and thy sorow out cast
I am opyn /. pas In /. and spede the fast 133

(20)

Throu me men gois than spak that othir side
Vnto the dedely strokis of the spere
Off quhich disdeyne and dangere is the gide
Quhare neuir tree schall fruyte ne leues bere 137
This weye 3ow ledis to the sorowfull were
There quhar the fische In prison is all drye
The eschewing is onely remedye 140

(21)

This vers of golde and blake I-wryten wer'
Of which I gan a stounde to be-holde
For with þat one encresid ay my fere
And with þat other gan myn hert to bolde
That on me hette that other did me colde
No wyt had I for errour' for to chese
To entre or fle or me to saue or lese

(22)

Right as be-twix addemaundis two
Of evyn myght a pece of Iryn is sett'
That hath no myght to meue to ne fro
For what þat one may hale þat oþer lette.
Ferde I that I ne wist' whoþer þat me was bette
To entre or leue tyl Affrycan my gide
Me hente and shoof me in at the gate wide

(23)

And seid' it stondeth wryten in thy face
Thy errour' though thu tel it not me
But drede the not to come in to þis place
For this wrytyng' is no thing' ment be the
Ne be none but he loues seruant be
For thu of loue hast lost thi tast' y gesse
As seek man hath of swete & bitternesse

(24)

But natheles al though thu be dull
þat þou canst not do yit þou mayst it se
For many a man þat may nat stonde a pull
It liketh hym at the wrastlyng' to be
And demyth yit whoþer he do bet or he
And yif þou haddest kunnyng' for to endite
I shal the shewen mater of to write

(21)

¶ This verse of golde and blak I-wrotyñ were
Of which I gañ stonde to beholde
For' *with* that ooñ increscd ay my fere
And *with* þat othir' gañ myñ hert bolde
That ooñ me hette / þat othir did me colde
No witt had I, for' erroure for to chese
To entir' or' Fle / or me to saue or' lese

(22)

¶ For' right as bitwix adamauntis two.
Of evyñ myght a pece of yroñ I-sette
That hath no myght to meue to ne Fro
For' what þat ooñ may hale / þat othir lette
Thus ferde I. þat I ne wisto / whedir me was bette
To entir or' leue till aufricañ my gide
Me hent. and shoof me in / at þe gate wide

(23)

¶ And saide it stondith wretyñ in thy Face
Thyñ errour' though þou telt it not to me
But drede the not to come in-to this place
For' this writyng' is no-thyng' ment by the
Ne by nooñ but he. loves seruaunt be
For' þou of loue hast loste / thy tast I gesse
As a seke mañ. hath of swete & bittirnesse.

(24)

¶ But natheles all-þough thowe be dull
þat þou canst not doo / yit þou maist it se
For' many a mañ that may nôt stonde a pull
It likith hym att the wrastlyng' to bee
And demyth it / whethir he do bette or' hee
And if þou haddist connyng' to endite
I shall the shewe / mater of to write

(21)

Thir verse of golde and blak wele writen were
The quhiche I was astonyt to beholde
For with that one encrescit ay my chere
And with that othir began my hert wax colde
That one me fleyit that othir maid me
No witt had I for erroure for to chese
To enter to flee / ne me to saue or less

(22)

For right as betuene adamantis two
off even *myght* a pece of Irne were sett
That one no *myght* hath to moue It to ne fro
For quhat þat one may that othir may lett
So fure I / þat I ne wist quhethir me was bett
To enter or leue / quhill African my gyde
Me hent /. and schot In / at the ȝettis wyde

(23)

And said It stondis writin In thy face
Thyne erroure / though thou tell It *noght* to me
Bot drede the *noght* to cum vnto this place
For this writing is ment nothing by the
Ne by noñ / bot he loues seruant be
For thou of loue has lost the taste I gesse
As seke man hath of suete and bitternesse

(24)

Bot neuerthelcs . though that thou be dull
And can *noght* do /. for-sooth ȝit may thou see
For many a man þat may *noght* stand a pull
ȝit likith It him at wrastling for to be
And deme ȝit quhethir he dooth bet or he
And if thou hast craft forto endyte
I schall the schewe matere quhar'of to write

(25)

with what myn honde in his he took a-non
Of which I comfort' taught & went in fast
But lorde so I was glad and wele be-gon
For ouer all wher' I myn eyen cast' 172
weren trees cladde *with* leuys *þat* ay shal last'
Ech in his kynde with coloure ffressh & grene
As Emeawde þat ioy was to sene 175

(26)

The bildre ock' & eke the hardy Asshe
The pelar' elm the coffre vn to the careyn
The box pype tre holme to whippes lasshe
The saillyng fir the Cipresse deth to pleyn 179
The sheter' ewe the Aspe for shaftes pleyn
The Olyne of pese & eke the drunken vyne
The victor palme the laurer' to devyne 182

(27)

A gardyn saw I ful of blossemed' bowis
vp on a ryuer yn a grene mede
Ther' as swetnesse euer-mo I-now is
with floures white blew yelow & rede 186
A colde wel stremes nothing' dede
And swymmyng' ful of smal fisshes light'
with fynnys rede & scalis of syluer bryght [leaf 152] 189

(28)

On euery bough the briddes herde I singe
with vois of aungel in here armonye
þat besied hym her briddes forth to bryng'
The litel conyes to her' pley gynnen hie 193
And furthir aboute I gan espie
The dredful Roo the buk' the hert' & hinde
Squerel and bestes smale of gentyl kynde 196

(25)

¶ With that myn honde in his he toke anon [leaf 46]
Of whiche I comforte caught & went in fast
But lorde so I was gladde and well bigon
For ouer all / where I myn eyen cast 172
Weren trees cladde *with* leues þat ay shall last
Eche in his kynde with coloure Fresshe and grene
As Emeraude that ioye was to seyn 175

(26)

¶ The bilder oke / and eke the hardy asshe
The Peler- Elme / the cofre vnto careyn
The boxe pipe / the holme to whippes lasshe
The sailyng firre / the Cipres deth to playn 179
The Sheter Ewe- / the aspe for- shaftis playn
The Olyve of Pees / and eke the dronkyn vyne
The victour palme / the laurer to deuyne / 182

(27)

¶ A gardyn sawe I full of blossomyd' bowes.
Vpon a rever in a grene mede.
þer as swetnesse euermore I-nowe is
With Floures white blewe yelowe & rede 186
And colde well stremys no-thyng- dede
And swymmyng- full of smale fisshes - light
With Fynnes rede. and scales siluer bright 189

(28)

¶ In euery bough the briddes herde I synge
With vois of aungelis. in here armonye
That beside hem hir- briddis forth to brynge
The litle Conyes to hire ploy gonnen hie 193
And Ferther- about I ganne espie
The dredfull Roo / the buk the hert & hynde
Squerellis and bestis smale / of gentill kynde 196

(25)

With that my hand he hent In his ancñ.
Off quhiche I confort caught and went full fast
But lord so I wex glad / and wele begome
For ouer all quher' I myn eyne can cast 172
Were treis clad with leues þat ouer schuld' last
Eche In his kynde with leues quhite and grene
As emerant' þat Ioy was for to sene 175

(26)

The bilder oke and eke the hardy esche
For pilers elm / the cofir on-to careine
The bosche pipere the holyn to quhippis fresche
For sailing firre / the cipres deth to pleyne 179
The v. the esp for archeris sooth to seyne
The olyve of pes /. and als the dronk wyne
The victor' palm / the laurere to deuyne 182

(27)

A gardyn saw I full of blossomyt bewis
Vpon a ryuer In a grene mede
Quhare þat suetenes euermor' anewis
Off flouris quhite blewe ȝalow and rede 186
And cold well stremes quik and nothing dede
That swymmand' was full of fischis lyght
With fynnes rede / and scalis siluer bright 189

(28)

On euery bough briddis herd' I sing [leaf 144, back]
With angel voce Into thair armonye
Sum thame besyit thair birdis furth to bring
The lytill conyngis to thaire caues can hye 193
And forthir In the temple I went to spye
The dredefull roo the buk / the hert the hynd'.
Scurellis and smale bestis of gentill kynd' 196

(29)

On instrumentes of stringe in A-corde
Herde I so pley and rauysshinge swetnesse
That god þat maker is of al and lorde
Ne herd neuer better as I gesse
Ther-with a wynde vneth it myght be lesse
Made in þe leuys grene a noyse softe
Acordaunt to the foules songe on lofte

(30)

The eire of þat place so a-tempre was
That neuer was greuaunce þerof hote ne colde
Ther growen ek euery holsom spice & gras
No man may þer wex seke ne olde
Yit was ther Ioy more a thousand fold
No man can telle neuer wold it nyght
But ay clere day to any man-is sight

(31)

Vnder A tree be-side a well I say
Cupide our lorde his arwes forge & file
And at his fete his bowe al redy lay
And while his doughter tempred all þe while
The heedes in þe well and with herde file
She couched hem after as they shuld serue
Som to slo and som to wounde and kerue

(32)

Tho was I war of plesaunce anon right
And of aray and lust and curtasie [leaf 185, back]
And of the craft þat can & hath the myght
To go by-fore a wight to do folie
Disfigured was she I shall not lye
And by hym self vnder an Oke I gesse
Saugh I delite that stood with gentilnesse

(29)

¶ On instrumentis of strenght in a-corde
Herde I so pleie / and rauesshyng swetnesse
That god þat maker is of all / and lorde
Ne herde neuer bettir as I gesse
Þerwith a wynde vneth it myght be lesse
Made in the leues grene a noise full softe.
Accordaunt to the Fowlis songe . on lofte

(30)

¶ The eire of þat place so attempre was.
þat neuer was greuaunce there / of hote ne colde
There growen eke / euery holsome spice & gras
No man may there wexe / seke ne olde
3hit was þer ioy more a thowsand fold
No man can telle / neuer wold it be nyght
But ay clere day . to any manys sight

(31)

¶ Vnder a tree beside a well I saie [leaf 47, back]
Cupide oure lorde his arowes forge & file
And att his Feet his bowe all redy lay .
And while his doughter temprid all þe while
The hedis in the welt / and with harde file
She couched hem . aftir as þei sholde serue
Some to slee and some to wounde & kerue

(32)

¶ Tho was I ware of plesaunce anon right.
And of aray and luste and curtesie
And of þe crafte þat came / &hath þe myght
To goo bifore a wight to do Folie
Disfigured was she I shall not lie
And by hym-silf vnder an oke I gesse
Saugh I delite that stood with gentilnesse

(29)

Off menstralcye of stringis In acorde
I herd there play a wonderfull swetnesse
That god þat maker is of all and lord
Ne herd neuer a better as I gesse
Ther-with a wynd vnneth It myght be lesse
Maid In the bewis grene a noyes soft
Acording to the foulis song on loft

(30)

The eire of the place so attemper was
That nouer was there greuance of hote ne cold
There was no holsum spicis of suete gras
That no man may there wax seke ne old
3it was there Ioy wele more a thousand fold
Than man can tell /. for It was nouer nyght
Bot euer day to ilke mannis sight

(31)

Vnders a tree besyde a well I sawe
Cupide oure lord his arowis forge and fyle
And at his feet his bowe lay In a thrawe
And wele his doughter temperit all the quhile
The hedis In the well /. and with hir wile
Sche ordanyt thame after as thei schuld serue
Sum for to slee / and sum to wound and kerue

(32)

So was I warr of plesance anon right
And of array / and lust and curtesye
And eke the craft þat can and hath the myght
To do by forse I wote noght throu folye
Defigured sche was / I wote nat lye
And by him-self vnder an oke I gesse
I saugh delyte there stond by gentillesse

(33)

I sawgh bewtee with oute any a-tire
And youth ful of game and Iolite
Foolhardinesse flaterye & desire
Messagery mede and other thre
her names shul not be tolde for me
And vp-on pilers grete of Iasper longe
I saugh a temple of brasse founded stronge

(34)

A-boute þe temple daunsed alwey
wommen I-nowe of which *somme* were
Fair' of hem self' and som of hem gay
In kirtels al dishenele wente þey here
þat was her' office alwey yer' by yere
And on the temple saugh I white & feir'
Of dowues white meny an hundrid peir'

(35)

By-fore the temple dore ful soburlye
Dame pees sat a curtyn *in* hir hande
And hire by-side wonder discretly
Dame pacience *sittyng* here I founde
with face pale vp on an hill of sonde
And *alther* next *with*-in and with-oute
By hest and art' & of her' folke a route

(36)

with in the temple of sighes hoot as fir'
I herde a swogh þat gan a-boute ren
which sighes wer' engendryd with desir'
þat maden *euery* Auter for to bren
Of new flawme and aspied I than
That al þe cause of sorwes that they drye
Come of the bitter goddes Ialousie

(33)

¶ I saugh beaute with-out any a-tire
And youth fult of game and Iolite.
Fool-hardynesse Flatrie and desire
Messanger Mede and *other* thre
here *names* shuld not be tolde for me
And vpon Pilers *grete* / of Iasper longe
I saugh a temple of bras. foundid stronge.

(34)

¶ About the Temple daunced alwey.
Wymmen I-nowgh / of which somme were
Faire of hem-silf / and some of hem gay.
In kirtelles all discheuelé went þei there
That was here office alwey yere by yere
And on the Temple sawe I. white and faire
Of dowfes many an hundred paire.

(35)

¶ Bifore the Temple dore Full sobirly.
Dame pees sate / a Curtayn in hir honde
And hir beside wondir discretly.
Dame *Paciens* sittyng there I fonde
With face pale vpon an hill of sonde
And alder next *within* and eke *with-out*
Bihest and art and here Folke about

(36)

¶ With-in the Temple of sighes hote as fire
I herde a swogh that ganne about renne
Which sighes were engendrid *with* desire
That maden *euery* auter for to brenne
Of newe flawme / and aspied I thenne
That all the cause of sorowes þat þei drye
Come of the bitter goddis Ielosie.

(33)

I saugh beautee *with*-out any atire [leaf 143]
And thoughtfull game and eke Iolitee
Fule hardynesse flatery and desire
Misgref mede and *als* othir thre
Thaire names schall nat here be told for me
And apon pillere gretz of Iasper long
I sawe a temple of bras wele foundit strong

(34)

About the temple there dansit alway
Wommen ynewe / of quhich sum ther' were
Faire of thame-self. and othir sum were gay
In kirtillis all dischenall went they there
That was thaire office alway yere by yere
And on the temple of dowis quhite & faire
I sawe sitting many a thousand paire

(35)

Before the temple dore full sobirly
Dame pitee sat *with* courtyn In hir hand'
And by hir syde wonder discretly
Dame pacience *sitting* there I fand'
With face pale vpon a hull of sand
Althir next withIn and als without
Behest and art / and of thaire folk a rout

(36)

WithIn the temple of sighis as hote as fyre
I herd' a suongh þat gan about renne
In maner of sighis engendrid *with* desire
That maid ilke altare therIn for to brenne
Off new flaumbe /. and wele aspyed I thenne
That all the cause of sorow þat thei dryo
Coñ of the bitter goddesse Ielousye

(37)

The god Priapus saugh I as I wente
with in the temple in-soueraȳn place stonde
In swich array as whan þe asse hym shente
with cry by nyght and with his cepte in honde
Full besily men gonne assay and fonde
vp on his heed to sette of sondry hewe
Gerlandis ful of fresshe floures newe

(38)

And in a pryvy corner in disport
Founde I venus and hire porter Richesse
That was ful noble & hauteyn of hir port
Derk was that place but afterward lightnesse
I saugh a lite vnneth it myght be lesse
And on A bed of gold she lay to rest
Til that the hoot son gan to west

(39)

hir gilte heeres with A golde threde
I-bounden wer vntressed as she lay
And naked fro the brest vn to the hede
Men myght her see & sothely for to say
The remenaunt couered well to my pay
Right with A subtile kerchef of valence
Ther was no thikker cloth of defence

(40)

The place a thousand sauours swoote
And Bachus god of wyn sat hir by-side
And Ceres next þat doth of hunger boot
And as I seide amyddes lay Cipride
To whom on knees two yonge folkes cryde
To ben hir helpe but thus I lete hir lye
And ferther in þe temple I gan espie

(37)

¶ The god Priapus saugh I as I went [leaf 47]
WithYn the Temple in soueraign place stonde
In suche array. as when the asse hym hent
With crie be nyght / and with his septer in honde
Full besily men gonne assay. and Fonde
Vpon his heed to sette / of sundrie hewe
Garlaundes full of Fresshe Flowres newe

(38)

¶ And in a Prevy Corner in disporte
Fonde I venus. and hir porter ricchesse
þat was full noble / and hauntеn of here porte
Derke was þat place / but afterward lightnesse
I sawgh a lite / vnneth it myght be lesse
And on a bedde of golde / she lay to reste
Till that the hote sonne gan to weste.

(39)

¶ Here gilt heres with a golde threde
I-bounden were vntressed as she lay
And naked / from the breste / to the hede
Men myght here see / and sothly for to say
The remanent couered well to my pay
Right with a soteh kerchief of valence
Ther was no thikker cloth of defence

(40)

¶ The place yaf a thowsand savours sote
And bachus god of wyn sate hire beside
And Ceres next that doth of hunger bote
And as I said a-mydes lay Cupide
To whom on knees two yonge folkes cride.
To-been hir helpe but thus I lete here lie
And Further in the Temple I gan espie

(37)

The god priapus saugh I as I went
WithIn the temple In soueraine place sittand
In suich array as quhan the asse him schent
With crye by nyght / and with ceptur In hand
Full besily men gan espye and fand
Vpon his hede to set of sundry hewe
Gerlandis full of fresche flouris newe

(38)

And In a priue cornere In disport [leaf 145, back]
Fond I venus In hir port richesse
That was noble & hautane of aport
Derk was that place and afterward lightnesse
I sawe a light vnneth It myght be lesse
And on a bed of gold sche lay to rest
Quhill þat the hote sonne 3ede vnto the west

(39)

Hir gilt heere with a silkyn threde
ybounden was vntressed as sche lay
And nakit fro the brest vnto the hede
Men myght hir see / and schortly sooth to say
The remanant was coverit wele to my pay
With ryght a subtile courchef of valence
There was no thikker cloth of no defense

(40)

The place gave a thousand sauouris sueto
And Bachus god of wine sat him besyde
And Ceres next þat can the hungir bete
And as I seid In myddis lay Cupide
To quhom on kneis the 3ong folkis cryde
To be thaire help /. bot thus I lat thame lye
And forthir In the temple I went to spye

(41)

That in despite of Dyane the caste [leaf 124, back]
Ful many a bowe I-broke henge on the walle
Of maydens swich as gonne hir tymes waste
In hir service and peynted ouer alle 284
Of many a storie of which I touche shalle
A fewe as of Calixte and Athalante
And many a mayde of which þe name I wante 287

(42)

Semiramus Candace and hercules
Biblis Dido Tesbe and priamus
Tristram Isoude parys and Achilles
Eleyne Cleopatre and Troylus 291
Silla and eke the moder of Romulus
Alle thise were peynted on that oþer side
And al hire loue & in what plyte they dide 294

(43)

whan I was comen ayein in to the place
That I of spak þat was so swote & grene
Forth welke I tho my siluen to solace
Tho was I war whor' ther' sat a queene 298
That as of lyght the somer sonne shene
Passeth the sterr' ryght so ouer' mesur'
She fayrer was than any creature 301

(44)

And in a launde vp on an hill of floures
was sette þis noble goddes of [1] nature [[1] *of late, interlined*]
Of braunches wer' hir halles and hir boures
I-wrought after hir craft' & hir mesure 305
No ther' nas foule that comeþ of engendr'
That ther' ne wer' prest in hir presence
To take hir doom and yif her' audience 308

(41)

¶ That in despite of Diane the Chast
Full many a bowe broke / hynge on the walle
Of maydenys / suche as gonne here tymes wast
In here seruise / and paynted ouer alle 284
Of many a story · of which I towche shalle
A Fewe // as of Calixte / and Athalante
And many a maide of which the name I wante / 287

(42)

¶ Semiramus Candace and hercules.
Biblis Dido Tesbe and Piramus
Tristram Isaud Paris and Achilles
Eleyne Cleopatre and Troyles 291
Silla and eke the mother of Romulus
Alle thise were paynted on þat othir side
And alle here love / and in what plite they dide 294

(43)

¶ Whenne I was Comen a-yen in-to the place [leaf 47, back]
That I of spake / that so soot and grene
Forth walkid I thoo my-seluen to solace
Tho was I ware / where there sate a Quene 298
That as of light / the somer sonne shene
Passith the sterre / right so ouer mesure
She fairer was than any Creature 301

(44)

¶ And in a launde vpon an hill of Floures
Was sette this noble goddes nature
Of braunches were hir hallis *and* hir boures
I-wrought after here crafte / and hire mesure 305
Ne ther was Fowle that comyth of engendrure
That ther ne were / preste / in here presence
To take here dome and yef here audience. 308

(41)

Than In dispyte of Dyane the chaste
Full many a brokin bow hang on the wall
Of maides *such* as gan thaire tyme waste
In hir *seruice* /. and paynted als ouer all 284
Off many a storye of quhiche I touche schall
A fewe / as of Calixt & Athalant
And many a maide of quhich the name I want 287

(42)

Symeramus Candes and hercules
Medea Dido /. Tisbe and *piramus*
Trestram ysound Paris and Achilles
Eleyne Cleopatre and Troilus 291
Silla and eke the modere of Romelus
All thir were payntit on that othir syde
And thaire loues / and In quhat plyte thai dide 294

(43)

Quhen I was cummyn agane to the place [leaf 146]
That I of spak þat was so soft and grene
Forth walkit I my-self for to solace
So was I warre quhere as ther' sat a quene 298
That *ryght* so as the *lyght* somer sonne schone
Passith the sterris / *ryght* so out ours mesure
Sche fairere was than any creature 301

(44)

And in a land vpon a hull of flouris
Was sett this noble goddesse of nature
Off branchis were hir hallis and hir bouris
Wro*ght* after hir craft / and hir owne mesure 305
No*ght* was there foule þat commyth of engendrur'
Ne thei were there prest In hir *presence*
To take thaire dome / and geve hir audience 308

(45)

For this was on Saint Valentynes day
whan *euery* foule comth þer to chese hir make
Of *euery* kynde þat men thynke may [leaf 122]
And þat so huge a noyse gan they make 312
That erth and se and tre and *euery* lake
So fuH was þat vnneth was ther' space
For me to stonde so ful was al þe place 315

(46)

And right as alayne *in þe pleynt' of kinde*
Deuyseth nature of swich array and face
In swich array men myght hir' *ther'* y-finde
This noble Empiresse ful of grace 319
Bad *euery* foule to take hir' owne place
As þey were *wont' alwey fro* yere *to* yere
Seint Valentynes day to stonden there 322

(47)

That is to sey the foule of Rauyne
were hiest' sette & þan the fowles smale
That etyn as that natur' wolde enclyne
As worm or thing' of which I tel no tale 326
But water foule sat' lowest in the dale
And foule þat lyueþ by sede sat' on þe grene
And that so fele that wonder was to sene 329

(48)

Ther' myght' men the roial egle finde
That with his sharpe loke *perceth* þe sonne
And other Egles of a lower kynde
Of which þat clerkes wel deuysen konne 333
Ther' was the tiraunt' with his fetheria donne
And greyne I mene the goshauke þat doth pyne
To briddes for his outerageus rauyne 336

(45)

¶ For this was on Seynt Valentynes day.
Whe*n* *euery* Fowle comyth / *þer* to chese his make
Of *euery* kynde that me*n* thynke may.
And þat so huge noise / gaH þei make. 312
That erthe and see / and tree & *euery* lake
So fuH was that vnneth was ther' space
For' me to stonde / so fuH was aH the place. 315

(46)

¶ And right as Aleyn in the pleynt of kynde
Deviseth nature / of suche aray and face
In suche aray me*n* myght hir' ther' Fynde
This noble Empresse / FuH of grace 319
Bade *euery* Fowle to take here owN place
As þei were wont alwey / fro yeer' to yere
On Seynt Valentynes day to stond there / 322

(47)

¶ That is to say the Fowle of Ravyne
Were highest sette / and þan þe Fowlis smale
That eteN / as that nature wolde enclyne
As worme / or thyng of which I teH no tale 326
But water Fowle sate lowest in the dale
And Fowle þat leuyth by seed' sate oN þe grene
And that so Fele / that wonder was to sene 329

(48)

¶ Ther myght me*n* the RoyaH Egle Fynde.
That *with* his sharpe look percith the sonne
And othir Egles of a lower kynde
Of which þat Clerkes weH deviseN konne 333
Ther was the Tiraunt / *with* his Fethris donne
And gray / I mene the Gooshauke / þat doth pyne
To briddis. for' his owtragis rayyne 336

(45)

And this was on seynt Valentynis day
Quhen all foulis cummys to chese thaire make
Off all kynd' þat man on. think may
And þat so huge. aH noyese gan thei make 312
That erd': see / tree / and *euery* lake
So full was þat vnese was there space
To me to stand' / so full was all the place 315

(46)

And *ryght as* Aleyne In the plaunt of kynde
Deuise nature In suich array and face
In suich array me*n* *myght* hir there fynd'
That *ryght* noble Emperice full of grace 319
And ilke foule to take thaire owne place
As thei were *wont'* alweye fro 3ere to 3ere
Seynt valentynis day to stonden there 322

(47)

That Is to seye the foulis of revyne
Were hiest sett and than foulis smale
That ete as thaire nature wold' enclyne
As worme or thing of quhich I tell no tale 326
There wantit nouthir the grete nor the smale
Bothe wateres foule / and sede foule on the grene
That so fele were þat wonder was to sene 329

(48)

There *myght* men the royall Eglo fynde [leaf 146, back]
That with his scharp loke percis the sonne
And other eglis of a lowere kynde
Off quhiche clerkis wele deuise conne 333
There was the tirant with hir make the donne
The graye I mene the gose-hawk þat dooth pyne
The birdis / for his outrageus rauyne 336

(49)

The gentel faucon þat with his feet distreyneth
The kynges honde the sper-hauke eke
The quayles foo the Emerlion thaⁿ peyneth
hym self ful ofte the larke for to seke [leaf 123, back] 340
Therᵉ was the downe with herᵉ eyghen meke
The Ialous swan ayenis his dethᵉ þat singeth
The owle ekᵉ that of deth the bode bryngeth 343

(50)

The crane the geaunt with his trompes sownd
The thef the choghe and eke the Ianglynge pye
The scornyngᵉ Iay the Egles foo heroun
The false lapwynke fuH of trecherie 347
The starᵉ that þe counseil kan by-wrye
The tame Ruddokᵉ & the cowardᵉ kyte
The cokᵉ that Orlogge is of thropes lyte 350

(51)

The sparwe venus sone the nyghtyngale
That clepeth forth the fresshe leues newe
The swalwe morther of the fowles smale
That maken hony of floures fressh of hewe 354
The weddedᵉ turtle with hirᵉ herte trewe
The pecokᵉ with his aungelis fetheris bright
The Fesaunt scornerᵉ of the Cokᵉ by nyghtᵉ 357

(52)

The waker goos the cokkow euer vnkynde
The papeiay ful of delicacye
The drake stroyerᵉ of his owne kynde
The storke wrekerᵉ of aduowtrye 361
The hote Carmeraunt of glotonye
The rauenes and the crowes with herᵉ vois of care
The throstel colde the frosty felde fare 364

(49)

¶ The Ientill Fawcone þat with his Feet distreyneth [leaf 48]
The kyngis honde the spere-hawke eke
The quailis Foo the Emerlion þat peyneth
Hym-*self* FuH ofte. the larke for to seek 340
Ther was the dowfe / with here eyen meek
The Ielous Swañ ayens his deth þat syngith
The Owle eke that of deth the bode bryngith 343

(50)

¶ The Crane the geaunt with his trompis sowne
The theef the Chogh / and eke the Ianglyngᵉ pie
The scornyng Iay. the Egles Foo the Hairoun
The fals lapwynke FuH of trecherye 347
The stare that the CounceH can biwrie
The tame Puttok / and the cowardᵉ Kite
The Cok that orloger is of thropis lite 350

(51)

¶ The Sparowe venus soñ the Nyghtyngale
That clepith forth / the Fresshe leues · newe
The Swalowe mordrer of the Fowlis smale
That makyñ of the Floures Freshe and newe 354
The weddid Turtill with here hert trewe
The Pecok with his aungelis Fethris bright
The Fesaunt scorner of þe Cok by nyght 357

(52)

¶ The wakir Goos / the Cokkowe euer vnkynde
The Popyngay FuH of delicacie
The drake stroyer of his owñ kynde.
The storke wreker of Avowtrie 361
The hote Cormeraunt of Glotonye
The Ravenys & þe Crowes with her voice of care
The Thrustyll olde / the Frosty Feldfare 364

(49)

The gentill faucoñ þat with his feet distreyneth
The kingis handᵉ / the hardy spere-hauk eke
The qualis foo / the merlioñ þat peyneth
him-self full oft the lark forto seke 340
There was the douue with hir eyen meke
The Ielouse swan before hir deth þat singis
The oule þat of the deth bodeworde bringis 343

(50)

The cran was eke there with his trumpis souñ
The thef the chow: and eke the Ianglyng pye
The scornyng Ia /. the eles fo heroun
The lapwing als ay full of trecherye 347
The sterlyng þat the counsele can bewrye
The tame roddok. the coward kyte In fight
The cok þat orloge is to folk on nyght 350

(51)

The sparow venus sone the nyghtingale
That callis on thir fresche louerisᵉ newe
The suallow murdrerere of thir foulis smale
That makis bony of flouris fresche of hewe 354
The weddit turture full of treuth ay trewe
The pacok with his angel fetheris bryght
The fesand scornere of the cok by nyght 357

(52)

The wakir gose the cukkow euer vnkyndᵉ
The papinIoy full of delicacye
The drake distroyerᵉ of his owne kyndᵉ
The stork wrekarᵉ of aduonterye 361
The hote gormawe full of glutonye
The rauenes crowes with thaire voce of care
The thrustill oldᵉ / the frosty feldefarᵉ 364

PAR.-TEXT 76

PARLIAMENT OF FOULES. *TANNER MS* 346. 15

(53)

What sholde I seyn of fowles euery kynde
That in this worlde han fetheres & stature
Men myght in þat place assembled fynde
By-for þat noble goddes of nature 368
And ech of hem dide his besy cure
Benignely to chese or for to take [leaf 128]
By hir accord his formel or his make 371

(54)

But to the point nature held on hir honde
A formel Egle of shape the gentelleste
That euer she among hir werkes fonde
The moost benigne and goodlieste 375
In hir was euer vertue at his reste
So ferforth þat natur hir self hadde blysse
To loke on hir and ofte hir beke to kysse 378

(55)

Natur the viker of the almyghty lorde
That hote colde heuy light moyste and drye
hath knyt by euyne nombr of A-corde
In esi voys by-gan to speke and seye 382
Fowles take hede of my sentence I prey
And for your ese in fortheryng of your nede
As fast as I may speke I wole me spede 385

(56)

Ye know well how þat Seint Valentynes day
By my statut and thorow my gouernaunce
Ye come for to chese and fle your way
wiþ your makes as I pryke you with plesaunce 389
But natheles my rightful gouernaunce
May I naught lete for All this worlde to wyll
That he that moost is worthy shall be-gyn 392

PAR.-TEXT 76

PARLIAMENT OF FOULES. *DIGBY MS* 181. 15

(53)

¶ What sholde I sayn of Fowlis euery kynde
That in this worlde haue Fethirs & stature
Men myght in þat place . assembled Fynde
Bifore that noble goddes of nature 368
And eche of hem did his besy cure
Benyngly to chese / or for to take .
By hir accord his Formell or his make 371

(54)

¶ But to the poynt / Nature helde on hir honde
A Formell Egle of Shapte the Ientelest
That euer she amonge hire workis Fonde
The most benyngne / and the most goodliest 375
In hir was euery vertu at his rest
So Ferforth þat nature here-silf had lisse
To look on here / and ofte here beek to kysse 378

(55)

¶ Nature the viker of the all-myghty lorde [leaf 48, back]
þat hoot . Colde . heuy . light . moist . and drie
hath knytte by euen nombre of Accord
In esy voice / bigan to speke and saie 382
Fowlis take heede of my sentens I praie
And for your ease . in forthryng of your nede
As fast as I may speke / I woll me spede 385

(56)

¶ Ye knoweñ how that oñ Seynt Valentynes day
By my statute and through myñ ordenaunce
ye come / for to chose / and Fle youre way .
With youre makis as I pryk with plesaunce 389
But natheles my rightfull gouernaunce
May not let / for all þis wordle to wynne
That he þat most is worthy . shall begynne . 392

PAR.-TEXT 76

PARLIAMENT OF FOULES. *MS ARCH. SELD. B.* 24. 15

(53)

Quhat schuld I seye of foulis of all kynde [leaf 147]
That In this world had fetheris or nature
Men myght In that place assemble fynd
Before that noble goddesse of nature 368
And sche of thame did his besy cure
Benignely for to chese or for to take
By thaire acord / thaire formale / or thaire make 371

(54)

Bot to the point nature held on hir hand
A formale egle / of schap the gentillest
That sche among all hir werkis fand
The most benigne / and the gudeliest 375
In hir was all vertewe soothly at rest
So forforth þat nature hir-self had blisse
To loke on hir / and oft hir beke to kisse 378

(55)

Nature the vicare of almyghti lorde
That hote colde heuy and eke dreye.
haa knet by evin mesure In acorde
In esy voce bigan to speke and seye 382
Foulis take hede to my sentence I preye
As for your ese In furthering of your nede
Als fast as I may speke I wole me spede 385

(56)

Ye knowe wele þat seynt valentynes day
By my statut and by myn ordynance
Ye cummyn are to chese and flee your way
With your makes as I prik yow plesance 389
Bot natheles my rightfull gouernance
May I noght let for all this world to wyn
Ne he þat is most worthy schall begynne 392

(57)

The turcel[1] Egle as that ye knowen well [[1] *or* tercel]
The foule royal a-bouen you in degree
The wise and worthy secree trew as steel
The which I haue formede as ye may see 396
In euery part as it best liketh me
It nedeth naught his shap you to deuyse
he shal first chese and speken in his gise 399

(58)

And after hym ordre shul ye chese [leaf 136, back]
After your kynde euerych as you liketh
And as your hap is shul ye wynne or lese
But which of you þat loue moost entriketh 403
God sende hym hir that sorest of hym siketh
And ther-with-al the torsel gan she cal
And seide my sone the choys is to the fal 406

(59)

But natheles in this condicion [leaf 136, back]
Moot be the choys of euerych þat is here
That she a-gree to his Eleccion
who so he be þat shulde ben hir fere 410
That is our vsage alwey fro yer to yere
And who so may at this tyme haue his grace
In blisful tyme he come in to this place 413

(60)

with heed enclyned and with ful humble cheer
Thus roial torcel spak & tariede nought
Vn to my soueryn lady and nought my fere
I chese and chese with wyl & hert and thought 417
The formel on your honde so wel I-wrought
whos I am al and euer wole hir serue
Do what hir lust to do me lyue or sterue 420

(57)

¶ The Tarcell Egle as þat ye knowen well
The Fowle riall. abouen you in degre.
The wise and worthy secre true as stele
The which I haue formyd as ye may see 396
In euery parte as it beste liketh me
It nedith not his shape you to deuise.
he shall first chese and speken on his gise 399

(58)

¶ And aftir hym by ordre shull ye chese
Aftir youre kynde / euerych as you liketh
And as youre hape is / shall ye wyn or lese
But which of you / þat loue most intriketh 403
God seinde hym hire þat sorest for hym siketh
And ther-with-all / the Tarcell gan she call
And said my son / the Choice is to the Fall 406

(59)

¶ But natheles in this Condicion
Mote be the Chois of euerych þat is here
That she agree to his electiou
Who so he be / þat sholde been here fere 410
This is oure vsage alwey fro yere to yere ·
And who so may. at þis tyme haue his grace
In blisfull tyme he come. into this place. 413

(60)

¶ With heed enclyned and with full humble chere.
This Royall Tarcell / spake / and tariede nought
Vnto my souerain lady. and nought my fere
I Chees. and chese. with will hert and thought 417
The Formell on youre honde so well I-wrought
Whoos I am all / and ever wol here serve
Do what here liste to do me lyve or sterve. 420

(57)

The tersell egle as ȝe knowe all wele
The foule royall aboue ȝow In degree
The worthy wise secre & trewe as stele
The quhich I haue fore namyt as ȝe may see 396
In eche partie as It best likith me
It nedis *noght* his schap ȝow to deuise
He schall speke first / and speke *ryght* on his wise 399

(58)

And aftir him by ordoure schall ȝe chese [leaf 147, back]
Aftir *ȝour* kynd *euery* as him likis
And as ȝours *hap* is // ȝe schall wyn or lese
Bot quhich of ȝow / *þat* loue most Intertrikis 403
God send him hir *þat* sorest for hir sikis
And there with-all the tercell gan *sche* call
And seid my sone / the *chose* is to ȝow fall 406

(59)

Bot natheles on this condicion
Mote be the chose of all *þat* now is here
That sche agree to his electiou
Quhat so he be *þat* schal be hir pere 410
This is ȝour vsage ay fro ȝere to ȝere
And quhoso may at this tyme haue the grace
In blessed tyme he come Into this place 413.

(60)

With hede enclynit and *with* full *humble* chere
This royall tersell spak and taried *noght*
Vnto my souerane lady and *noght* my pere
I chese and aske[1] *with* hert will and *thoght* [[1] *or* askis] 417
The formale on ȝour hand so wele is *wroght*
Quhois I am all / and *euer* wole hir *serue*
Do quhat hir list *with* me to lyve or *sterue* 420

(61)

Bisechyng' hir of mercy and of grace
As she that is my lady souereyne
Or let me dye present in this place
For *certes* longe may I nat lyue in peyne 424
For in my herte is koruen *euery* veyne
hauynge rewarde oonly to my trouth
My dere hert' haue on my woo som routh 427

(62)

And if I be founde to hir vn-trewe [leaf 137]
Disobeysaunt or wylful negligent'
Auauntour or in processe loue a newe
I pray to you this be my Iuggement' 431
That with thise fowles y be al to-rent'
That ilke day that *euer* she me fynde
To hir' vn-trew or in my gilt' vn-kynde 434

(63)

And syn that noon louyth hir so wel as I
Al thow she neuer of loue me bi-hette
Than ought she myn thorugh hir mercy
Of other bond' kan I noon on hir' knette 438
For neuer for woo ne shall I lete
To seruen hir how fer so that she wende
Sey what' you list' my tale is at an ende 441

(64)

Right as the frosshe rede rose newe
A-yein the somer sonne colourid' is
Right so for shame al wexen gan þe hewe
Of this formel whan she herd' al this 445
Neither she aunswerd' wel ne seid' a-mys
So soore a-bayst' was she tyl þat nature
Seide doughter drede not nought I you assure 448

(61)

¶ Beschyng' hir of mercy and grace.
As she þat is my lady *soueraign*
Or lete me die present in this place [leaf 49]
For certes longe may I not leue in payn 424
For in myn hert / is coruen *euery* vayn
Hauyng' only reward' to my trouthe.
My dere hert haue on my wo som routhe 427

(62)

¶ And if I be Founde to her vntrewe
Disobeisaunt / or wilfull *negligent*
Avaunter / or in processe / love a newe
I pray to you / this be my Iugement 431
That *with this Fowlis* / I be all to-rent
That ilke day that *euer* she me Fynde
To hir vntrue / or in my gilte vnkynde. 434

(63)

¶ And synne þat noon louyth her so well as I.
Al-though she neuer of loue me bihete
Than ought she / be myn through her mercy
For othir bonde can I noon knette 438
For neuer for no woo ne shall I lette.
To seruen here / howe ferre þat she wende
Sey what ye liste / my tale is at an ende 441

(64)

¶ Right as the Fressh rede rose newe
Ayen the somer sonne coloured is.
Right so for shame / all wexen gan þe hewe
Of this Formell / when she herde all this 445
Neither she answerde well / ne said a-mys
So sore abasshed was she / till / that nature
Seid doughter drede you not / I you assure. 448

(61)

Beseking hir of mercy and of grace
As sche that is my lady *soueryne*
Or lat me dye present In-to this place
For certes longere I may *nogh*t lyve In peyne 424
For In my hert is coruen euery veyne
hauyng eye 3e blith vnto my treuth
My dere hert' haue of my wo sum reuth 427

(62)

And if I be founden to hir vntrewe
Disobeysant or wilful negligent
Avantoure or by processe loue an newe
I preye to 3ow this be my Iugement 431
That with thir foulis I be all to-rent
That ilke day þat *euer* sche me fynde
To hir vntrewe or In my gilt vnkynde 434

(63)

And syn þat noñ loueth hir so wele as I [leaf 148]
Al-be-it I neuer throu hir loue be bet
Than ought sche be *mercifull* trewly
For othir bond can I noñ on *hir knet* 438
3it neuer for no wo. I schall *nogh*t lete
To *seruen* hir how fer so *þat* she wende
Sey quhat 3ow list / my tale is at añ ende 441

(64)

Ryght as the fresche rede rose newe
Ageyne the somer sonne colourit is
Ryght so for schame all change gan the hewe
Off this formale quhen þat sche herd all this 445
Nouthir answerd sche wele /. ne seid ainys
So sore abaisit sche was, / quhill nature
Seid doughter drede 3ow *nogh*t / I 3ow assure 448

(65)

A-nother tercel Egle spak a-non
Of lower kynde & seide that sholde nat be
I loue hir bet þan ye do by seint Iohn
Or at the leste I loue hir as wel as ye
And lenger haue seruede hir in my degre
And yif ye sholde haue louede for long louynge
To me allone hadde ben the guerdonyng

(66)

I dar ek sey if she me fynde fals
vn-kynde Iañlour or rebel any wise [leaf 127, back]
Or Ialous do me hongen by the hals
And but I bere me in hir seruyse
As wel as my wyt kan me suffise
Fro point in point hir honour for to saue
Take she my lif and al the good I haue

(67)

The thrid tercel Egle answerde tho
Now sires ye sen the litel leiser here
For euery foule eryeth out to ben a-go
For with his make or with his lady dere
And ek hir self ne wol nought here
For tarying here nought half þat I wolde sey
And but I speke I mote for sorowe dey

(68)

Of longe seruise auaunte I me no thyng
But as possible is me to dey to day
For wo as he that hath ben languyssing
This xx^ti^. wynter and wel happen may
A man may seruen bet and more to pay
In half a yher al though it wer no more
Than som man dooth that hath serued ful yoor

(65)

¶ An other Tarcell Egle spake anoñ .
Of lowghor kynde / and saide þat sholde not be
I loue here bette thañ ye doo by seynt Iolin
Or at the leste I loue here as well as ye
And lenger haue seruyd here in my degree
And if she sholde haue loned for long louyng
To me alone hadde be the guerdonyng

(66)

¶ I dare eke say if she me Fynde fals
Vnkyndo / Iangeloure or rebell in any wise
Or Ielous / do me hangeñ by the hals
And but I bere me in here servise
As well as any witt can me suffise
Fro poynt to poynt / hir honoure for to saue
Take els my lijf / and alt the good I haue

(67)

¶ The thirde Tarcell Egle answerid thoo
Nowe syres ye se the litle leyser here
For every Fowle crieth out to be a-goo .
Forth with his make . or with his lady dere /
And eek nature hir silff ne wol not here [leaf 49, back]
For tareyng here / not half I wol seie
And but I speke / I mote for sorowe deie

(68)

¶ Of longe seruise avaunt I me no-thyng
But as possible is . me to die to day
For woo as they that been languyssliyng
This twenty wynter / and well happyn may
A man may serveñ bette / and more to pay .
In halff a yere / alt-though it were no more .
Thañ soñ man doth / þat hath seruid Full yore

(65)

An othir tersell egle spak anoñ
Off laware kynde . and seid that schuld noght be
I loue hir better than ȝe by seynt Iohne
Or at the leste I loue as wele as ȝe
And longer haue seruit In my degree
And if ȝe schuld haue loue for long loving
To me had beñ al hole that guerdonyng

(66)

I dare als seyne / if þat sche fynd me false
Vnkynd Ianglere or rebell any wise
Or gelouse I be hangit by the halse
And but I bere me als In hir seruise
As wele as all my witis can suffise
Fro point to point / hir honour for to saue
Take sche my lyf / and all the good I haue

(67)

The thrid tersell egle ansuerd In fay
Now airis ȝe see litill laisere here
For all thir foulis cryis out to be away
Forth with his make / or with his lady dere
And als nature hir-seluen wole noght here
For tarying / here half þat I wold seye
And bot I speke / I mote for sorowe deye

(68)

Off long seruice auant I me nothing [leaf 168, back]
For als possible is to me to dye this day
For wo / as he þat has had langwissing
Twise twenty winter / and wele happen may
A man may serue better / and more to pay
In half a ȝere / all-though It no more were
Than othir sum þat haue serued a ȝere

(69)

I ne sey nat this by me for I ne kan
Do no seruice that may my lady plese
But I dar sey I am hir trewest man
As to my doom and fayrest wolde hir plese
At shorte wordes tyl þat deth me sese
I wol ben hires whether I wak' or wynk'
And trewe in aH that herte may bithynke

(70)

Of al my lyf' syn that day I was born)
So gentil plee in loue or oothir thyng'
Ne herde neuer no man me by-forn)
Who þat hadde leiser and konnyng' 487
For to rehersen hir chere and hir spekyng' [leaf 123]
And from the morwe gan this speche last'
Tyl downward wente the sonne wonder fast' 490

(71)

The noyse of fowles for to ben delynered
So loude rong' haue doon and lat vs wende
That wel wende I the wode hadde al to-chyuered
Com of thei cryed allas ye wolde vs shende 494
whan shal your corsed pledyng' haue an ende
how sholde a Iugge eyther party leeue
For ye or nay with-outen any preeue 497

(72)

The goos the doke and the cokkow also
So criden keek keek kokkow quek quek hie
That thorough myn eris the noyse went' tho
The goos seid' tho al þis nys worth a flyo 501
But I can shape her of a remedie
And wol sey my verdyt fair and swith
For water foule who so be wroth or blith 504

(69)

¶ I no say not this by me / For' I no can
Doo no seruise / that may my lady pleese
But I dare say / I am here truest man
As to my dome / and Faynest wold here pleese 480
Att short wordis tiH that deeth me sesse.
I woH beñ hires whedir I wake or wynke.
And true in aH / that herte may bethynke 483

(70)

¶ Of aH my life. syn þat day I was born
So gentiH plee in loue / or othir thyng'
Ne herde neuer no man me biforn
Who that hadde leisor and kunnyng' 487
For to rehersen hir chere and here spekyng'
And from the morowe / gan þis speche last
TyH downward went the sonne wondir / fast' 490

(71)

¶ The noise of Fowlis for to beeñ delyuered
So lowde ronge / haue doon / and lete vs wende
That weH wende I / the wordlo had aH to-shevered
Come of they cride / allas ye woH vs shende 494
Whan shaH youre cursed pledyng haue añ endo.
Howe sholde a Iugge eyther partie leve
For ye or nay with-outeñ any preve. 497

(72)

¶ The goos the doke. and the Cokkowe also
So criden keek keek. Cokkowe quek quek hie
That through myñ eris. the noise went tho
The goos saicl thoo / aH this nys worth a Flie 501
But I cañ shape here of a remedie
And woH saie my verdite faire and swith
For water Fowle who so be wroth or blith 504

(69)

I seye nogHt this for me / for I no can
Do no seruice þat may my lady plese
Bot I dare seye I am hir trewest man
As to my dome / and faynest wold' hir ese 480
At schort wordis / quhill þat the deth me sese
I wole be hirs quhethir I wake or wynk
And euer trewe In all þat hert may think 483

(70)

Off all my lyf syn day þat I was borne
So gentill pleds of loue / or othir thing
There herde neuer no man me beforn
Quho þat had hadde laiser or connyng 487
For to reherse thaire chere and thaire speking
And fro the morow gan this pledo ay last
Till dounward went the sonne wonder fast 490

(71)

The noyse of the foulis to be deliuerit
So long rong'. haue doon / and lat vs wende
That wele wende I / the wod had all to-schenerit
Cum of / they crye / allace ye wole vs schende 494
Quhan schall oure cursit pledo cum to añ ende
How schold' a Iuge athir partye leve
For ȝa. or nay /. withouten othir preue 497

(72)

The gose the doke / and the cukkow also
Cryed cukkow cukkow queke qucke ȝe hie
The gose seid / this is nat worth a slo
Bot I can schape herof / a remedye 501
And take It I preye ȝow for no vileynye
For I wole sey my verdict faire and swithe
For watir foule quho so be wroth or blithe 504

(73)

And I for wormfowle seid the fool kokkow
For I wol of myn owne auctorite
For commune speed take on me the charge now
For to delyueren vs is grete charite
Ye may a-bide a while yet pardee
Quod the turtyl if it be your will
A wyght may speke hym were as be still

(74)

I am a seedfowle oon of the worthiest
That woot I well and litell of konnyng
But better is that a wightes tonge rest
þan entremette hym of swich doyngo
Of swich he neither rede kan nor synge
And who so it dooth ful foule hym self acloyeth
For office vn-commytted ofte noyeth

(75)

Nature which þat alwey hadde an ere [leaf 128, back]
To murmure of the lewednesse by-hynde
With faconde voys seide holde your tonges there
And I shal soone I hope a counsel fynde
Yow for to delyueren & from þis noyse vnbynde
I. iugge of euery flok men shall oon calle
To seyn the voirdyt for you fowles alle

(76)

Assented wer to this conclusioñ
þe briddes al & the foules of rauyne
han chosen first by pleyn *eleccion*
The tercelet of the Faucon to defyne
All hir sentence and as hym list to termyne
And to nature hym gonnen to presente
And she accepteth hym with glad entente

(73)

¶ And I for wormefowle . said the Fole Cokkowe .
For I woll of myñ owñ auctorite
For comeñ spede / take on me the charge nowe
For for to delyuere vs . is grete charite
ye may abide a while / yett parde
Quod the Turtill / if it be youre will
A wight may speke / hym were as good be still

(74)

¶ I am a seed Fowle ooñ of the worthiest [leaf 50]
That wote I well / and litle of konnyng
But bettir is that a wightes tunge rest /
Theñ entirmete hym of suche doyng
Of which he / neider rede cañ ne synge
And who so it doth Full fowle hym silf acloyeth
For office vn-commyttid ofte anoyeth

(75)

¶ Nature which that alwey had añ ere .
To mormor of the lowdenesse be-hynde
With Facunde voice said / holde your tungis there
And I shall sone I hope / a Counceil Fynde
Yowe to delyueren / and from the noise vnbynde
A Iuge of euery Folke men sholde ooñ call
To seyeñ the verdite for you Fowlis all

(76)

¶ Assentid were to this Conclusioñ
That briddis all and þe Fowlis of Raveyne .
Hañ chosen first / by playñ electioñ
The Tarcelet of the Faucon to dyuyne
All here sentens as hym liste to termyne
And to nature heñ gonneñ to presente .
And she acceptith hyñ with gladde entent

(73)

And I for worñ than seid the foule cukkow [leaf 150; *cf.* 149 has here moved to *leaf* 15, *its proper place.*]
For I wole of myn owne auctoritee
For commoñ spede / tak on me the charge now
For to deliuer vs In charitee
3e may abide 3it a quhile pardee
Quod the turture if þat It be 3our will
A wight may speke / him were als faire be still

(74)

I am a sede foule one of the vnworthiest
That wote I wele /. and litill of connyng
Bot better It is / a wight his tong rest
Than intermett him of suich a doing
Of quhiche rede ne can he noght / nor sing
He þat so dois vnwisely him promovis
For office vncommytt oft-tyme amovis

(75)

Nature þat had-alweyis one ere
To murmure of the lewednesse behynde
With faucoñ voce seid hold 3our tongis there
And I schall soon I hope a counsele fynde
3ow to delyuer // and fro this noise vnbynde
A Inge of ilke foule men schall ordane
To seye the verdict of 3ow foulis Ilkane

(76)

Assented was to this conclusioñ
The birdis all /. and the foulis of revyne
haue chosin first the pleyne electioñ
The tercellet of the faucoñ to denyne
All thaire sentence and as him list termyne
And to nature thai gan him soon present
And sche acceptith him with good entent

(77)

The tercelet seid than in this manerˢ
FulH harde were it to preuen it by resoñ
who loueth beste þis gentyl formel here
For euerych hath swich repplicacioñ 536
That by skoles may noon be broughtˢ a-downˢ
I can nat sen that argumentes auaille
Then semeth itˢ therˢ moste be bataille 539

(78)

AH redy quod thise Egeles tercels[1] tho [1 or tertels]
Nay sires quod he · if þat I dorstˢ it seye
Ye don me wrongˢ my tale is nat I-do
For sires taketh naught a greef I prey 543
It may naught as ye wolde in þis wey
Oures is the voys þat han the charge in hande
And to þe iugges doom ye moten stande 546

(79)

And ther-for pees I sey as to my witte
Me wolde thynke hou þat the worþiestˢ
Of knyghthode and lengest had vsedˢ it [leaf 122]
Moostˢ of Estate of blood the gentilestˢ 550
were sittyng for hir if that hir lestˢ
And of this thre she wote hir self I trow
Which þatˢ he be for it is lyght to knowe 553

(80)

The water fowles han hirˢ hodes leide
To-gidrˢ and of shortˢ auysementˢ
Whan euerychˢ had his large golee seide
They seiden sothely alH byˢ oon assentˢ 557
hou þat þe goos with hir faconde gentˢ
þatˢ so desireth to pronounce ourˢ nede
Shal teH oure tale and preide to god hirˢ spede 560

(77)

¶ The Tarcellet saidˢ thaH in this manere
FulH harde it were / to preven it by reasoñ
Who louyth beste / this IentiH FormeH here
For euerycheˢ hath suche replicacioñ 536
That skilles may noon be broght a-doun
I caH not seyH / that argumentis availe
Than semyth it ther most be bataile. 539

(78)

¶ AH redy quod thise Egles Tarcelles two.
Nay sires quod he / if that I durst it saie
ye doon me wronge / my tale is not I-doo
For Seres take nought agreef I praie 543
It may nought / as ye wolde in this waie
Oures is the voice / that haue þe charge oñ honde
And to the Iuges dome / ye mote stonde / 546

(79)

¶ And therfore pees I say as to my witte
Me wolde thynke howe that the worthiest
Of knyghthode / and longest had vsed itte
Most of estate / of blode the Ientelest 550
Were sittyngˢ forˢ here / if that here liste.
And of thiso thre / she wote hir-silf I trowe
Which that he be / forˢ that is light to knowe. 553

(80)

¶ The waterˢ Fowles haH hirˢ hedis leide
To-gedir / and of shorte avisement
Whenˢ euerychˢ hadde his large golee saidˢ [leaf 50, back]
They saideH sothly alH byˢ oon assent 557
howe þatˢ the Goos / with here Fauconde gent
That so desireth to pronounce oure nede
ShaH teH oure tale and preide to god here spede. 560

(77)

The tercellet seid In this manere
Full hard were It to preue as by resoñ
Quho loueth best this gentill formale here
For euery of 3ow hath suich replicacioñ 536
That by skillis may noght be brought adoun
I can noght see þat argumentis may auaille
Than semyth It þat here most be bataille 539

(78)

All redy quod the tercell egle / wele paid [leaf 150, back]
Nay sires quod he / if þat I durst seye
3e do me wrongˢ. my tale is noght all said
For sires noñ agreue him here I preye 543
It may noght gone as 3e wolde In this weye
3ouris is the voce þat haue the charge In hande
And to the Iuges dome 3e mote all stande 546

(79)

Ther-fore I seye after my folye wit
Me wolde think how þat the worthiest
Of knyghthede /. and longest had vsit It
Most of estate / of blood the gentillest 550
Were best sitting for hir / if þat hir lest
And of thir thre / sche wote hir self I trowe
Quhiche þat he be // for It is eth to knowe 553

(80)

The watir foulis haue theire hedis leide
To-gider /. and of schort avisement
Quhan euerichone his large gule seide
They seid schortly all by one assent 557
How þat the gose with hir faucoñ gent
That so desiris to pronounce oure nede
Schall tell ourˢ tale /. I preye to god hir spede 560

(81)

And for thise water foules tho by-gan
The goos to speke and in hir talkyng'
She seid pees now take kepe euery man
And herkeneth which a reson I shal forth bryng' 564
My wit is sharp I loue no tarying'
I sey I rede hym though he wer' my brother
But she wyll loue hym lat hym loue A-nother 567

(82)

loo her' a perfit reson of a goos
Quod tho the sperhauke neuer mote she thee
loo swich it is to haue a tonge loos
Now pardee fool yit wer' it best for the 571
haue holde thy pees þan shewed thy nycete
It lithe naught in his wit nor in his wyll
But sooth is seide a fool kan naught be styll 574

(83)

þe laughtre aroos of gentil fowlis all
And right anon the seed foules chosen hadde
þe turtyl trew & gan hir' to hem call
And preyden hir' to sey the sooth sadde 578
On this mater' and asked what she radde [leaf 129, back]
And she answerde þat pleynly hir' entente
She wolde shewe and soothly what she mente 581

(84)

Nay god forbede a louer sholde chaunge
The turtyl seide and wexe for shame al rede
Theigh that his lady euer more be straunge
yet lat hym serue hir euer tyl he be dede 585
For sothe I preyse nought the gooses read
For they she deide I wolde noon oother make
I wol ben hirs til þat the deth me take 588

(81)

¶ And for thise watirfowlis tho bigan
The goos to speke . and in kakelyng'
Sche saide pees / nowe take kepe euery man
And herkenyth which a reson I shall forth bryng' 564
My witte is sharpe I loue noo tarying'
I say I rede hym / though he were my brother
But sche wol loue hym / late hym love a-nother 567

(82)

¶ loo here a parfite reson of a Goos
Quod tho the Sperhawke neuer mote she the
loo suche it is to haue a tunge loos
Nowe parde Fool . yit were it bett for the 571
Haue holde thy pees / than shewed thy nycete
It lieth nought in thy witte nor in thy will
But soth is saide / a Fool can not be still 574

(83)

¶ The lawghter aroos . of gentil Fowlis all
And right anon the seed Fowlis chosen hadde
The Turtill true / and ganne to hem call
And praiden here to seie the soth sadde 578
Of this mater / and asked what she radde
And she answerd / that playnle here intent
She wold shewe and sothly what she ment 581

(84)

¶ Nay god forbede . a louer' Chaunge '
The Turtill said and wexe for shame all rede
Though þat his lady . euermore be straunge .
Yit lete hym serue hir euermore / till he be dede 585
Forsoth I preise not the gooss his rede .
For' þough she died I wold noon othir take
I will be heres till þat þe deth me take / 588

(81)

And for the watir foulis she began
The gose to speke Into hir hie keklyng
She seid pes now / taketh hede euery man
And herknyth suich a reson I schall forth bring 564
My wit is schort'. I loue no tarying
I soye I rede him / al-though he were my brothir
Bot she loue him / lat him go loue an othir 567

(82)

Lo here a perfyte reson of a gose
Seid the spere-hauk neuer mote sche thee
For so It is / to haue a tong louse
Now pardee foole / It had ben bet for the 571
haue holden the pece than told thy nycetee
It likis naght In his wit nor In his will .
Bot sooth is seid / a foole can naght be still 574

(83)

The laughter roos amang the foulis all [leaf 131]
And ryght anon the sede foulis chosyn had
The turtur trewe /. and gan hir to thame call
Preying hir to seye the soth sad 578
Off this matere /. and asked quhat sche rad
And sche answerd þat pleynly hir entent
Sho wold schewe thaim platly quhat þat she ment 581

(84)

Nay god forbede þat a louer schold change
The turtur said /. and wox for schame all rede
Though his lady be euer to him strange
3it lat him serue euer quhill he be dede 585
For sooth I preise naght the gose rede
For though sche dye I wole noȝt othir make
I wole be hirris quhill the deth me take 588

(85)

Wel bourdede quod the doke by my hat
That men sholde alwey louen causeles
Who can a reson finde or wyte in that
Dauneth he murye þat is murtheles 592
Who sholde recch of þat is rechelees
Ye quek' the dok' ful wel and faire
Ther' ben mo sterres god woot þan a paire 595

(86)

Now fy cherl quod the gentyl turcelete[1] [1 or turtelete]
Out' of the donghill cóm þat worde full ryght
þou canst' naught se which pyng' is well by-sett'
Thou farest by loue as oules don by lyght 599
The day hem blent' ful wel þey see by nyght
Thi kinde is of so lowe a wrecchednesse
þat what' loue is þou canst neiþer see ne gesse 602

(87)

Tho gan the cokkow put hym forth in prees
For foule that eteth worm and seide blyue
So I quod he may haue my make in pees
I recche naught how longe þat ye stryue 606
Iat ech of hem be soleyn al hir' lyue
This is my rede syn they may nat a-corde
This shorte lesson nedeth naught records [leaf 150] 609

(88)

Ye haue the glotoun filde ynough his paunch
Than ar we wel seide the Emerlon
þou mortherar of þe heysugge on þe braunch
þat brought the forth þou rewful gloton 613
lyue thou soleyn wormes corrupcion
For no forse is of lakke of thy nature
Go lewde be þou while the worlde may dure 616

(85)

¶ Well bourdid quod the Dook be myn hatte
That men sholde loue alwey causeles
Who can a reson fynde / or witte in that
Dauncith he mery that is myrtheless 592
Who sholde reche of that is rechelees
Ye queke queke / said þe doke / full wele & faire
Ther been moo sterris god wote than a paire 595

(86)

¶ Nowe Fye Chorle quod the Tarcellet
Out of þe donghill come þat worde full right
þou canst not see which þing' is well be-sette
þou farist by loue / as Owlis doon by light / 599
The day hem blent / full wele þei see be nyght [leaf 81]
Thy kynde is of so lowe a wrecchidnesse
þat what loue is þou canst neider se ne gesse. 602

(87)

¶ Thoo gan the Cokkowe put hym forth in pees
For' Fowle þat etith wormes / and saide blyve
So I quod he may haue / my make in pees
I recche not howe longe that ye stryve. 606
Iate eche of hem be soleyn all here lyve
This is my rede / syn þei may not accorde
This short lesson nedith not' records 609

(88)

¶ Ye haue the glotoñ filled I-nough his paunche
Then ar we well / said the Emerlon
Thowe mortherer of the heisugge / on the braunche
That brought' the Forth / thowe rewfull glotoñ 613
leve thowe soleyne wormys corrupcion
For' no fors is of lacke of thy nature
Go lewde be þou / while þe wordle may dure / 616

(85)

Wele bourdit said the duke be my hat
That a man shuld' alweye loue causeles
Quho can reson or wit fynd' In-to that
Dansis he merily þat is mirthles 592
Quho schuld' rek of him þat is reuthles
3a · queke queke / 3it seid the gose wele & faire
Ther' is mo sterris In the list than a paire 595

(86)

Now fy cherll quod the gentill tercellet
Out of the donghill / com that word full ryght
Thou cam noght se quhat thing is wele beset
Thou faris by love / as oulis do by sight 599
The day thame blyndis / full wele thai se by nyght
[1]So faris thou and othir mo þat I knowe [1 From here to the end cannot be Chaucer's.]
Now sitt doun cherll apon the rebald rowe 602

(87) [*Spurious.*]

Orpes orpes sires seid the cok
And gan to crowe as loud as he were wood
I haue seven loues seid he in my flok
And all ar they douteles ryght of one brood' 606
And 3it I durst lay wed my hat and hood
And I were absent fro thame houris xj
I schulde be cokwold' of thame all sevyn 609

(88) [*Spurious.*]

The nyghtgale with his noble notis newe [leaf 151, back]
The roddok the threse /. and als the papin-Iay
Vpon thir loueris thai gan full sore rewe
And all thai said / for sorowe welaway 613
That euer we schuld' abide this wikkid day
For to here thir loueris thus defamyt
And losingeouris escape away vnblamyt 616

(89)

Now pees quod natur' I comaunde her'
For I haue herde al your oppynyon
And in effect' yet be we neuer the ner'
But fynally this is my conclusion
That she her self' shall haue hir' eleccion
Of whom hir list' who so be wroth *or* blith
Hym þat she cheest he shal hir' han as swith

(90)

For sith it' may nat here discussed be
who loueth hir best' as seid' þe tercelet
Than wole I don this fauour to hir that she
Shal haue right hym on whom hir hert' is sette
And he hir þat his herte hath on hir knette
This Iugge I nature for I may nat lye
To noon estat I haue noon oother eye

(91)

But as for conseil for to chese a make
If I were resoun than wolde I
Conseille you the roial tercel take
As seide þe tercelet' ful skylfully
As for the gentyleste' and moste' worthie
which I haue wrought' so wel to my pleasance
That to you it ought' to ben A suffisaunce

(92)

with dredeful vois the formel hir añswerd [leaf 130, back]
My ryghtfull lady goddes of nature
Sooth is þat I am euer vnder your' yerde
As is euerych other creature
And moste be youres while my lif may dure
And þer-for graunt me my first' boone
And myn entent' you wol y sey right soone

(89)

¶ Nowe pees quod nature I commaunde here
For I haue herde all youre oppinion
For in effect yit be we neuer the nere
But / fynally this is my conclusion
þat she hir-selfe shall haue hir eleccion
Of whom hir lest / who so be wroth or blith
hym þat she chest / he shall here han as swith

(90)

¶ For sith it may not here discussed be
Who louyth here beste as saide the Tarcellet
Than wol I doon this Favoure to hir / þat she
Shall haue right hym / on whom her hert is sett
And he hir / that his hert hath on here knett
This Iuge I nature / for I may not lie
To noon estate / I haue noon othir ye

(91)

¶ But as for Counceil for to chese a make
If I were reson thanne wolde I
Counceil you the Royall Tarcell take
As saide the Tarcellet full skilfully
As for the gentilest and most worthy
Which I haue wrought so well to my pleasunce
That to you it ought to ben a suffisaunce

(92)

¶ With dredfull voice the Formell here answerid
My rightfull lady goddesse of nature
Soth is þat I am euer / vnder your yerde
As is euery othir Creature
And must be yours / while my lif may endure
And þerfore graunt me my first bone
And myn intent I woll you shewe / right sone /

(89) [*Spurious.*]

The pacok with his angell fotheris bryght [*Chaucer's*, l. 358]
Ryght to nature he nomyt the ryght way
And seid my souereyne lady ȝe vs hight
For to deliuer vs this samyn day
And here is nothing bot stryf ȝa or nay
And thus on forse we mote for-soth hense wende
And of oure causis make no goodly ende

(90) [*Spurious.*]

Bot as me think trewe In-to my wit
As throu recorde of ȝour owen beheste
That all foulis þat here abidis ȝit
Als wele the most In his degree as leste
That here to this assemble at ȝour requeste
Ar cummyn now to tak ȝour ordynance
Quhat nedis ȝow than to mak more distance

(91) [*Spurious.*]

Bot lat the gentill Egle first begynne
As worthiest foule / and most of dignitee
And by gud auise his lady wynne
And than lat othir aftir of lesse degree
And soon schall we her'of an end see
Off all the causis of our hider commyng
Than may we flee echone to oure logeing

(92) [*Spurious.*]

Nature bate on hir lip and sche smylit
And wonder wele ther-of sche was apaid
And thoght the pacok had ryght wele ysaid
And his wordis were ryght wele enfilit
I wole no longer said sche / ȝe be delayd
Go to now ech foule / and chese his chance
God graunt þat lone ȝow all In fere auance

(93)

I gxxunt it you quod she and right a-noon
This formeH Egle spak*in this degree
Almyghty ꝑuene vn-to þis yher be doon
I aske respit for to avisen-me ,
And after þat to haue my choys al free
This al and som þat I wolde speke & seye
Ye gete namore aH-though ye do me deye

(94)

I wol nought seruen venus ne Cipride
For soth as yet by no maner wey
Now syn it may noon other weies betyde
Quod nature here is namore to sey
Thaꝫ wolde I that thise fowles wer a-wey
Ech with his make for taryinge lenger here
And seide hem thus as ye shal after here

(95)

To you spek I ye tercelettes quod nature
Beeth of good hert and serueth al thre
A yer is nat so longe to endure
And ech of you peyne hym in his degre
For to do weH for god wote quyt is she
For you this yher what after so by-faH
This entremees dressed fro you aH

(96)

And whaꝫ þis werke al wrought was to an ende
To euery foule Nature yaf his make
By euen a-corde and on hir wey þey wende
And lord the blysse and ioy that they make
For ych of hem gan oother in wynges take
And with hir nekkes ich gan oother wynde
Touchyng always the noble goddes of kynde

(93)

¶ I graunt it you quod she / and right anoon [leaf 51, back]
This FormeH Egle / spake in this degre
AH-myghty Quene / vnto this yere be doon
I aske respite for to avise me
And after þat to haue my choise aH Fre .
This is aH & some / þat I wold speke & saie
Ye gete no more aH-though ye do me deie

(94)

¶ I woH not seruen Venus nor Cupide
Forsothe as ȝhit by no maner weye
Nowe syn it may . noon othir-wise be-tyde
Quod nature here is no more to seye
Thaꝫ wolde I þat þise Fowlis were awey
Eche with his make . for tareyng lenger here
And saiꝺ hem thus as ye shaH aftir here .

(95)

¶ To you speke I the Tarcellettis quod nature
Beth of good hert and seruyth alle thre
A yere is not so longe to endure .
And eche of you / payn hym in his degre
For to do weH / for god wote quite is she
For you þis yere / what aftir so befaH
This entir-mese . is dressiꝺ fro you aH

(96)

¶ And wheH werk aH wrought was to aH ende .
To euery Fowle nature yaf his make .
By euen accord and on here wey they wende
And lorde the blisse . and ioye / that they make
For eche of heH / gaH othir in wyngis take
And with here nekkis eche gaH othir wynde .
Thankyng aHwey the nouble goddes of kynde .

(93) [*Spurious.*]

The melodye þat there was thame amangis [leaf 124]
Quhan þat thei scholde chese ilke foule his make
Sum piked him / sum proyned / sum song songis
Euerich foule for his owne ladies sake
Eche foule his love there gan take
To loue and serue alwey fro ȝere to ȝere
And neuer mor to change his lady dere

(94) [*Spurious.*]

Quhan nature sawe þat all was ryght wele done
And eche foule hath chosin hir his make
Vp sche aroos without drede than anoH
And grete solace sche bigan to make
And there-with-all / hir leue than gan sche take
And all the foulis þat were there present
Quhat weye þat sche passit . toke I na tent

(95) [*Spurious.*]

The foulis flawe aweye . as they were wilde
By two and two /. and noght by one allone
Sum flaw to forest /. and als sum flawe to feilde
And in a thrawe there was noght levit one
Off grete and smale / bot all were forth gone
Sauf anerly an oule þat hie gan ȝout
Was leuit behind than of all that rout

(96) [*Spurious.*]

I walkit homeward all In full grete thoght
Quhan this said assemble was all furth went
That conuocacion forȝet I noght
I studyit ay on It In myn entent
Till my wittis almost ther with wer schent
Till at the last trewely as god It wolde
Myn olde boke azeyne I gan beh-olde

(97)

But first' were chosen fowles for to singe
As yere by yere was alway hire vsaunce
To singe a rounde at hir departynge
To do nature honoure and plesaunce
The note I trowe makid was in fraunce
The wordes were swich as ye may here fynde
The next vers as I now haue in mynde

[*No extra break in the MS.*]

(98)

And with the showtynge whan her' songe was do
That foules made at her flight a-way
I woke and other bookes toke me to
To rede vp-on and yet y rede alway
I hope I-wis to rede som day
That I shal meete som thyng' for to fare
The bette and thus to rede I nyl not spare

e xplicit tractatus de Congregacione volucrum die Sancti valentini

(97)

¶ But First' were chosen Fowlis for to synge.
As yere by yere / was alwey' here vsaunce.
To synge a roundell at hir departynge
To do nature honoure and plesaunce
The note I trowe / made was in Fraunce.
The wordes were suche / as ye may here Fynde.
The next vers. as I nowe haue in mynde.

[*Roundel turned into a stanza, and spoilt.*]

¶ NoWe well-come somer with thy sonne softe
That hast this wynter wedirs ouer-shake
Seynt Valentyne þat art Full hie on lofte
Hast drevyn awey / the longe nyghtis blake.
Thus syngen smale Fowlis for thy sake
Sith eche of them recouered hath his make
Full blisfully they synge / and endles ioy þei make.

(98)

¶ And with the showtyng' / When here songe was done
That Fowlis made / at here Flight awey.
I woke / and othir bokis toke me too [*leaf 18*]
To rede vpon / and ȝhit I rede alwey
I hope I-wis to rede so some day
That I shall mete some thyng for to fare
The bettir / and thus to rede I woll not spare /

¶ Explicit.

¶ Here endith the parlement' of Fowlis.

(97) [*Spurious.*]

[1] For out of olde feildis as men seis
[1] Cummys all this new corn fro ȝere to ȝere
[2] And out of olde bookis[2] quho thame viseis
[3] Cummys all this new science þat men now lere
Thus beginnis and endis this matere
[4] The lyf so schort the craft so long to lere
To full connyng I can noght cum /: suppose I rede all ȝere

Here endis the parliament of foulis
Quod Galfride Chaucere

[1] Chaucer's: lines 22, 23.
[2–2] Chaucer's: part of l. 24.
[3] Chaucer's: l. 25.
[4] Chaucer's: l. 1.

I. THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES.

SIX TEXTS, FROM THE

TANNER MS. 346, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.
DIGBY MS. 81, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.
MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 14, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

FAIRFAX MS. 16, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.
BODLEY MS. 638, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.
LONGLEAT MS. 258, THE MARQUIS OF BATH'S.

(*For six other Texts, see the* "Parallel-Text Edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems"; *for one other, that in the Pepys MS.* 2006, *and for two Fragments, see the* "Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems.")

[*Tanner MS* 346 (*vellum*, ¶ 1440, *Bodl. Libr.*), *leaf* 120.]

The Parlement of Briddis.

(1) [*The Proem.*]

The lif so short the craft so long to lerne
The assay so hard so sharpe the conquering
The blysful ioy a-wey that fleth so yerne
AH this mene I be loue that my felyng 4
Astonyeth so with his dredfull worchyng
So sore I-wis that whan I on hym thynke
That wote I wele where I wake or wynke 7

(2)

ffor all be that I knowe not loue in dede
Ne wote how he quyteth folke hir hire
Yit happeth me in bokis ofte rede
Of his myraclys and of his crueH ire 11
Ther rede I wele he wol be lord and sire
Dar I not seyn his strokis ben so sore
But god sane swich a lorde I can no more 14

(3)

Of vsage what for lust what for lore
On bokes rede I ofte as y you tolde
But why pat I speke all þis not yoore
A-gone it happed me for to be-holde 18
Vp on a boke was wryte with lettres olde
And ther vp on a certeyn thyng to lerne
The longe day ful fast I radde and yerne 21

(4)

For out of olde feldes as men seith
Comyth al this new corn fro yer to yer
And oute of olde bokes in good faith
Comyth al þis new science þat men lere 25
But now to purpos of my first matere
To rede forth it gan me so delite
That al day thought me but a lyte 28

[*Digby MS* 181 (*Bodl. Libr., paper*, ¶ 1450-60), *leaf* 44.]

[m, n *are printed for* m, n *with curls over them; initial* a *generally for* A; ¶ *and* k *have curls to them. Of* r · *the* · *may be meant as part of the* r, *as in the Cambr. Univ. Libr. MS Ff.* 4. 6.]

the parlement of Fowlis.

(1) [*The Proem.*]

t He life so short / the crafte so longe to lerne
The assay so harde / so sharpe the conquering
The blisful ioy awey that fleith so yerne
AH this mene I by loue / that my Felyng 4
Astonyth so with his dredfull worchyng
So sore I-wis þat when I oñ hym thynke
Not wote I weH wher þat I flete or synke 7

(2)

¶ For by aH that I knowe not loue in dede
Ne wete howe she quyteth Folke here hire
Yit happith me in bokes ofte to rede
Of his myracles and of his CrueH ire 11
there rede I weH / he woH be lorde & sire
Dare I not sayn his strokes beñ so sore
But god sane suche a lorde I caH no more 14

(3)

¶ Of vsage what for luste / what for lore
On bokis rede I. ofte as I you tolde
But why þat I speke aH þis /. not yore
Agoñ it happed me For to beholde 18
Vpoñ a book was write with lettres olde
And ther-vpoñ a certeyñ thyng to lerne
The longe day fuH faste I redde / and yerne 21

(4)

¶ For out of olde Feldis as men seith
Comyth aH this new corñ from yere to yere
And out of olde bokis in good feythñ
Comyth aH þis newe sciens that meñ lere 25
But nowe to purpos of my First matere
To rede forth it ganne me to delite
That aH day it thought me but a lite 28

[*MS Arch. Seld. B.* 24. (*Bodl. Libr., paper*, ? 1470-80), *leaf* 142.]

[*The first* 2 *stanzas of the Proem are wanting. A leaf is out of the MS.*]

(3)

OF vsage olde quhat for lõue / quhat for lore
On bokis red I oft / as I 3ou tolde
And quher-fore þat I speke now this but more
I schall 3ow seyne /. It hapned me to beholde 18
Vpon a book writen with lettres olde
And ther-upon a certane thing to lere
The long day I red full fast but were 21

(4)

For out of olde feldis quhere sowen sede is
Commyth all this new corne fro 3ere to 3ere
And out of olde bookis as men redis
Cummyth all this new science þat men lere 25
But now to purpose of this ilka matere
I can me so delyte forth for to rede
The long day me thoght full schort but drede 28

[*Fairfax MS.* 16, *Bodl. Libr.*; *vellum*; *leaf* 120.]

¶ The parlement of Briddes.

(1) [*The Proem.*]

THe lyf so short / the crafte so longe to lerne 1
Thassay so harde / so sharpe the conquerynge
The slyder Ioy / that alwey slyd so yerne
Al this meane I be love / that my felynge 4
Astonyeth soo / with a dredeful worchyng
So soore y-wys / that whan I on hym thynke
Nat wote I wel / wher that I wake or wynke 7

(2)

For al be that / I knowe not love in dede 8
Ne wote how he / quyteth folke her hire
Yet hapeth me in bookes / ofte to rede
Of hys miracles / and of hys cruelle yre 11
There rede I wel / he wol be lorde and sire
Dar I not seyn / hys strokes ben so sore
But god save suche a lorde / I kan no more 14

(3)

Of vsage / what for lustc / what for lore 15
On bookes rede I ofte / as I yow tolde
But why that I speke / al this not yore
Agon / hit happed me / for to be-holde 18
Vpon a booke was write / with lettres olde
And ther-vpon / a certeyn thing to lerne
The longe day ful fast / I rad and yerne 21

(3)

For out of olde feldys / as men seyth 22
Cometh al this new corne / fro yere to yere
And oute of olde bokes / in good feythe
Cometh al thys new science / that men lere 25
But now to purpose / of my firste matere
To rede forth / hit gan me so delyte
That al the day / thought me but a lyte 28

The parlement of Fowlys.

[*Bodl. MS.* 638 (*paper, in vellum quire-covers, ab.* 1450), *leaf* 96.]

[*Copied from Fairfax* 16. *Some dots to final* e *are not printed.*]

[*The Proem.*]

[*The first three stanzas, and part of the fourth, lines* 1—22, *are not in the MS.*]

(4)

Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere [Bodl. MS. 638.] 23
And out of olde bokys in goode feyth
Commyth all this new scyence that men lere 25
But now to purpose of my firste matere
To rede forth gan me so delyte
that all the day thought me but a lyte 28

The Parlament of Foules.

[*Lord Bath's Longleat MS.* 258, *paper and vellum, ab.* 1460, *leaf* 85.]

(1) [*The Proem.*]

t He lif so short the craft so long to lere [leaf 85, paper]
The assay so herde so sharpe the conquering
The blisful Ioy that alwey fleeth so yerne
Alle this meane I by loue that my felyng 4
Astonyeth so with dredeful worching
So sore Iwys that whan I on him thinke
Not wote I wele whether I wake or wynke 7

(2)

By al that I knowe not love in dede
Ne wote howe he quyteth folke thair hire
Yet happith me oft in bokis for to Rede
Of his miracles and of his cruel Ire 11
There rede I wel he wol be lord and sire
Darre I not saien his strokis ben so sore
But god saue suche a lord I can noo more 14

(3)

Of vsage what for lust what for lore
On bokis rede I oft as I you tolde
But why that I speke of this not yore
Agoon it happed me for to be-holde 18
Vpon a boke was writen with letres olde
And thereupon a certain thing to lerne
The long day ful fast I radde and yerne 21

(4)

For oute of olde feldis as men saith [leaf 85, back]
Cometh al this newe corne from yere to yere
And oute of olde bokis in good faith
Cometh al this newe sentence that men lere 25
But now to pourpos of my first matere
To rede forth it yaue me so dilite
That al day thought me but a lite 28

(5)

This booke of which I / I make mension
Entitled was al there / I shal yow telle
Tullius of the dreme / of the Cipion
Chapitres hyt had 'vij.' of hevene and helle
And erthe and soules that theryn duelle
Of which as shortly as I kan trete
Of his sentence / I wol yow tel the grete

(6)

First telleth hyt / whan Scipion was come (leaf 120, back)
In-to Aufryke / how he mette Massynysse
That hym for Ioy / in Armes hath y-nome
Than telleth he hir speche / and al the blysse
That was betwixt hem / til the day gan mysse
And how his Auncestre / Aufrikan so dere
Gan on his slepe that nyght / to hym appere

(7)

Than tolde he hym / that fro a sterry place
How Aufrikan hath hym / Cartage y-shewed
And warned hym before / of al hys grace
And seyde hym what man / lered or lewede
That loveth comvne profyt / wel y-thewed
He shal vnto a blysful place / wende
There Ioy is / that lasteth with-out ende

(8)

Than asked he / yf the folke that here be dede
Haue lyfe and dwellynge / in another place
And Aufrikan seyde ye / with-oute drede
And oure present worldes / lyves space
Meneth but a maner dethe / what wey we trace
And ryghtfull folke shul goo / whan they dye
To hevene and shewed hym / the Galoxye

(5)

¶ This booke of which I make mensyon
Entitled was al there . I shal you tell
Tullius of the dreme of the Cipion
Chapitris hit had vij of heuyn & hell
And erth & soulys that theryn dwell
Of which as shortlye as I kan trete
Of his sentence I wull you tell the grete

(6)

¶ First tellith it when Cipion was come
In-to Anfrike how he mette Messymysse
That him for ioye in Armys hath I-nome
then tellith he her spech & all the blisse
That was bitwext hem til the day gan mysse
and how his Auncestre Anfrykan so dere
Gan on his slepe that nyght to him appere

(7)

¶ Then tolde he him that fro a sterry place
how Aufrikan hath him Cartage I-shewyd
¶ And warnyd him bifore of al his grace (leaf 96, back)
and seid him what man leryd or lowde
That louyth comune profyte well I-thewyd
he shal vn-to a blisfull place wende
There ioye is that lasteth withoute ende

(8)

¶ Tha[n] auskyd he if the folke that here be ded
haue life & dwellynge in an othir place
And Aufrikan seide ye withoute dred
and ouro present worldis lyues space
Meneth but a manor deth what wey we trace
and rightfull folke shull go when thei dye
To heuen & shewid him the Galoxye

(5)

This boke whereof I make mencioun
Entitled was al there I shal you telle
Tulius of the dreme of Cipioun
Chapitres it hade vij of heuen and helle
And erthe and soules that therein dwelle
Of whiche as shortly as I can trete
Of his sentence I wol you telle the grete

(6)

First telleth it when Cipion was comme
In to Affrike howe he met mesinysse
That him for Ioy in Armes hath ynome
Than tellith he hir speche and al the blisse
That was bitwix theim till the day mysse
And howe his Auncestre Aufrican so dere
Gan in his slepe that night appere

(7)

Than tolde he him that fro a sterry place (leaf 96, page)
Howe Aufrican hath him Cartage Ishewide
And warned him bifore of al his grace
And saide him what man lered or lewde
That loueth commen profiit well Ithewde
He shal vnto a blisful place wende
There Ioy is that lasteth withouten ende

(8)

Than asked he if the folke that here be dede
Haue lif and dwelling in an other place
And Aufrican saide ye withouten drede
And our present worldis lyues space
Meneth but a manere dethe what wey we trace
And rightful folke shal goo whan they deye
To heuen and shewed him the galexe

(9)

Thaŋ showede he hym / the lyteſ erthe that here is
At regarde / of heuenes quantyte
And aſtir shewed he hym / the nyne speris
And aftir that / the melodye herd he
That cometh of thilke speres / thries thre
That welle ys of Musyke / and Melodye
In this worlde here / and cause of Armonye

(10)

Thaŋ bad he hym see / the erthe that is so lite
And was somedel / fulle of harde grace
That he ne shuld hym / in the worlde delyte
Thaŋ tolde he hym / in certeyne yeres space
That euery sterre shulde come / in-to his place
There hit was first / and al shal oute of myndе
That in this worlde was doon / of al maŋ kynde

(11)

Thaŋ prayed he Scipion / tel hym alle [leaf 121]
The wey to come / to hevene blysse
And he seyde / knowe thy selfe firste mortalle
And loke ay besely / thou werke and wysse
To comvne profyte / and thou shalt never mysse
To come swiftely / vnto that place dere
That ful of blysse ys / and soules clere

(12)

But brokers of the lawe / soth for to seyne
And lecherous folke / after that they be dede
Shul alwey whirle aboute / therthe in peyne
Til many a worlde be passed / out of drede
And thaŋ for-yeuen hem / al hir wikked dede
Thaŋ shul they come / vnto that blysful place
To which to come / god sende ech lover grace

(9)

¶ Thon shewid he him the litel erth that hu is
at Regarde of heuenys quantyte
And aftir shewid he him the nyne sperys
and aftir that the melodys herd he
That comyth of thilke sperys thryes thre
That welle ys of musyke & melodye
In this worlde & cause of Armonye

(10)

¶ Than bade he him see therth that is so lyte
and was somdel ful of harde grace
That he ne shulde him in the world delyte
Than tolde he him yn certeyn yeris space [leaf 97]
that euery sterre shulde come in-to his place
There it was firste & al shalf oute of mynde
That in this worlde was done of al mankynde

(11)

¶ Than preied he Scipion tel him al
They wey to come to heuen blysse
And he seide know thi selfe firste mortal
and loke ay beselye thou werke & wysse
To comvne profyte & thou shalt neuyr mysse
to come swyftly vn-to that place dere
That ful of blisse is & soulys clere

(12)

¶ But breke[r]is of the lawe soth for to seyn
And lecherous folke aftir that thei ben ded
Shul alwey whirle a-boute therth in peyn
Til many a worlde be passid oute of drede
And then foryeuyn hem al her wikkyd dede
Then shul thei come vn-to that blisful place
To which to come god send ech louer grace

(9)

Than showed he him a litel erthe that here is
At regart of heuens quantite
And after shewed he him the ix speres
And after that the melody herde he
That cometh of theilke sperys thrise three
That well is of musik and melodye
In this worlde here and cause of *Armonye*

(10)

Than bade he him see the erthe that is so lite [leaf 86, back]
And was sumdel ful of herde grace
That he ne shuld him in this worlde delite
Than tolde he him in certain yeres space
That euery sterre shuld comme into his place
There it was first and al shal oute of mynde
That in this worlde was doon of al man kynde

(11)

Than pruied he Cipioun to telle him all
The wey to comme to heuen blisse
And he saied knowe thy self first mortal
And loke ay besily thou werke and wisse
The comen proffit and thou shal neuer mysse
To comme swefily vnto that place dere
That ful of blisse is and soules clere

(12)

But brokers of the lawe for to sayne
And lecherous folke after they be dede
Shul alwey whirle aboute the erthe in payne
And than for-yonen theim thair wikked dede
Tyl many a worlde be passed oute of drede
Than shal they comme vnto that blisful place
To whiche to comme god sendq eche louer grace

(13)

The day gan faile / and the derke nyght' note 85
That reveth beates / from her besynesse
Bereste me my boke / for lake of lyght'
And to my bed / I gan me for to dresse 88
Fulfilled of thought' / and besy hevenesse
For bothe I had thinge / which that I nolde
And eke I ne had thynge / that I wolde 91

(14)

But fynally my spiryte / at the laste 92
For-wery of my labour / al the day
Tooke reste / that made me to slepe faste
And in my slepe / I mette as I lay 95
How Aufrikan' / ryght' in that selfe Aray
That Scipion' hym sawe / be-fore that tyde
Was comen' and stoode ryght' / at my boldys side 98

(15)

The wery hunter / slepynge in hys bed note 99
To woode ayeine / hys mynde gootli anoon'
The Iuge dremeth / how hys pleas ben' sped
The Cartar dremeth / how his Cartes goone 102
The ryche of golde / the knyght' fyght' with his fone
The seke meteth / he drynketh of the tonne
The lover meteth / he hath hys lady wonne 105

(16)

Can not I seyne / yf that the cause were [leaf 121, back] 106
For I redde had / of Aufrikan' beforne
That me to mete / that he stood there
But thus seyde he / thou hast the so wel borne 109
In lokynge of myn' olde booke / al to-torne
Of which Macrobye / roght' noght' a lyte
That somedel of thy labour / wolde I the quyte 112

(13)

¶ The day gan faile & the derke nyght
that reuyth bestis from her besynesse
Bereste me my boke for lacke of lyght
And to my bed I gan me for to dresse 88
Fulfilled of thought & besy heuynesse
For both I had thinge which that I nolde [leaf 97, back]
And eke I ne had thinge that I wolde 91

(14)

¶ But fynally my spiryte at the laste
For-wery of my laboure all the day
Tooke reste that made me to slepe fasto
And in my slepe I mette as I lay 95
How Aufrikan right in that self aray
That Scipion him saw bifore that tyde
was comon & stode right at my beddis syde 98

(15)

¶ The wery hunter slepinge in his bed
to woode a-yein his mynde goth a-noon
The Iuge dremyth how his pleis ben sped
The carter dremyth how his cartys goon 102
The riche of goolde the knyght fight with his foon
the seke metith he drinketh of the tonne
The louer metith he hath his ladi wonne 105

(16)

¶ Can not I seyn if that the cause were
For I redde had of Aufrikan bifore
That me to mete that he stode there
But thus saide he thou hast the so well borne 109
In lokinge of myn olde booke al to-torne
Of which Macrobye rought not a lyte
That somdell of thi laboure welde I the quyte 112

(13)

The day gan faile and the derke night' [leaf 87, *paper*]
That reuyth bestis from thair' besinesse
Beroft me my boke for lake of light'
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse 88
Fulfilled of thought and besy heuynesse
For bothe I hade thing whiche that I nolde
And I ne hade thing that I wolde 91

(14)

But fynally my spirit at the last
For-wery of my laboure al the day
Toke rest that made me to slepe fast
And in my slepe I mette as I lay 95
Howe Aufrican right in that selven Array
That Cipioun him saught bifore that tide
Was comen and stode right at the beddis syde 98

(15)

The wery hunter sleping in his bedde
To the wode ayein his mynde goith anoon
The Iugge dremyth howe is pleas ben spedde
The Carter dremeth howe his Cartis goon 102
The Riche of gold the knight fighteth with his foon
The seke dremeth he drinketh of the tonne
The trewe louer wenyth he hath his lady wonne 105

(16)

Can I not saien if that the cause were [leaf 87, back]
For I rede hade of Affrican bifore
That made me to mete that he stode there
But thus saide he thou hast the so well borne 109
In loking of myn olde boke al to-torne
Of whiche macrobye Rought not a lite
That sumdell of thy labour' wol I the quyte 112

(17) [*Invocation.*]

Cytherea / thou blysful lady swete
That with thy firy bronde / dauntest whom the lest
And madest me thys sweuene / for to mete
Be thou my helpe in this / for thou maist best
As wisly as I sawe the / northe northe west
Whan I beganne my sweuene / for to write
So yeve me myght / to ryme and to endyte

(18) [*The Story.*]

This forseyde Aufrikan / me hent anoon
And forth with hym / vn-to a gate broght
Right of a parke / walled with grene stoon
And ouer the gate / with lettres large y-wroght
There were vers writen / as me thoght
On eyther halfe / of ful grete difference
Of which I shal yow sey / the pleyn sentence

(19)

Thorgh me men goon / in to that blysful place
Of hertes hele / and dedely woundes cure
Thorgh me men goon / vnto the welle of grace
There grene and lusty May / shal euer endure
This is the wey / to al good auenture
Be glad thou reder / and thy sorwe of caste
Al open am I passe in / and hye the faste

(20)

Thorgh me men goon / than spake that other side
Vn-to the mortals stroke / of the spere
Of which disdayne / and daunger is the gyde
There tree shal neuer frute / ne leves bere
This streme yow ledeth / vn to the sorwful were
There as the fyssh in prison / is al drye
Theschwynge ys only / the remedye

(17) [*Invocation.*]

¶ Citherea thou blisfull lady swete [leaf 36]
That with thi firyo bronde dauntest whom the leste
And madist me this sweuyn for to mete
Be thou my helpe in this for thou maiste beste
As wislye as I saw the north north weste
when I beganne my sweuene for to wryte
So yeue me myght to ryme & to endyte

18) [*The Story.*]

¶ This forseide Aufrikan me hente a-none
And forth with him vn-to a gate brought
Right of a Parke wallid with grene stoone
And ouyr the gate with lettris large I-wrought
There were vers wryten as me thought
On sythir halfe of full grete difference
Of which I shall you sey the pleyn sentence

(19)

¶ Thorogh me men goñ in-to that blisfull place
Of hertis hele & dedly woundys cure
Thorgh me men goñ vn-to the welle of *grace*
there grene & lusty may shall euyr endure
This is the wey to all good auenture
Be glad thou reder & thi sorwe of caste
all opyn am I passe in & hye the faste

(20)

¶ Thorgh me men goñ then spake *þat* othir syde
Vn-to the mortall stroke of the spere [leaf 66, back]
Of which disdayne & daunger ys the gyde
There tre shall neuyr frute ne leuys bere
This streme you leditli vnto the sorowfull were
There as the fyssh in pryson ys all drye
theæhewynge ys the remedye

(17) [*Invocation.*]

Sithera thou blisful lady swete
That with thy fire brande dauntest whom þou list
And madest me this sweuen for to mete
Be thou myn helpe in this for þou maist best
And wissely as I sawe thee northī west
Whan I began my sweuen for to write
So yeue me might to Ryme and endite

(18) [*The Story.*]

This forsaide African me hent anoon
And forthe *with* him vnto a gate brought
Right of a parke walled *with* grene stoon
And ouer the gate *with lettres* large Iwrought
There were verse writen as me thought
On either half of ful gret difference
Of whiche I shal nowe say þe plain sentence

(19)

Thorough me men *comme* in-to that blisful place [leaf 66, back]
Of hart*is* hele and dedely wound*is* cure
Thorough me men gōōn vnto the welt of *grace*
The grene and lusty may shal euer endure
This is the wey to al good aventure
Be glad thou reder and thy sorowe of cast
Alle open am I passed in and high the fast

(20)

Thorough me men.gōōn þan spake þat oþer side
Vnto the mortal stroke of the spere
Of whiche disdayne daungier is the gide
The tree shal neuer frute ne lenys bere
This streme you leditli vnto þe sorowful were
There as this fissho in prison al drye is
The shonyng is oonly the Remedye

(21)

These vers of golde and blak / y-wryten were (leaf 122) 141
Of which I gan a stounde / to be-holde
For with that oon encresed / ay my fere
And with that other / gan myn hert to bolde 144
That oon me hette / that other did me colde
No wytte had I, / for errour for to chese
To entre or flee / or me to save or lese 147

(22)

Ryght as betwix / Adamauntes twoo 148
Of evene myght / a pece of Iren y-sette
That hath no myght / to meve to nor froo
For what that oon may hale / that other lette 151
Ferde I that I ne wiste / wher that me was bette
To entre or leve / til affrikan my gyde
Me hente and shoofe in / at the gates wyde 154

(23)

And seyde / hyt stondeth writen in thy Face 155
Thyn errour / though thou tel hyt not me
But drede the not / to come in to this place
For this writynge / ys no thing ment be the 158
Ne be noon / but he loves servant be
For thou of love hast lost / thy taste y gesse
As seke man hath of swete / and bitternesse 161

(24)

But natheles / al though thou be dulle 162
That thou canst not do / yet thou maist hyt se
For many a man / that may not stonde a pulle
Yet lyketh hym / at the wrastelynge to be 165
And demeth yit / whethir he do bet or he
And yf thou haddest kunnynge / for to endite
I shal the shewen mater / of to wryte 168

(21)

¶ These vers of goold & blake I-wryten were
Of which I gan a stounde to biholde
For with that oon encresyd ay my fere.
And with that othir gan myne herte to bolde 144
That oon me hette that othir did me colde
No wytte had I for erroure for to chese
To entre or fle or me to saue or lese 147

(22)

¶ Ryght as betwixe Adamauntz twoo
Of euyn myght a pese of Iron I-sette
That hath no myght to meue to no froo
For what that oon may hale that othir lette 151
So ferde I that I ne wiste wher that me was bette
To entre or leue tiH Aufrikan my gyde
Me hente & shofe in at the gatys wyde 154

(23)

¶ And seid it stondith writen in thi face
Thin erroure though thou telt it not me

[5 *lines of stanza* 23, *stanzas* 24-8, *and* 3 *lines of stanza* 29, *are wanting in this MS.*]

(21)

These verse of gold and blake ywriten were
Of whiche I gan stonde to beholde
For with that oon encresed ay my fere
And with that other gan myn hert to bolde 144
That oon me hette that other dud me colde
No witte had I for errour for to chese
To entre or flee or me to saue or lese 147

(22)

Right as bitwix Ademauntis twoo (leaf 98, back)
Of euen might a pece of Iron is sette
That hath no might to meue too no froo
For what that oon may hale that other lette 151
Thus fared I that I ne wist where me was bette
To entre or leue tiH Aufrican me gide
Me hent and shoif me in at the gate wide 154

(23)

And said it standith writen in thy face
Thyn errour though to telle it not to me
But Drede the not to comme into this place
For this write is noo thing ment by the 158
Ne by nōn but he louys seruaunte be
For thou of loue hast lost thy tast I gesse
As a seke man hath of swete and bitternesse 161

(24)

But neuertheles al though thou be dulle
That thou cannest not doo yet thou maist it see
For many a man that may not stande a pulle
It liketh him at the wresteling to bee 165
And demyth yet whether he doo bet or he
And if thou haddest cunnyng to endite
I shal the shewe matere of to write 168

(25)

And with that my honde in hys / he toke anoon 169
Of which I comfort kaught / and went in faste
But lorde so I was glad / and wel begoon
For ouer al where / I myn eyn caste 172
Weren trees clad with lovys / that ay shal laste
Eche in his kynde / with coloure fressh and grene
As Emerawde / that Ioy was to sene 175

(26)

The bylder oke / and eke the hardy asshe [leaf 122, back] 176
The peler elme / the cofre vn to careyne
The box pipe tre / holme to whippes lasshe
The saylynge firre / the Cipresse deth to playn 179
The sheter Ewe / the aspe for shaftes pleyne
The olyve of pes / and eke the drunken vyne
The victor palme / the laurure to devyne 182

(27)

A gardyn sawh I / ful of blossomed bowis 183
Vpon a Ryuer / in a grene mede
Ther as swetnes ever mor[1] / ynowh is [1 *later*]
With floures white / blew yelow and rede 186
And colde well stremes / no thinge dede
And swymmynge / ful of smale fisshes lyght
With fynnes rede / and scales sylver bryght 189

(28)

Ou̇ euery bowgh / the briddes herde I synge 190
With voys of aungel / in her armony
That besyed hem / her briddes forthe to brynge
The lytel conyes / to her pley gunnen hye 193
And further a-boute / y gan espye
The dredful Roo / the buk the hert and hynde
Squerel and bestis smale / of gentil kynde 196

[*Not in the Bodley MS.* 638.]

(25)

With that my haude in his he toke anōōn [leaf 89, vellum]
Of whiche I comfort caught and went in fast
But lord so I was glad and wel begōōn
But ouer al where I myn yen cast 172
Were trees cladde *with* louys that ay shal last
Eche in his kinde *with* colour fresshe and grene
As any Emeraude that Ioy was to sene 175

(26)

The bilder oke and eke the hardy asshe
The piler Elme the cofre vnto carayne
The box pipe tree holme to whippis lasshe
The sailling fir the Cipresse deth to playne 179
The sheter Ewe the haspe for *shaftis* playne
The olif of peas and eke the dronken vyne
The victour palme the laurer to dyvyne 182

(27)

A gardyn sawe I ful blosumed bowes
Vpon a Ryuer in a grene mede
There as swetnesse ouermore ynough is
With floures white blewe yelowe and Rede 186
And colde welle stremes noo thing dede
And swym*m*yng ful of smal fisshes light
With fynnes Rede and scales sylver bright 189

(28)

In euery bowe the bird*is* harde I singe [leaf 89, back]
With vois of Angell*is* in thair Armonye
That be side theim thair bird*is* forth to bringe
The litel Conye to thair play gonnen hye 193
And further aboute I gan espye
The dredeful Roo the buk the hurt the hinde
Squerell*is* and best*is* smath of gentil kinde 196

(29)

On instrumentes of strynge*/ in a-corde
Herde I pley / and rayssh̄inge swetnesse
That god that maker ys of al / and lorde
Ne herde neuer bettir / as I gesse
There-with a wyndȝ / vnnethe hyt myght lesse
Made in the leves grene / a noyse softe
Accordant to the foulys / songe on lofte

(30)

The aire of that place / so attempre was
That neuer was grevance ther-of / hoot ne colde
Ther growen eke / euery holsome spice and gras
No man may there / wexe seke ne olde
Yet was there more Ioy / a thousande folde
No man kan telle / neuer wolde hyt nyght
But ay clere day / to any mannys syght

(31)

Vnder a tree besyde / a welle I say [leaf 125]
Cupide our lorde / hys arwes forge and fyle
And at hys fete / hys bowe al redy lay
And wille hys doghtre / tempred al the while
The hedes in the welle / and with harde file
She covched hem / after as they shul serve
Somme to slee / and somme to wounde and kerve

(32)

Thoo was I war of plesaunce / anon ryght
And of array and lust / and curtesye
And of the crafte that kan / and hath the myght
To goo before a wyght / to do folye
Dysfigured was she / I shal not lye
And by hym selfȝ / vnder an oke I gesse
Sawgh I delyte / that stoode with gentilesse

(29)

Ne herd neuyr better as I gesse [leaf 99] 200
Therwith a wynde vneth it myght be lesse
Made in the leuys grene a noyse softe
Acordant to the foulys songe on lofte 203

(30)

¶ The ayre of that place so attempre was
That neuyr was grevaunce there of hote ne colde
There growyn euery holsom spice & gras
No man may there wex seke ne olde 207
yet was there more ioy a thousande folde
No man kan telle neuyr wolde it nyght
But ay clere day to any mannys sight 210

(31)

¶ Vndir a tre beside a well I say
Cupide our lorde his Arwys forge & fyle
And at his fete his bowe al-redy lay
And wylle his doughtre temperyd al the while 214
The hedis in the welle & with hard fyle
She towchid hem aftir as thei shuld serue
Som to sle & som to wounde & kerue 217

(32)

¶ Tho was I ware of plesaunce a-non ryght
And of araye & lust & Courtesye
And of the crafte that kan & hath þ^e myght
To goo bifore a wight to do folye 221
Disfiguryd was she I shall not lye [leaf 99, back]
And bi him self vndir an Oke I gesse
Saugh I Delyte that stode with gentillesse 224

(29)

On Instrumentis of strenge in accorde
Harde I so playe and Rauisshing swetnesse
That god that the maker is of al and lorde
Ne hard neuer better as I gesse 200
There with a wynde vnneth it might be lesse
Made in the leuys grene a noise soft
According to the foules songe on loft 203

(30)

The eyre of that place so attempered was
That neuer was greuaunce thereof of hote ne colde
There growen eke euery holsom spice & gras
Noo man may there wexe seke ne olde 207
Yet was there Ioye more a thousande folde
Noo man can telle neuer wold it be nyght
But ay clere day to any man is sight 210

(31)

Vnder a tree beside a welle I saye [leaf 90, paper]
Cupide oure lord his Arrowes forge and file
And at his fete his bowe al redy laye
And while his doughter tempered al the while 214
The hedes in the welle and with harde file
She couched theim after as they shulde serue
Summe to slee and summe to wounde and karue 217

(32)

Tho was I ware of plesaunce anoon Right
And of arraye and lust and curtesye
And of the craft that can and hath the might
To goo bifore a wight to doo folye 221
Disfugered was she I shal not lye
And by him self vndre an oke I gesse
Sawe I dilite that stode with gentilneasse 224

(33)

I sawgh beaute / with-oute any atire
And yowthe ful of game / and Iolyte
Fool-hardynesse flatery / and desire
Messagery mede / and other thre
Her names shul noght / be tolde for me
And vpon pelers grete / of Iasper longe
I sawgh a tample of glas / founded stronge

(34)

A-boute the temple / daunced alway
Wommen y-now / of which *somme* were
Faire of hem self / and *somme* of hem gay
In kirtels al disshevele / went they there
That was hir office alwey / fro yere to yere
And on the temple / saugh I white and faire
Of dowves white / many a hundred paire

(35)

Be-fore the temple dore / ful soberly
Dame pes sate / a curtyne in hir hande
And hir beside / wonder discretly
Dame pacience sittynge / ther I fonde
With face pale / vpon an hille of sonde
And alder next within / and with-oute
Behest and arte / and of her folke a rowte

(36)

Withyn the temple / of syghes hoote as fire
I herde a swogh / that gan a-boute renne
Which *syghes* / were engendred with desire
That maden *euery* auter / for to brenne
Of newe flawme / and aspyed I thenne
That al the cause of sorwes / that they drye
Come of the bitter goddys / Ialousye

(33)

¶ I saugh beaute without eny atyre
And youth *full* of game & Iolyte
Foole hardynesse Flatery and desyre
Massagery mede & othir thre.
Her namys shull nought be tolde for me
And vpon Pilers grete of Iasper longe
I saugh a temple of bras foundid stronge

(34)

¶ A-boute the temple dauncyd alwey
Women I-nowe of which som were
Faire of hem self & som of hem gay
In kyrtelys al dysheuele went thei there
That was hir offyce alwey fro yere to yere
And on the temple saugh I white & feyre
Of dowuys white many a hundryd peyre.

(35)

¶ Before the temple dore ful sobrelye
Dame Pes sate a curtyne in hir hande
And hir beside wondir discretlye
Dame Pacience sittynge there I fonde
With face pale vpon an hille of sonde
And aldirnext within & without
Behest & Arte & of hir folke a Route

(36)

¶ Within the temple of sighes hote as fyre
I herd a swough that gan a-boute renne
Which sighes were engendrid with desyre
That maden euery Auter for to brenne
Of newe flawme & aspied I thenne
That all the cause of sorwis that thei drye
Come of the bittre godis Ialousye.

(33)

I sawe beaute withoute any tyre
And youthe ful of game and iolyte
Folehardinesse flatery and desyre
Messagerye mede and other tree
Thaire name shal not be tolde for me
And vpon pylours gret of Iasper long
I sawe a Temple of bras founded strong

(34)

A-boute the Temple daunced alwaye
Women ynough of whiche *summe* were
Faire of-theim self and *summe* gaye
In kyrtellis al disshoueH went they there
That was thair office alwey-yere by yere
And on the Temple sawe I white and faire
Of doues white many a hundred paire

(35)

Bifore the Temple dore ful sobrely
Dame peas satte a curtayne in hir honde
And hir bisidd wondre discretly
Dame pacience sitting there I fonde
With face pale vpon an hille of sonde
And althor next within and withoute
Behest and Arte and of thair folke a Route

(36)

Within the Temple of sighes hote as fire
I harde a sigh that gan abought Renne
Whiche sighes were engendered with desire
That maden euery Autre for to brenne
Of new flame and espied I thanne
That al the cause of sorowes that they drye
Come of the bitter goddesse Ielosye

(37)

The god Priapus sawgh I / as I wente
With-yn the temple / in souerayne place stonde
In suche array / as whan the asse hym shente
With crie be nyght / and with his ceptre in honde
Ful besely / men gunne assay and fonde
Vpon his hede to sette / of sondry hewe
Garlondes / ful of fressh floures newe

(38)

And in a prevy corner / in disporte
Fond I venus / and hir porter rychesse
That was ful noble / and hawteyn of hir porte
Derke was that place / but afterward lyghtnesse
I saugh a lyte / vnnethe hyt myght be lesse
and on a bed of golde / she lay to reste
Til that the hoote sonne / gan to weste

(39)

Hir *gilte* heeres / with a golde thredе *note*
Y-bounden were / vntressed as she lay
and naked fro the brest / vn-to the hede
Men myght hir see / and sothely for to say
the remenant keuered wel / to my pay
Ryght with a subtil keuerchefe / of valence
There was no thikker clothe / of defence

(40)

The place yafe a thousande / sauours swoote
and bacus god of wyne / sate hir beside
and Ceres next / that dooth of hunger boote
and as I seide / amyddes lay Cipride
to whom on knes / the yonge folkes criede
to ben hir helpe / but thus I lete hir lye
and ferther in the temple / I gan espye

(37)

¶ The godꝺ Pirapus (*sic*) saugh I as I wente
Within the temple in *soueryn* place stonde
In suche Aray as when the Asse *him* shente
With crye be nyght & with his ceptre in honde
FuH besely men gunne assaye & fonde
Vpon his heꝺ to sette of sondrye hew
Garlondys fuH of fresah flourys newe

(38)

¶ AnꝺI in a preuy cornere in *disporte*
Fonde I venus & hir Porter Richesse.
That was fuH noble & hawteyn of hir Porte
Derke was that place & afturwarꝺ lyghtnesse
I saugh a lite wneth it myght be lesse
And on a beꝺ of goolꝺ she lay to reste
Tyl that the hote sonne gan to weste

(39)

¶ Hir gylte heris with a goolꝺ threꝺ
I-boundyn were vntressiꝺ as she lay
And nakiꝺ fro the breste vnto the heꝺ
Men might hir se & sothly for to say
The remanent keueryd weH to my pay
Right with a subtiH keuyrchefe of valence
Ther was no thikker cloth of defence

(40)

¶ The place yafe a thousanꝺs sauowrys swote
And Bacus godꝺ of wyne sate hir beside
And Ceres nexte that doth of hungre bote
and as I seide amyddes lay Cipride (*sic*)
To whom on kneis the yonge folkis cryde
To ben her helpe but thus I lete hir lye
And ferthur in the temple I gan espye

(37)

The god Priapus saugh I as I went [leaf 91, *super*]
Within the Temple in sounerain place stonde
In suche array as whan the asse him shent
With crye by night and his sceptre in honde
Ful besily men goon assay and fonde
Vpon his hede to set of sondre hewe
Garlond*is* ful of freshe floures newe

(38)

And in a priuee corner in disport
Founde I venus and hir porter Richesse
That was ful and haulteyne of hir port
Derke was the place but afterward lightnesse
I sawe a light vnneth it might be lesse
And on a bedde of gold she lay to Rest
TyH that the hote sonne gan to west

(39)

Hir gilte heres with a gold *thredе*
I-bounden were vntressed as she laye
And naked fro the brest *vnto* the hede
Men might hir' see and southly for to saye
The Remen*ant* couered well to my paye
Right' *with* a soutiH keuercheef of valence
There was noo thikker *clothe of* defence

(40)

The place yaue a thousande sauours sote [leaf 91, back]
And Bachus god of wyne satte hir' biside
And Ceres next that doith of hunger bote
And as I saide amyddis lay Cupide
To whom on knees two yonge folke cryde
To ben thair' helpe but thus I lette hir' lye
And further in the Temple I gan espye

(41)

That in dyspite / of Diane the chaste [leaf 121] 281
Ful many a bowe y-broke / henge on the walle
Of maydens suche / as gonne hyr tymes waste
In hir seruise / and pey[n]ted ouer alle 284
Of many a storye / of which I touche shalle
A fewe / as of Calixte and Athalante
And many a Mayde / of which the name I wante 287

(42)

Semyramus / Candace / and Ercules 288
Biblys / Dido / Tesbe / and Piramus
Tristram / Isoude / Paris / and Achilles
Eleyne / Cleopatre / and Troylus 291
Silla and eke the moder / of Romulus
Alle these were peynted / on that other syde
And al her loue / and in what plite they dide 294

(43)

Whan I was comen ayen / in to that place 295
That I of spake / that was so swoote and grene
Forth welke I thoo / my selven to solace
Tho was I war / where ther sate a quene 298
That as of lyght / the somer sonne shene
Passeth the sterre / ryght so ouer mesure
She fairer was / than any creature 301

(44)

And in a launde / vpon an hille of floures 302
Was sette this noble goddesse / of nature
Of braunches were hir halles / and hir boures
Y-wrought aftir hir crafte / and hir mesure 305
Ne ther nas foule / that cometh of engendrure
That there ne were prest / in hir presence
To take hir dome / and yeve hir audience 308

(41)

¶ That in despyte of Dyane the chaste
Full many a bowe I-broke henge on the wall
Of Maidonys soch as gonne hir tymes waste
In hir seruyes & Peynted ouyr all 284
Of many a story of which I touch shall
A fewe . as of Calixte & Athalante
And many a maide of which the name I wante 287

(42)

¶ Semyramus Candace & Ercules
Biblis Dido Tesbe & Piramus [leaf 101]
Trystram Isoude Parys & Achylles
Eleyne Cleopatre & Troylus 291
Silla & eke the modir of Romulus
All these were peynted on that oþer syde
And all her loue & in what plyte thei dyde 294

(43)

¶ When I was come a-yen in-to that place
That I of spake that was so swote & grene
Forth welke I tho my selfe to solace
Tho was I ware where ther sate a quene 298
That as of light the somyr sonne shene
Passith the sterre right so ouyr mesure
She fairer was than any creature 301

(44)

¶ And in a launde vpon an hille of flowrys
was sette this noble goddesse of Nature
Of braunchis wer' hir hallis & hir bowrys
I-wrought aftir hir crafte & hir mesure 305
Ne ther nas foule þat comyth of engendure
That thor' ne were preste in hir presence
To take hir dome & yeue hir Audience 308

(41)

That in dispite of Diane the Chast
Ful many a bowe broke hynge on the walle
Of maydens suche as gan hir' tymes wast
In hir' seruice and paynted ouer alle 284
Of many a story of whiche I touche shalle
A felde as of Calixte and Athelante
And of many a mayden of whiche þe name I wante 287

(42)

Semyramus Candace and hercules
Biblis Dido Tesbe and priamus
Tristram I souude parys and Acchilles
Elene Cleopatre and Troylus 291
Silla and eke the modor of Romulus
Alle these were paynted on that other side
Alle there loue and in what plight þey dide 294

(43)

Whan I was comme ayein into the place [leaf 98, paper]
That I of spake that was so sote and grene
Forth walked I thoo my selues to solace
Tho was I warre where there sate a quene 298
That as of light the somer sone shene
Passyth the sterre right so ouer mesure
She fairer was than any Creature 301

(44)

And in a launde vpon an hille of floures
Was sette this noble goddes nature
Of braunches were hir' halles and hir' bowres
Iwrought after hir' craft and hir' mesure 305
Ne there was foule that comyth of engendure
That there ne were in hir' presence
To take hir' dome and yeue hir' audience 308

(45)

For this was / on seynt valentynes day 309
Whan euery foule cometh there / to chese his make
On euery kynde / that men thynke may
And that so huge a noyse / gan they make 312
That erthe and see and tree and euery lake
So ful was / that vnnethe was ther space
For me to stonde / so ful was al the place 315

(46)

And ryght as alayne / in the pleynt / of kynde 316
Deuyseth nature / of suche array and face [leaf 134, back]
In suche array / men myght hir there fynde
This noble emperesse / ful of g[r]ace 319
Bad euerey foule / to take her owne place
As they were wont alwey / fro yere to yere
Seynt valentynes day / to stonden there 322

(47)

That ys to sey / the fowles of Ravyne 323
Were hyest sette / and than the foules smale
That eten / as that nature wolde enclyne
As worme / or thynge of whiche I tel no tale 326
But watir foule / sate lowest in the dale
And foule that lyveth by seede / sate on the grene
And that so fele / that wonder was to sene 329

(48)

There myght men / the Royal Egle fynde 330
That with his sharpe looke / pereth the sonne
And other Egles / of a lower kynde
Of which that clerkes / wel deuysen konne 333
There was the tiraunte / with his fethres donne
And grey // I mene the goshauke that doth pyne
To briddes / for his outrageouse ravyne 336

(45)

¶ For this was on seint Valentynes day
when euery foule comyth there to chese his make [leaf 101, back]
Of euery kynde that men thynke maye
And that so huge a noyse gan thei make 312
That erth se & tre & euery lake
So fuH was that vnneth was per space
For me to stonde so fuH was aH the place 315

(46)

¶ And right as Alayne yn the pleynt of kynde
Deuyseth Nature of such araye & face
In such araye men myght hir there fynde
This noble Emperesse fuH of grace 319
Bade euery foule to take her owne place
As thei were wonte alwey fro yere to yere
Seynt valentynes day to stondyn there 322

(47)

¶ That ys to sey the fowles of Rauyne
were highest sette & then the foulys smale
That etyn as that Nature wolde enclyne
As worme or thynge of which I telle no tale 326
But watyr foule sate lowyst yn the dale
And foule that leuyth bi seed sate on the grene
And that so fele that wondir was to sene 329

(48)

¶ There myght men the royaH Egle fynde
That with his sharpe loke pereyth the sonne [leaf 102]
And othir Eglys of a loware kynde
Of which that clerkys weH deuysen konne 333
There was the Tyraunte with his fethris donne
And grene . I mene the goshauke that doth pyne
To briddes . for his outrageouse Ravyne 336

(45)

For this was on seint Valentyne is day
Whan euery foule comyth there to chese his make
Of euery kynde that men thinke may
And that so huge voice gan they make 312
That erthe and see and tree and euery lake
So ful was that vnneth was there space
For me to stande so ful was al the place 315

(46)

And right as Aleyn in the playnt of kynde [leaf 92, back]
Devysith nature of suche array and face
In suche array men might hir there finde
This noble emprisse ful of grace 319
Bade euery foule to taken thair owne place
As they were wont alwey fro yere to yere
On seint Valentyne is day to standen there 322

(47)

That is to say the foules of Rauyne
Were highest sette and than the foules smalle
That eten as that nature wolde enclyne
As wormes or thing of whiche I telle no tale 326
But water foule satte lowest in the dale
And foule that lyneth by sede satte on þe grene
And that so felle that wondre it was to seen 329

(48)

There might men the Roial egle fynde
That with hir sharpe loke persith the sonne
And other Egles of lower kynde
Of whiche that Clerkis wele deuisen konne 333
Ther was the Tyraunt with his fethres donne
The gray goshauke that doith gret pyne
To the birdis for his outeragious Rauyne 336

(49)

The gentil faucovne / that with his fete distreyneth 337
The kynges honde / the sperhauke eke
The quayles foo / the merlyon that peyneth
Hym self ful ofte / the larke for to seke 340
There was the dowve / with hir eyen meke
The Ialouse Swanne / ayens hys deth that syngeth
The owle eke that of dethe / the bode bryngeth 343

(50)

The Crane the geaunte / with his trompes soune 344
The theefe the choghe / and eke the Ianglynge pye
The scornynge Iay / the Egles foo herounne
The fals lapwynge / ful of trecherye 347
The stare / that the counseylle kan bewrye
The tame Ruddok / and the cowarde Kyte
The cok / that Orlogge ys / of thropes lyte 350

(51)

The sparow Venus sone / the nyghtyngale [leaf 125] 351
That clepeth forth / the fressh leves newe
The swalow mordrer / of the foules smale
That maken hony of floures / fressh of hewe 354
The wedded turtel / with hys hert trewe
The pecok / with his Aungels fethers bryght
The fesaunt scorner / of the cok be nyght 357

(52)

The waker goos / cukkow euer vnkynde 358
The papiay / ful of delycacye
The drake stroyer / of hys owne kynde
The storke wreker / of a-vowtrie 361
The hoote Cormeraunte / of glotonye
The rauenes and the crowes / with her voys of care
The throstel olde / the frosty felde fare 364

(49)

¶ The gentyl Faucovne that with his fete distreyneth
The kyngys honde . the sperhauke eke
The quayles foo Themerlyon that peyneth
Him-self full ofte the larke for to seke 340
There was the Dowue with hir yen meke
The Ialouse swanne ayens his deth that syngeth
The Oule eke that of deth the bode bryngeth 343

(50)

¶ The Crane the geaunte with his trompes sowne
The theefe the chough & eke the Ianglynge pye
the scornynge .Iay· the Eglys foo Herowne
The fals lapwynke full of trecherye 347
The stare that the counseil kan bewrye
The tame Ruddock & the cowarde kyte.
The Cok that orlogge is of thropes lyte 350

(51)

¶ The sparow venus sone the Nyghtyngale
That clepith forth the frossh leuys newe
The swalow mordrer of the fowlys smale [leaf 126, back]
That makyn hony of flourys fressh of hewe 354
the weddid Turtyll with his herte trewe
The Pecok with his Aungelis fethris bright
The Fesaunte scorner of the cok be nyght 357

(52)

¶ The waker gos the Cukkow euyr vnkynde
the Papenyay full of delicasye
The Drake stroier of his owne kynde
The storke wreker of Auowtrye 361
The hote cormeraunte of glotonye
The Rauenes & the crowis with her vois of care
Thesthrostill olde & the frosty Feldfare 364

(49)

The gentill faucon that with his fete distrayneth [leaf 93, *paper*]
The kyngis hande / the Sparehauke eke
The quayles foo / the Merlion that payneth
Him self ful oft / the larke for to seke 340
The was the dove with his yen meke
The gelous Swanne ayeinst his deth þat singeth
The owle eke that of deth the bode bringeth 343

(50)

The Crane the gaunt *with* his trompys sowne
The theef the clough and eke the Iangling pye
The scornyng Iay the egles foo the heroune
The fals lapwynke ful of trecherye 347
The stare *the* counseille can bewreye
The Tame *Ruddok* and the *coward* kite
The Cok that *orlage is of* Thropys lite 350

(51)

The Sparehauke Venus soon the *Nightingale*
That clepith the fressho leuys newe
The swalowe murtherer of the *foules* smale
That maken hony of floures *fresshe* of hewe 354
The wedded Turtill *with* his' *hert* trewe
The pecok with his Angellys fedres bright
The fesaunt scorner of the Cok by night 357

(52)

The Waker goos the Cokkowe euer vnkynde [leaf 93, back]
The popynjay ful of delecacye
The drake stroier of his owne kynde
The storke wreker of a-voutrye 361
The hote Cormeraunt ful of glotonye
The Rauens and the Crowes *with* their vois of care
The Thristell olde the frosty feldefare 364

(53)

What shulde I seyn of foules / euery kynde
That in this worlde / han fetheres and stature
Men myghte in that place / assembled fynde
Be-fore that noble goddesse / of nature
And eche of hem / did hys beay cure
Benygnly to chese / or for to take
By hir accorde / hys formel or hys make

(54)

But to the poynte / nature helde on hir honde
A formel egle / of shappe the gentileste
That euer she amonge / hir werkes fonde
The moste benigne / and goodlyeste
In hir was euery vertu / at his rest
So ferforthe / that nature hir selfe had blysse
To looke on hir / and ofte hir beke to kysse

(55)

Nature the vyker / of thalmyghty lorde
That hoot / colde / hevy / lyght / moiste / and drye
Halfe knyt be evene nowmbre / of accorde
In esy vois began to speke / and seye
Foules / take of my sentence I prey
And for youre ease / in furtherynge of youre nede
As faste as I may speke / I wol me spede

(56)

Ye knowe wel / how that seynt valentynes day [MS 125, bb] 386
Be my statute / and thorgh my gouernaunce
Ye come for to chese / and flee youre way
With youre makes / as I prik yow with plesaunce
But natheles / my ryght-ful gouernaunce
May I not let / for al this worlde to wynne
That he that moste ys worthy / shal begynne

(53)

¶ What shulde I say of fowlis euery kynde
That in this worlde han fethris & stature
Men myght in that place assemblid fynde
Before that noble goddesse of Nature
And ech of hem did his besy cure
Benygnlye to chese or for to take
bi hir accorde his formel or his make

(54)

¶ But to the poynte Natur hild on hir honde
A formel Egle of shappe the gentilleste [leaf 103]
That euyr she amonge hir werkis fonde
The moste benigne & goodlyeste
In hir was euery vertu at his reste
So ferforth that Nature hir self had blisse
To loke on hir & ofte hir beke to kysse

(55)

¶ Nature the vikyr of thalmyghty lorde
That hoot . colde . heuy light moyste & dreye
Hath knytte bi euyn nowmbre of acorde
In esy voys beganne to speke & seye
Foules take of my sentence I prey
And for youre ease in furtheryngo of your nede
As faste as I may speke I wulle me spede

(56)

¶ Ye know wel how that seynt valentynes day
Bi my statute & thorgh my gouernaunce
ye come for to chese & fle youre way
with youre makis as I pricke you with plesaunce
But natheles my rightfull gouernaunce
May I not lette for al this world to wynne
That he that moste is worthi shal begynne

(53)

What shulde I sayen of foules euery kinde
That is in this worlde han feders or stature
Men might in that place assembled finde
Bifore that noble goddesse of Nature
And eche of theim dud his besy cure
Benyngly to chese or for to take
By hir accorde his formell or his make

(54)

But to the point Nature helde vp hir hande
A formell egle of shappe the gentillest
That euer she amongis hir warkis founde
The most benigne and the goodliest
In hir was euery vertue at his Rest
So ferforth that nature hir self had blisse
To loke on hir and oft hir beke to kysse

(55)

Nature the Vicair of almighty god [leaf 91, super]
That hote colde heuy light moist and drye
Haith knyt by euen nombre of accorde
In esy voice began to speke and seye
Foules take hede of my sentence I praye
And for your ease in furthering of your mede
As fast as I may speke I wol you spede

(56)

Ye knowe well howe that seint Valentyne is daye
By my statute and thorough myn ordennaunce
Ye comme for to chese and flee your waye
With your makis as I prike you with pleasaunce
But natheles by my rightful gouernaunce
May I not lete for al this worlde to wynne
That he that moost is worthy shal begynne

(57)

The tercel Egel / as that ye knowen wele
The foule Royal / abouen yow in degree
The wyse and worthy / secre trewe as stele
The whiche I have formed / as ye may see
In euery parte / as hit best lyketh mee
Hyt nedeth noght his shappe / yow to devyse
He shal first chese / and speken in his gyse

(58)

And aftir hym by order / shul ye chese
Aftir youre kynde / eueryche as yow lyketh
And as youre happe ys / shul ye wynne or lesse
But which of yow / that love moste entriketh
God sende hym hyr / that soreest for hym syketh
And therewyth-alle / the tercel gan she calle
And seyde my sone / the choys is to the falle

(59)

But natheles / in thys condicioun
Mote be the choys / of euerych that ys here
That she agree / to hys electioun
Who-so he be / that shulde ben hir fere
This is oure vsage alwey / fro yere to yere
And who so may at this tyme / haue hys grace
In blisful tyme he come / in to this place

(60)

With hed enclyned / and with ful humble chere
This real tercel spake / and taried noght
Vnto my souereyne lady / and noght my fere
I chese and chesse / with wille and hert and thought
The formel on youre honde / so wel y-wrought
Whos I am alle / and euer wol hir serve
Doo what hir lyste / to doo me lyve of sterve

(57)

¶ The tercel Eglys as that ye knowyñ weℓ
The foule Roial a-boue you aℓℓ in degre [leaf 185, back]
The wise & worthi the secre trew as stele
The which I haue formyd as ye may se
In *euery* parte as it beste liketh me
Hit nedith nought his shappe you to deuyse
He shal firste chese & speke in his gyse

(58)

¶ And aftir him bi ordre shul ye chese
Aftir youre kynde euerich as you liketh
And as youre happe is shuℓℓ ye wynne or lese
But which of you that loue moste entriketh
God sende him hir that soryste for hym siketh
And therwithal the tercelℓ gan she calle
And seid my sone the choys[1] is to the I-falle
[1 *this latter altered by same hand to* the choys]

(59)

¶ But natheles in this condycioñ
Mote be the chois of *euery*ch that is her
That she agre to his electyoñ
Who so he be that shulde beñ hir fer
This is oure vsage alwey fro yer to yer
And who-so may at this tyme haue his grace
In blisfuℓℓ tyme he come yn-to this place

(60)

¶ With hed enclyned & with fuℓℓ humble chere
This roial tarcelℓ spake & taried nought [leaf 191]
Vn-to my soueraigne ladi & nought my fere
I chese & chesse with wille & hert & thought
The Formel on your honde so weℓ I-wrought
Whos I am aℓℓ & euyr wuℓℓ hir seruе
Do what hir luste to do me leue or sterue

(57)

The Tercelℓ egle as that ye knowe wele
The foule Roial abouen you in degree
The wise and *worthy* secree trew as stele
The whiche I haue fourmed as ye may see
In *euery* part as it best liketh me
It nedith not his *shape* you to deuise
He *shal* first chese and speken in his gise

(58)

And after him by ordre shal ye chese [leaf 94, back]
After your kynde *euer*iche as you liketh
And as your happe is *shal* ye wynne or lese
But whiche of you that loue moost entriketh
God sende him hir' that forest *for* him sigheth
And therwith al the Tarselℓ gan she calle
And saide my sone the choise is to the falle

(59)

But netheles in this condicioun
Mut be the chose of *euer*iche that is hers
That she aggre to his electioun
Who so he be that shuld ben hir' fere
This is our' vsage alwey fro yere to yere
And who so may at this tyme haue his grace
In blisful tyme he cam̃e into this place

(60)

With hede enclyned and with humble chere
This Roial Tarselℓ spake and taryed nought
Vnto my souuerain lady and nought my fere
I chese and chese with hert wiℓℓ and thought
The formelℓ on your' hands so weℓ ywrought
Whois I am aℓℓ and euer wol hir' serue
Doo what hir' list to doo me lyue or sterue

(61)

Besechynge hir of mercy / and of grace [leaf 18ᵈ] 421
As she that ys my lady / souereyne
Or let me dye present / in thys place
For certes longe may I not / lyve in peyne 424
For in myn herte / ys korven euery veyne
Hauynge rewarde oonly / to my trouthe
My dere herte / haue on my woo *sommе* routhe 427

(62)

And yf I be founde / to hir vntrewe 428
Disobeysaunt / or wilful negligent
Avauntour or in processe / love a newe
I pray to yow / thys be my Iugement 431
That with these foules / y be al to-rent
That ylke day / that euer she me fynde
To hir vntrewe / or in my gylte vnkynde 434

(63)

And syn that noon / loueth hir / so wel as I note 435
As thogh she neuer of loue / me be-hette
Than ought she be myn / thorugh hir mercy
For other bonde kan I noon / on hir knette 438
For neuer for no woo / ne shal I lette
To serven hir / how ferre so that she wende
Sey what yow lyste / my tale ys at an ende 441

(64)

Ryght as the fressh / rede rose-newe 442
Ayene the somer sonne / coloured ys
Ryght so for shame / al wexen gan the hewe
Of thys formel / whan she herde al thys 445
Neyther she answerde wel / ne seyde amys
So sore abasshed was she / til that nature
Seyde doghter / drede yow noght I yow assure 448

(61)

¶ Besechinge hir of mercy & of grace
As she that is my ladi soueregne
Or let me dye present in this place
For certis longe may I not leue in peyne 424
For yn myn herte is korvyn *euery* veyne
Hauynge rewarde oonly to my trowth
Mi dere herte haue on my woo somm routh 427

(62)

¶ And if I be founde to hir vntrew
Disobeysaunt or wylfull necligent
Auauntore or in *processe* loue a new
I *prey* to you this be my Iugement 431
That with these foulys I be al to-rent
That ilke day that euyr she me fynde
To hir vntrew or yn my gilte vnkynde 434

(63)

¶ And syn that non louyth hir so well as I [leaf 164, back]
Al-though she neuyr of loue me behete
Then ought she be myn thorgh hir mercy
For othir bonde kan I non on hir knette 438
For neuyr for no woo ne shall I lette
To serue hir how ferre so that she wende
Sey what you liste my tale is at an ende 441

(64)

¶ Right as the fressh red rose new
A-yen the somer sonne coloured ys
Right so for shame al wexyn gan the hew
Of this Formell when she herd al this 445
Neithir she answerid well ne seyd a-mys
So sore a-basshid was she till that Nature
Seid doughtre drede you nought I you assure 448

(61)

Beseching hir of mercy and of grace [leaf 91, *paper*]
As she that is my lady and souueraine
Or lete me dye present in this place
For certis long may I not lyue in payne 424
For in myn hert is coruen euery vayne
Hauyng Regarde oonly to my trouthe
My dere hert haue on my woo *summe* Routhe 427

(62)

And if it be founde to hir vntrewe
Disobeissaunt or wilful necligent
Anaunter or in processe loue a newe
I pray you this be my Iuggement 431
That with these foules I be al to-Rent
That ilke day that euer she me fynde
To hir vntrewe or in my gilt vnkindo 434

(63)

And *syn* that noon louyth hir so weh as I
Alle though of loue she me-neuer behette
Than aught she myn thorough hir mercy
For other bounde can I noon on hir knytte 438
For neuer for noo woo ne shal I lette
To seruen hir howe ferre that she wende
Say what ye list my tale is at an ende 441

(64)

Right as the fresshe Rede *Roose* newe [leaf 93, back]
Ayene the somer sonne coloured is
Right so for shame al wexen gan the hewe
Of this formell when she harde al this 445
Neither she answered wele ne said amys
So sore abaisshed was she till that nature
Saide doughter drede you nought I you assure 448

(65)

Another tercel Egle / spake anoon 449
Of lower kynde / and seyde that shulde not be
I love hir bet than ye do / by seynt Iohan
Or atte leste / I love hyr as wel as ye 452
And longer have serued hir / in my degre
And yf she shulde have loued / for long lovyng
To me allone / had ben the guerdonynge 455

(66)

I dar eke seye / yf she me fynde fals [leaf 126, back] 456
Vnkynde Iangler / or rebel any wyse
Or Ialouse // do me hongen by the hals
And but I bere me / in hir *seruise* 459
As wel as my wytte / kan me suffise
Fro poynt to poynt / hir honour for to save
Take she my lyfe / and al the good I have 462

(67)

The thirdde tercel Egle / answerde thoo 463
Now sirs / ye seen the lytel leyser here
For euery foule cryeth out / to ben a-goo
Forth with hys make / or with hys lady dere 466
And eke hir selfe / ne wol nought here
For taryinge here noght half / that I wolde sey
And but I speke / I mote for sorwe dey 469

(68)

Of longe *seruise* / avaunte I me no thinge note 470
But as possible ys me / to dye to day
For woo / *as* he that hath ben langwyeshynge
Thise twenty wynter / and wel happen may 473
A man may serven bette / and more to pay
In halfe a yere al-though hyt were no more
Than somme man doeth / that hath serued yore 476

(65)

¶ An othir tercel Egle spake a-non
Of lower kynde & seid that shuld not be
I loue hir bet then ye do bi seint Iohn
Or at leste I loue hir as well as ye 452
And longer hane seruyd hir in my degre
And if she shuld haue louyd for longe louynge
To me allone had be the guerdonynge 455

(66)

¶ I dar eke sey if she me fynde fals [leaf 135] 456
Vnkinde Iangler or rebell any wyse
Or Ialouse do me hongyn bi the hals
And but I bere me in hir seruyse 459
As well as my witte kan me suffyse
Fro poynte to poynte hir honoure for to saue
Take she my life & all the good I haue 462

(67)

¶ The thirde tercel Egle answerid tho
Now sirs ye sen the litell leysr her'
For euery foule crieth out to ben a-goo
Forth with his make or *with* his ladi dere 466
And eke hir self ne wull nought here
For taryenge her' nought half that I wold sey
And but I speke I mote for sorwe dey 469

(68)

¶ Of longe seruice avaunte I me no thinge
But as possible is me to dys to day
For woo as he *pat* hath be languyssh*ynge*
These twenty wintre & well happen may 473
A man may serue bet & more to pay
In half a yere although it were no more
Than som man doth that hath seruid full yore 476

(65)

And a nother Tarsell egle spake anoon
Of lower kynde and said that shuld not be
I loue hir' bette than ye doo by seint Iohan
Or at *the* lest I loue hir' aswell as ye 452
And longer hane serued hir' in my degre
And if she shulde haue loued for long louyng
To me a loon hade be the guerdonyng 455

(66)

I darre eke say if she me fynde fals
Vnkind iangeler or Rebell in any wise
Or Ielous doo me hange by the hals
And but I bere me in his seruice 459
Aswell as my witte can me suffice
Fro point to point hir' honnour for to saue
Take she my lif and the good I haue 462

(67)

The thirde Tarsell Egle Answered *thoo* [leaf 96, *vellum*]
Nowe sires ye seen the litell laiser here
For euery foule crieth oute to ben agoo
For with his make or with *his lady* dere 466
And eke hir' self ne wolde nought here
For tareing here nought half I wold saye
And but I speke I mutte for sorowe deye 469

(68)

Of long seruice Ausunte I me noo thing
But as possible is me to dye to day
For woo as they that ben languishing
These twenty wynter and wele happen may 473
A man may seruen bet and more to pay
In half a yere al though it were no more
Than summe man doith that hath serued ful yore 476

(69)

I ne say not thys by me / for I ne kan̄ 477
Do no seruise / that may my lady plese
But I dar say / I am hir trewest man̄
As to my dome / and faynest wolde hir plese 480
At short wordes / til that deth me sese
I wol ben hirse / whethir I wake or wynke
And trow in al / that herte may bethynke 483

(70)

Of al my lyfe / syn̄ that day I was borne 484
So gentil ples in love / or other thinge
Ne herde neuer no man̄ / me beforne
Who that had leyser / and kunnynge 487
For to rehersen hir chere / and her spekynge
And from the morwe / gan̄ this speche last
Til downwarde went the sonne / wonder fast 490

(71)

The noyse of foules / for to ben̄ delyuered [leaf 127] 491
So lowde rongo / haue doon̄ and let vs wende
That wel wende I / the woode had al to-shyuered
Come of they cride / allas ye wol vs shende 494
Whan̄ shal youre cursed pledynge / haue an ende
How shulde a Iuge / eyther party leve
For yee or nay / with outen̄ any preve 497

(72)

The goos the duk / and the cukkowe also 498
So criden̄ / kek / kek / kukkowe / quek / quek / hye
That thorgh myn̄ eres / the noyse went tho
The goos seyde tho / al thys nys worthe a flye 501
But I kan̄ shape herof / a remedye
And wol say my veyrdit / faire and swythe
For watir foule / who-so be wrothe or blythe 504

(69)

¶ I ne sey not this bi me for I ne kañ
Do no seruyse that may my ladi plese [leaf 103, back]
But I dar sei I am hir trewist mañ
As to my dome & faynest wolde hir plese 480
At short wordis · tiłł that deth me sese
I woł ben hirs whethir I wake or wynke
And trow yñ ałł that herte may bethinke 483

(70)

¶ Of al my life syn that day I was borne
So gentiłł ple in loue or othir thinge
Ne herde neuyr no mañ me biforne
who that had leysar & konnynge 487
For to reheryn hir chere & her spekynge
And from the morwe gan this speeh laste
Tiłł downward went the sonne wondir faste 490

(71)

¶ The noise of fowles for to beñ delyuered
So loude range haue doñ & let vs wende
That wel wende I the wode hadł alto-shyuaryd
Come of thei cride allas ye woł vs shende 494
when shał youre cursid pledinge haue an ende
how shuld a Iuge eithir party leue
For ye or nay without any preue 497

(72)

¶ The goos the Duke & the cukkow also
So criden keke keke kukkow quoke queke hyeñ [leaf 103]
That thourgh myñ erys the noise went tho
The goos seid tho al this nys worth a flye 501
But I kan shape herof a remedye
And woł say my verodite feyre & swith
For watyr foule who-so be glad or blith 504

(69)

I ne say not this by me for I ne can
Doo no seruice that may my ladi please
But I darre say I am hir trewest man
As to my doome and faynest wold hir please 480
At short wordis tyłł that deth me saise
I wol ben hires whether I wake or wynke
And trewe in ałł that hert may be-thynke 483

(70)

Of al my lif syn that day I was borne [leaf 96, back]
So gentiłł ples in loue or other thing
Ne harde neuer noo mañ me bifore
Who that hade laiser and cunnyng 487
For to reherce thair chere and thair speking
And from the morowe gan this speche last
TyłŁ downeward went the sonne wondre fast 490

(71)

The noise of foules for to ben deliuerde
So loude Ronge haue doon and lette vs wende
That wel wende I the wode had to-sheuerede
Come of they cried alas ye wol be shen le 494
Whan shal your cursed pleding haue an ende
Howe shulde a Iugge either party leue
For ye and nay withoute any preue 497

(72)

The goos the duk and the Cokkowe also
So criden keke keke / cokkowe / queke queke hye
That thorough myn erys the noise went tho
The goos saide thoo al this nys worthe a flye 501
But I can shape hereof a Remedye
And wol say my verdit faire and swithe
For water foule who so be lothe or blithe 504

(73)

And I for worme foule / seyde the foole cukkowe
For I wol / of myn owne auctorite
For comyne spede / take on me the charge nowe
Fore / to delyueren vs / ye grete charite
Ye may abyde a while / yet parde
Quod the turtel / yf lyt be youre wille
A wyght may speke / hym were as good be stille

(74)

I am A sede foule / oon the vnworthieste
That wot I wel / and lytel of kunnynge
But better ys / that a wightys tonge reste
Than entremete hym / of suche doynge
Of which he neyther rede kan nor synge
And who so hyt dothe / ful foule hymself acloyeth
For office vncommytted / ofte anoyeth

(75)

Nature which that alway / had an ere
To murmour / of the lowdenesse behynde
With facound voys / seyde holde your tonges there
And I shal soone I hope / a counseylle fynde
Yow for to delyueren / and from this noyse vnbynde
I iugge of euery folke / men shal one calle
To seyne the veirdit / for yow foules alle

(76)

Assented were / to thys conclusyon [leaf 127, back]
The briddes alle / and the foules of ravyne
Han chosen first / by pleyn electioun
The tercelet of the Faucon / to dyffyne
Al her sentence / and as hym lyst to termyne
And to nature / hym gonnen to presente
And she acceptith hym / with glad entente

(73)

¶ And I for wormfoule seyd the fole kuckow
For I wuld of myn owne Auctorite
For comyne spede take on me the charge now
For to deliueryn vs is grete charite
ye may abide a while yet parde
Quoth the turtyld if it be youre wyll
A wight may speke him were as good be styll

(74)

¶ I am a sed foule oon the vnworthiest
That wote I well & litell of konnynge
But bettre is that a wightes tonge reste
Then entremete him of such doynge
Of which he neithir rede kan nor synge
And who so hit doth ful foule him self acloyeth
For Office vncommytted ofte anoyeth

(75)

Nature which that alway had an ere [leaf 126,
To murmore of the lewdnesse behinde
With faconde vois seid hold youre tongis there
And I shall sone I hope a counsell fynde
yow for to deliueryn & from this noise vnbynde
I iugge of euery folke men shall oon calle
To seyn the voirdit for you foulis alle

(76)

¶ Assentid were to this conclusion
The briddis al & the foulis of Rauyn
Han chosyn first bi pleyn electyon
The tercelet of the Faukon to dyffyne
All her sentence & as him lust to termyne
And to Nature him gonnyn to presente
And she acceptith him with glad entente

(73)

And I for worme foule saide the fool cokkowe [leaf 97, col.2]
For I wol of myn owne autorite
For common spede take on me the charge nowe
For to deliueren vs is gret charite
Ye may abide awhile yet parde
Quod the Turtyl if it be your wille
A wight may speke him were as good be stille

(74)

I am a sede foule oon of the worthyest
That wote I well and litel of cunnyng
But better is that al wightis tong Rest
Than entermette him of suche doing
Of whiche he neither rede can ner syng
And who so it doitli ful fool him self acceloieth
For office vncommitted oft anoieth

(75)

Whiche that alwey hade an ere
To the murmour of the loudenesse byhinde
With faconde voix saide holde your tongis there
And I shal soon I hope a counsaille fynde
You to deliueren and from this noise vnbynde
I iugge of euery foule me shal oon calle
To say the verdit for you alle

(76)

Assented were to this conclusioun [leaf 97, back]
That birdis al and foules of Rauyne
Haue chosen first by playn electioun
The Tarselet of the faucon to deuyne
Alle hir sentence and as him list to termyne
And to Nature him gonnen to present
And she acceptelh him with glad entent

(77)

The tercelet seyde thanne / in this manere
Ful harde were hyt / to preven hyt by reson
Who louyth best / this gentil formel here
For euerych hath suche / replicacion
That by skylles may non / be broght a-don
I kan not seen / that argumentys avaylle
Than semeth hit / ther moste be bataylle

(78)

Al redy quod these Egles / tercels thoo
Nay sirs quod he / yf that I dorst hyt sey
Ye doon me wrong / my tale ys not y-doo
For sirs taketh noght a grefe / I pray
Hyt may nought as ye wolde / in thys wey
Oures ys the voys / that han the charge in honde
And to the Iuges doome / ye moten stonde

(79)

And therfore pes I seye / as to my witte
Me wolde think / how that the worthieste
Of knyghthode / and lengest had vsed hitte
Moste of estate / of blode the gentyleste
Were syttynge for hir / yf that hir leste
And of these three / she woote hir selfe I trowe
Which that he be / for hyt is lyght to knowe

(80)

The watir foules / han her hedes leyde
to-gedir / and of shorte avysement
Whan euerych had hys large / goler seyde
they seyden sothely / al by on assent
How that the goos / with hir fauconde gent
that soo desireth / to pronovnce oure nede
Shal telle oure tale / and preyde to god hir spede

(77)

¶ The tercelet seid then yn this manere
Ful harde were it to preue hit bi reson
who louyth beste this gentilł formell her
For euerych hath such replicacion
That bi skilles may non be brought a-doun
I kan not seen that Argumentz avayle
Then semyth it ther muste be bataile

(78)

¶ Al redi quoth this Egles tercellis tho [leaf 107]
Nay sirs quoth he if that I durste it sey
ye doon me wronge my tale is not I-do
For sirs takith nought a grefe I prey
Hit may not as ye wolde in this wey
Owrys is the vois that han the charge in honde
And to the Iugis dome ye moten stonde

(79)

¶ And therfor pes I sey as to my wytte
Me wolde thinke how that the worthiest
Of knyghthode & lengist had vsid hitte
Moste of estate of blood the gentillest
Were sittynge to hir if that hir lest
And of this thre she wote hir self I trow
Which that he be for it is light to know

(80)

¶ The watyr foulys han her hedis leide
To-gedir & of shorte avisement
when euerich had his large golde seyde
Thei seiden sothli al bi oon assent
How that the goos with hir fauconde gent
That soo desireth to pronounce oure nede
Shal tell oure tale & preid to god hir spede

(77)

The Tarselet saide in this manere
Ful harde it were to preuen it by Raison
Who loueth best this gentil formell here
For eueriche hath suche Replicacioun
That skyllys noon be brought a doon
I can not sene that Argument*is* availle
Than semeth it were most by bataille

(78)

Alle redy quod these egles Tarsellys thoo
Nay sires quod he if that I durst it say
Ye doo me wronge my tale is not I-doo
For sires take not a greef I pray
It may not as ye wold in this way
Oures is the voix *that* haue the charge in honde
And to the Iugges doome ye moten stonde

(79)

And therfore peas I say as to my witte [leaf 98, *paper*]
Me wold thinke howe that the worthiest
Of knighthode and longest hade vsed it
Moost of estate of blode the gentillest
Were sitting for hir' if that hir' list
And of these three she wote hir' self I trowe
Whiche that he be-for it is light to knowe

(80)

The water foules haue hir' hedes layde
To-gedre and of a short auisement
Whan eueriche hade his large gole saide
Howe that the goos *with* hir' fauconde gent
They saiden soothly al by oon assent
That so desireth to pronounce our nede
Schal oure tale talle and pray to god hir' spwle

(81)

And for these watir foules / tho be-gan [leaf 125]
Thē goes to speke / and in hir cakelynge
She seyde pes / now take kepe euery man
And herkeneth which a reson / I shal forth brynge
My wytte ys sharpe / I love no taryinge
I sey y rede hym / though he were my brother
But she wol loue hym / lat hym loue another

(82)

Loo / here a parlyte reson of a goos
Quod the sperhauke / neuer mote she thee
Loo / suche hyt ys / to haue a tonge loos
Now parde foole / yet were hit bet for the
Have holde thy pes / than shewede thy nycete
Hyt lyth not in hys wytte / nor in hys wille
But sooth ys seyde / a foole kan noght be stille

(83)

The laughtre aroose / of gentil foules alle
And ryght anoons / the seds foules chosen hadde
the turtel trewe / and gan hir to hem calle
And prayden hir to sey / the sothe sadde
Of thys matere / and asked what she radde
And she answerde / that pleynly hyr entente
She wolde shewe / and sothely what she mente

(84)

Nay god forbede / a lover shulde chaunge
The turtel seyde / and wexe for shame al rede
though that hys lady / euer-more be straunge
Yet let hym serve hir / euer tyl he be dede
For soth I preyse noght / the gooses rede
For thoygh she deyed / I wolde noon other make
I wol ben hirs / til that the deth me take

(81)

¶ And for these watir foulys tho bigane [leaf 197, back]
The goos to speke & in hir cakelynge
She seid pes now take kepe euery manne
And herkenyth which a reson I shall forth brynge
Mi witte is sharpe I loue no taryenge
I sey I rede him though he were my brothir
But she wull loue him let him loue an othir

(82)

¶ Lo here a perfite reson of a goos
Quoth the sperhauke neuyr mote she the
lo such it is to haue a tonge loos
Now parde fole yet were it bet for the
Haue holde thi pes then shewid thi nycite
Hit lith not in his witte nor in his wylle
but soth is seid a fole kan not be stille

(83)

¶ The laughtre arose of gentill foulis alle
And right anone the sed foulis chosyn had
The turtyll trew & gan hir to hem calle
And preiden hir to sey the soth sad
Of this matere & askid what she rad
And she answerid that pleinly hir intente
She wold shew & sothly what she mente

(84)

Nay god forbede a louer shuld chaunge
The turtyl seid & wexe for shame al red
Though that his ladi euyrmore be straunge
yet lete him serue hir euermore till he be ded
Forsoth I preise nought the gooses red
For theigh she deid I wolde non othir make
I will ben hirs till that the deth me take

(81)

And for these water foules tho began
The goos to speke and in hir cakeling
She saide peas now take kepe euery man
And harkeneth whiche a Raison I shal forth bring
My witte is sharpe I loue noo tareing
I say I rede him though he were my brother
But she wol loue him lette him loue an other

(82)

Loo here a parfait Raisoun of a goos [leaf 98, back]
Quod the sparehanke neuer motte she thee
Loo suche is to haue a tonge lose
Now perde fole yet were it bet for the
Haue holde thy peas than shewed thy nyoyte
It lieth not in his witte nor in his wille
But southe is said a fole can not be stille

(83)

The laughter arose of gentill foules alle
And right anoon the sede foules chosen hade
The Turtyll trewe and gan to him calle
And praied hir to say the southe sadde
Of this matere and asked what she Radde
And she answered that plainly hir entent
She wold shewe and southly what she ment

(84)

Nay god for-bede a louer shulde chaunge
The Turtyll said and waxe for shame al Rede
Though that his lady euermore be straunge
Yet lete him serue hir euermore till he be dede
For southe I praise not the goays Rede
For though she died I wold noon othre make
I will be hires tyll that the deth me take

(85)

Wel bourded quod the duk / by my hatte
That men shulden alwey / louen causeles
Who kan a reson fynde / or wytte in that
Dauneth he marye / that ys murtheles
Who shulde recheche / of that ys rechcheles
Ye quek quod the duk / ful wel and faire
There ben moo sterres god woot / than A paire [leaf 122, back]

(86)

Now fye cherle / quod the gentil tercelet
Out of the dunghille / come that word ful ryght
Thou kanst noght see / which *thing* is wel be-set
Thou farest be loue / as owles doon by lyght
The day hem blent / ful wel they see by nyght
Thy kynde ys of so lowe / a wrechednesse
That what loue is / thou kanst neyther see ne gesse

(87)

Thoo gan the cukkow / put hym forth in pres
For foule that eteth wormes / and seyde blyve
So I quod he / may hane my make in pes
I reche not how longe / that ye stryve
Lat eche of hem be soleyne / al her lyve
This ys my rede / syn they may not acorde
This shorte lesson / nedeth noght recorde

(88)

Yee haue the glotoun filde / ynogh hys paunche
Than ar we wel / seyde the Emerlyon
Thou mordrere of haysogge / on the braunche
That broght the forth / thou rewful glotoun
Lyve thou soleyn wormes / corrupcion
For no fors ys of lakke / of thy nature
Goo lewde be thou / while the worlde may dure

(85)

¶ Well bourdid quoth the Duke bi my hatte
That men shuldin louen alwey causeles
Who kan a reson fynde or witte in that
Dauncyth he mery that is merthles
Who shuld reche of that is rechles
Ye quek quoth the duke ful wel & faire
Ther be mo sterrys god wote then a paire

(86)

¶ Now fye cherle quoth the gentil tercelette
Out of the dunghull come that worde full right
Thou kanste not se which thinge is well bisette
Thou farest bi loue as owlys doū bi light
The day hem blent . full well thei se bi nyght
Thi kynde is of so lowe a wrechidnesse
That what loue is thou kanste neithir se ne gesse

(87)

¶ *Tho* gan the cukkow put him forth in pres [leaf 108, back]
For foule that etith wormes & seide blive
So I quoth he may haue my make in pes
I rech not how longe that ye stryue
Iat ech of hem be soleyn al her lyue
This is my rede syn thei may not acorde
This short lesson nedith nought recorde

(88)

¶ ye haue the glotoun filde Inough his paunche
Then ar we well seid the Emerlion
Thou mordrere of haysoge on the braunche
That brought the forth thow rewfull glotoū
Iyue thou soleyn wormys corrupcyoū
For no fors is of lakke of thi nature
Goo lewde be thou while the worlde may dure

(85)

Welle bourded quod the duk by myn hatt [leaf 99]
That men shulde loue alwey causeles
Who can a *Raisoun* fynde or witte in that
Dauncith he merely that is myrtheles 592
Who shulde Recche of that is Recchcles
Ye queke said the duk ful wel and faire
There be moo sterrys god wote than a paire 595

(86)

Nowe fye Churle quod the Tarselet
Oute of the dunggehill cam that word ful right
Thou canest not see which thing is well be-set
Thou farest *by* lyne as owles doon by *light* 599
The day theim blynt ful well they se by nyght
The kinde is of so lowe a wrecchednesse
That what loue is thou canest neither see ne gesse 602

(87)

Tho ganne the Cokkow put him forth in prees
For foule that etith worme and sede blyue
So I may haue quod he my make in pees
I Recche not howe long ye stryue 606
Lette eche of theim be solain al thair lyue
This is my Rede sith they may not accorde
This short lesson nedith not Recorde 609

(88)

Ye haue the gloten filled ynough his paunche [leaf 99, back]
Than are we welle saide the Marlioun
Thou murtherer of the haisuke on the braunche
That brought the forth thou Ruful glotoun 613
Leue thou solayn wormes corrupcioun
For noo fors is of lake of thy Nature
Goo lewde be thou while the world may endure 616

(89)

Now pes quod nature / I commaunde here
For I have herde / al youre opynyon
And in effecte yet / be we neuer the nere
But fynally / this ys my conclusyon
That she hir selfe / shal haue hir eleccion
Of whom hir lyste / who-so be wrooth or blythe
Hym that she cheest / he shal han hir as swithe

(90)

For ayth hyt may not here / discussed be
Who loueth hir best / as sayde the tercelet
Than wol I doon thys fauour / to hir that she
Shal haue ryght hym / on whom hir hert is sette
And he hir / that hys hert hath on hir knette
This Iuge I nature / for I may not lye
To noon estaat / I haue noon other eye

(91)

But as for counseylle / for to chese a make [Ff 129]
Yf I were reson / than wolde y
Counseylle yow / the royal tercel take
As seyde the tercelet / ful skilfully
As for the gentilest / and moste worthy
Whiche I haue wrogh̄t so wel / to my plesaunce
That to yow hyt ought̄ / to ben a suffisaunce

(92)

With dredeful vois / the formel hir answerde
My ryghtful lady / goddesse of nature
Soth ys that I am euer / vnder youre yerde
As ys euerych / other creature
And moste be youres / while my lyf may dure
And therfore graunte me / my firste boone
And myn entent / yow wol I sey ryght soone

(89)

¶ Now pes quoth Nature I commaunde her̄
For I haue herde all̄ youre opynyon̄
And in effecte yet be we neuyr the nere
But fynally this is my conclusyon̄
That she hir-self̄ shal haue hir electyon̄
Of whom hir lust who so be wroth or blith̄
hym that she cheest he shall̄ han hir as swith̄

(90)

For sith it may not here discussyd̄ be
¶ Who louyth hir best as seid̄ the tercelet [leaf 109]
Than wull̄ I don̄ this fauoure to hir that she
Shall̄ haue right̄ him on whom hir hert is set
And he hir that his herte hath̄ on hir knet
This Iuge I nature for I may not lye
To noon estate I haue non̄ othir̄ ye

(91)

¶ But as for counseile for to chese a make
If I were Reson than wolde I
Counseyle you the roiall̄ tercell̄ take
As seide the tercelet full̄ skilfullye
As for the gentillest & moste worthye
Which I haue wrought so well̄ to my plesaunce
That it ought to be to you̅ a suffisaunce

(92)

¶ With dredfull̄ vois the formell̄ hir answerde
Mi rightfull̄ lady goddesse of Nature
Soth is that I am euyr vndir youre yerde
As ys euerich̄ othir̄ creature
And moste be yourys while my life may dure
And therfor graunte me my firste bone
And myn̄ entente I shall̄ you seyn̄ right sone

(89)

Now peas quod Nature I comande here
For I haue harde al youre opinion
For in effect yet be we neuer the nere
But fynally this is my conclusion̄
That she hir̄ self shal haue hir̄ eleccion
Of whom hir̄ list who so be wrothe or blythe
Him that she cheṡith he shal hir̄ haue as swythe

(90)

For sith it may not here discussed be
Who loueth hir̄ best as said the Tarsellet
Than wol I doo this fauour̄ to hir̄ that she
Shal haue right̄ him on whom hir̄ hert is set
And he hir̄ that his hert hath̄ on hir̄ knyt
This Iugge I nature for I may not lye
To noon estat I haue noon other ye

(91)

But as *for counsaille for to* chese a make [leaf 106]
If I were Raisoun than wolde I
Counsaille you the Roial Tarsel to take
As saide the Tarsellet for skylfully
And for the gentillest and moost worthy
Whiche I haue wroght̄ so well̄ to my pleasaunce
That to you it aught̄ to ben a suffisaunce

(92)

With dredeful voix the formell̄ hir̄ answerde
My rightfully lady goddesse of Nature
Sith̄ it is that I am euer vndre your̄ yerde
As is euery other Creature
And must be youres while my lif may endure
And therfore graunte me my first bone
And myn̄ entent I will̄ you say right sone

(93)

I graunte hyt yow quod she / and ryght' anoon
This formel Egle spake / in thys degre
Almyghty quene / vnto this yere be doon
I aske respite / for to avysen me
And after that to haue / my choyse al fre
Thys al and sommo / that I wolde speke and seye
Ye gete no more / al-though ye do me deye

(94)

I wolle noght serven venus / ne Cipride
For soth as yet / by no maner wey
Now syn hyt may / noon other weyes betide
Quod nature / here ys no more to sey
Than wolde I / that these foules were a-wey
Eche with hys make / for taryinge longer here
And seyde hem thus / as ye shal after here

(95)

To yow speke I / yee terceletys quod nature
Beth of good hert / and serueth al thre
A yere ys not so longe / to endure
And eche of yow peyne hym / in hys degre
For to do wel / for god wote quyte ys she
Fro yow thys yere / what after so be-falle
This entremesse / ys dressed fro yow alle

(96)

And whan thys werke / al wroght' was to an ende
To euery foule / nature yafe hys make
By evene acorde / and on her wey they wende
A lorde the blysse and Ioy / that they make
For eche of hem gan other / in wynges take
And with her nekkes / eche gan other wynde
Thonkyng alwey / the noble goddesse of kynde

(93)

¶ I graunte it you quoth she & right anoon
This formell Egle spake yn this degre
Almyghty quene vn-to this yer' be doon [leaf 160, back]
I aske respite for to avisen me
And aftir that to haue my chois al fre
This all & som' that I wolde speke & sey
ye gete no more although ye do me dey

(94)

¶ I will not serue venus ne Cupide
Forsoth as yet bi no maner wey
Now syn it may non othir weyes betyde
Quoth Nature here is no more to sey
Then wolde I that these foulys wer' a-wey
Ech with his make for tarienge lenger here
And' seide hem thus as ye shull aftir her'

(95)

¶ To you speke I ye terceletys quoth Nature
Beith of good herte & semyth all thre
A yere is not so longes to endure
And ech of you peyn him in his degre
For to do well for god wote quyte is she
Fro you this yere what aftir so bifall
This entremesse is dressid fro you all

(96)

¶ And when this werke al wrought was to an ende
To euery foule Nature yafe his make
Bi euyn acorde & on her wey thei wende [leaf 116]
A lorde the blisse & ioye that thei make
For ech of hem gan othir in wynges take
And with her nekkys ech gan othir wynde
Thonkynge alwey the noble goddesse of kynde

(93)

I graunte it you quod she and Right anoon
This formell Egle spake in this degre
Almyghty quene vnto this yere be doon
I Aske respite for to auisen me
And after that to haue my choise all free
This is al and summe that I wold speke and saye
Ye gete noo more all though ye doo me deye

(94)

I wol not serue Venus ner Cupide [leaf 160, back]
For southe as yet be noo manere wey
Nowe syn it may noon other wise betide
Quod Nature here is noo more to sey
Than wold I that these foules were awey
Eche with his make for tareing lenger here
And saied them thus as ye shal here

(95)

To you spoke I ye Tarsellettis quod Nature
Beth of good hert and serueth al three
A yere is noo so long to endure
And eche of you payne him in his degree
For to doo well for god wote quyte is she
Fro you this yere what after so befalle
This entremesse is dressed fro you alle

(96)

And whan this warke al wrought was to an ende
To euery foule nature yaue his make
By euen accorde and on thair' way pey wende
And lord the blisse and Ioy that they made
For eche of theim gan other in his wyngis take
And with thair' nekkis eche gan other wynde
Thanking alwey the noble goddesse of kynde

(97)

But firste were chosen / foules for to synge
As yere by yere / was alwey hir vsaunce
To synge a Roundel / at her departynge
To do nature honour / and plesaunce
The note I trowe / maked was in Fraunce
The wordes were suche / as ye may here fynde
The nexte vers / as I now haue in mynde

¶ Que bien ayme a tarde oublie

[*No Roundel in.*]

(98)

And with the showtynge / whan hir song was do
That foules made / at her flyght a-way
I wooke and other bookes toke me to
To rede vpon / and yet I rede alway
I hope ywyse / to rede so sommday
That I shal mete sómme thyng / for to fare
The bet and thus to rede / I wol not spare

¶ Explicit tractatus de congregacione Volucrum die sancti Valentini./

(97)

¶ But first wer' chosyn foulys for to synge
As yere bi yere was alwey her vsaunce
To synge a Roundel at her departynge
To do Natur' honoure & plesaunce
The note I trow makyd was yñ Fraunce
The wordis wer' such as ye may her' fynde
The nexte vers as I now haue in mynde

Que beñ Ayme Atarde oblye

[*No Roundel in.*]

(98)

And with the shoutynge when her songe was I-do
That foulis made at her flight a-way
I woke & othir bokys toke me to
To rede vpon & yet I rede alway
I hope I-wis to rede so somday
That I shall mete somthinge for to fare
The bet & thus to rede I wull not spare

Explicit tractatus De congregacione Volucrum die Sancti Valentini. &c/.

(97)

But first were chosen foules for to singe [leaf 101]
As yere by yere was alwey thair' vsaunce
To singe a Roundell at thair' departing
To dame Nature honnour' and pleasaunce
The note I trowe was made in fraunce
The wordis were suche as ye may here fynde
The next vers as yo haue now in mynde

[*No Roundel in.*]

(98)

And with the showtyng whan thair' songe was doo
The foules made at thair' flight awey
I woke and other bokes toke me too
To Rede vpon and yet I rede awey
I hope ywisse to Rede so summe day
That I shal mete summe thing for to fare
The bette / and thus to Rede I wol not spare

Here endith the
Parlement of foules

[Follows "The ye & the hert", leaves 102—119.

b. "In the first weke of the saison of May.
c. That to al his desires he may attayne"]

II. AN A B C,

OR ALPHABETIC HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUILLAUME DE DEGUILEVILLE.

3 complete copies, from Harleian MS. 2251, the Bedford Library MS., and Speght's *Chaucer* of 1602;

3 fragments: 2 of 60 lines each, from the Pepys MS. 2006 (Magd. Coll. Cambr.)[1]; 1 of 48 lines, from Harl. 7578.

(The Bedford MS. copy (and Shirley's Sion Coll. one in *Odd-Texts*) should be specially compard with that from the Cambridge University Ff. 5. 30.)

[1] There are at least 5 hands in the MS., I call them A, B, C, D, E.

46967

AN A B C.

[*Harleian MS.* 2251, *leaf* 49 (*old*, 50, *as* 19 *is gone*).]

(1. A.)

All myghti . and al merciable qwene 1
To whom that˙ al this world˙ . fleeth for socour˙
To have relese . of˙ synne sorwe and tene
O glorious virgyne . of˙ al floures flowre
To the I flee . confoundid˙ in errour
Helpe and Releve . almyghty debonayre
Have mercy on oure . perilous langour˙
Venquyssh˙ed˙ me hath . my cruel adu*er*saire 8

(2. B.)

¶ Bounte so fixed˙ . hath˙ in thyn hert˙ his tent˙ B 9
That˙ wele I wote . thow wilt˙ my socour˙ be
Thow canst˙ nat˙ warne hym that˙ in goode entent˙
Askyth˙ thyn help . thow art˙ ay so fre 12
Thow art˙ largesse . of˙ playn felicite
Havene and Refute . of˙ quyete and of˙ rest˙
lo how that˙ thefes sevene . now chasen me
Help lady deere . or that˙ my shippe to-brest˙ 16

(3. C.)

¶ Comfort˙ is none . but˙ in the lady Deere C 17
ffor lo my synne . and my confusioun˙
Whiche aught˙ nat˙ . in thy presence appere
Hath˙ take on me . a grevous accioun˙ 20
Of˙ verray Right˙ . of˙ desperacioun˙
And as be right˙ . they ˙may it˙ wele sustene
That˙ I were worthy˙ . my dampnacioun˙
Ne were thy mercy . thy blessyd qwene 24

AN A B C.

[*Bedford Library MS.* (*Paper*, A.D. 1442[1]), *leaf* 176.]

[*The ſ & r/ of tage, &c., are not printed.*]

Incipit carmen Secundum · ordinem · Litterarum · Alphabeti

(1. A.)

a AH Mighty · And · all˙ · mercyable · quene · 1
To · whom · þat˙ · all˙ · þis · worlde˙ · floþ˙ · for Socour
To · haue · Relese˙ of Sorow · & Syn · & tene ·
Glorious · Virgin · of˙ all flouris · flour 4
To · þe · I · fle · confoundid In · Errour
Helpe · and · Releue · þou · Mighty & Debonaire.
haue · *mercy* · on · Me · perylous · langoure
Nenquisched · me haþe · my · Cruel˙ · aduersaire. 8

(2. B.)

b BOuntee · So fix · haþ˙ · in · pyne hert˙ · hys · tent 9
þat˙ · wele · I · wote þou · wolt my · socour be ·
þou · Canst not · warne · hym · þat˙ · *with* · gode · entent
Axeth · pyne · help · pyne · hert is So · fre · 12
þou · Art˙ larges · of˙ all ffelicite.
Hauen · of Reffute · of quiete · & of · Rest
Loo · how · þat˙ · þeſſis · Sevyn · chasen · Me.
Helpe · lady · bright · er · þat˙ my · Schip · to brest 16

(3. C.)

C OMforte · is · none · bote · In · 3ow · lady · dere 17
ffor · loo · My · Syn · & My · confucion
Which˙ · ought noght In þy · presence · Appere ·
Haue · take · of · Me · A · Grevous · accion 20
Off verray Right˙ & Desperacion
And · as · be · Right˙ þey · Mighten · wele · Susteyne
þat˙ · I · were · worþy · my · Da[*m*]pnacion
Ner Mercy · of 3ow · blisfull˙ heuen · quene · 24

 [1] Date at end of the 3 Kings of Colein (Jan. 1, 1442), leaf 216, back.]

[*Speght's 2nd edition of Chaucer's Works*, 1602, *Fol.* 347.]

Chaucers A B C.

called La Priere de nostre Dame.

Chaucers A B C called *La Priere de nostre Dame:* made, as some say, at the request of Blanch, Duchesse of Lancaster, as a prater for her priuat vse, being a woman in her religion very deuout. [*Suppos'd to be Stowe's heading, in imitation of Shirley.*]

(1. A.)

ALmightie and all merciable Queene, A 1
To whom all this world flooth for succour,
To haue release of sinne, of sorrow, of teare,
Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour, 4
To thee I flee confounded in errour,
Helpe and releeue almightie debonaire,
Haue mercy of mine perillous langour,
Venquist me hath my cruell aduersaire. 8

(2. B.)

Bountie so fixe hath in my heart his tent, B 9
That well I wote thou will my succour be,
Thou canst not warne that with good entent,
Axith thyne helpe, thine heart is aye so free: 12
Thou art largesse of plaine felicite,
Hauen and refute of quiete and of rest,
Lo how that Theuis seuen chasen me,
Helpe Lady bright, or that mine ship to brest. 16

(3. C.)

Comfort is none, but in you Lady dere, C 17
For lo mine sinne and mine confusioun,
Which ought not in thin presence for to apere,
Han taken off me a greenous actioun, 20
Of veray right and disperatioun,
And as by right they mighten well sustene,
That I were worthy mine damnatioun,
Nere mercy of you bliſefull Quene. 24

An A B C.

[*Pepys MS.* 2006, *Magdalen Coll., Cambridge, page* 88, *in hand B.*]

¶ Pryer A *nostre* Dame ——— *per* Chaucer. [page 88]

(1. A.)

a Lmyghty and almerciable quene 1
To whom al this world fleith for *socour*
To have reles of synn of sorow and of tene
Glorious virgynne of alle flowres floure 4
To the I flee confunded in *errour*
Help and releve myghty debonaire
Have *mercy* on my *perilous* langour
Venqueysheth me hath my cruel *aduersarie* 8

(2. B.)

¶ Bountee so fixt hath in thyn hert his tente 9
That wel I wot þow wult my *socour* be
Thow canst not warn hym that wyth gode entente
Axeth thyn help thyn hert is ay so free 12
Thow art larges of playn felicite
Haven of refut of quiet and of rest.
Loo how theves vij chashen now me
Help lady bryght or þat my *ship* to-brest 16

(3. C.)

¶ Confort nys non but in yow lady dere 17
For lo my synn and my confusion
Whyche aught noght in thy presence aper
Haven tak on me a grevous accion 20
Of verrey ryght and desperacioun [page 89]
And as by ryght thy myghten wel susteyn
That I were worth my dampnacioun
Nere *mercy* of yow blesful heuenes quene 24

An A B C.

[*Pepys MS.* 2006, *Magdalen Coll., Cambridge, page* 386, *in hand E.*]

¶ Prior A *nostre* Dame ——— *per* Chaucer. [page 386]

(1. A.)

A Lmighty and all mercyable quene 1
To whom All þis world fleth for *socour*
To han reles of synne of sorow of tene
Glorious virgine of all flowres floure 4
To the *I* fle counfounde in *errour*
Help And releue *myghthi* debonayre
Haue *mercy* on my perilous langoure
Vnqueslit me hath my cruell *Aduersarye* 8

(2. B.)

Bonte so fix hath in thin herte his tente [page 387] 9
That well I wot you wolt my *socour* be
Thow kanste not warne him þat wyth gode entente
Axeth thin helpe thi herte is ay so free 12
Thow art largesse of pleyn felicite
Hauene of refut of quiete and of reste
Lo how þat theues vij chacen me
Helpe ladi bright or my *ships* to-breste 16

(3. C.)

Confort is non but in yow my lady dere 17
For lo my synne And my Confasyon
Which ough not in thi presence appere
Han take on me a greuous accion 20
Of verray ryght and disperacon
And as by ryght they myghten well sustene
That I were wordi my dampnacion
Nere *mercy* of yow blessed·heu[en]es quene 24

AN A B C.

(*From the French of Guillaume de Deguileville.*)

[*Harl. MS.* 7578, *leaf* 20, *back*: 1 *page*, 6 *stanzas only.*]

(1. A.)

a A Lmighty and amerciable Quene 1
To whome that alle the worlde fleeth for socoure
To haue reles of synne of sorowe and teene
Glorious virgine of alle flowres floure 4
To the I flee confounded in errour
Helpe and releue thou mighty and debonayre
Haue mercy on my perilous langoure
Vnquessed hath me my cruel aduersayre 8

(2. B.)

b ounte so fix hath in thine herte his tente 9
That wele I woote thou wolt my *socoure* be
Thou kanste not warne him that with good entent
Axith thine helpe thine hert is ay so free 12
Thou arte largesse of pleyne felicite
Hauen and refute of quiete & of reste
loo how that theues seuen chasen me
Helpe lady *bright* er that my *ship* to-breste 16

(3. C.)

c omfort is none but in you lady dere 17
For loo my synne and my confucion
Which ought not in thy presence appere
Han take oon me a greuouse accion 20
Off werrey right and disperacion
And as be right they mighten wel susteyne
That I were worth my dampnacion
Nere mercy of you blisful heuenes queene 24

(4. D.)

¶ Dowte is there none. qwene of misericorde D 25
That thow art cause. of grace and mercy here
God vouchedsauf thurgh the. with vs to accorde
ffor certis Cristes. blessid moder dere 28
Were now the bowe I-bent. in suche manere
As it was first. of Rightwisnes and Ire
That Rightful lorde. wolde of no mercy here
But thurgh the. have we grace as we desire 32

(5. E.)

¶ Euer hath myn hope of refut. in the be E [leaf 49, back]
From here before. ful oft in many wise
Vnto mercy. hastow receyved me
But mercy lady. at that grete assise 36
Whan we shul come. be fore that high Iustice
So litel fruyte in me. than shalbe founde
That but thow or that day correct me
Of verray right. my werk wil me confounde 40

(6. F.)

¶ Fleyng I fle for socour. to thyn tent F 41
Me for to hyde from tempest. ful of drede
Besechyng the lady. be nat absent
Though I be wike. yit help at that nede 44
All have I ben. a best in wyt and dede
Yit lady me cloth. with thy grace
Thyn enmy and myn. lady take hede
Vnto the deth in poynt. is me to chase 48

(7. G.)

¶ Glorious mayde and moder. whiche that neuer G 49
Was better none in erth. ne yit in see
That ful of swetnesse. and mercy euer
Helpe that my fader be nat wroth with me 52
Speke to hym. for I dare hym nat se
So have I done in erth. alias the while
That certis but if thow. my socour be
To stynche eterne. he wil my gost exile 56

(4. D.)

Doute · is · here · none · þou · quene · of misericord · [leaf 178, back]
þat · þou · art · cause · of · grace · & · mercy · here ·
God · vouched sauffe · þurgh · þe · with · vs · to · Acorde
ffor Certes · blisfull · Modir Dere 28
Were · nowe · þe · bow · bent In · Swich · Manere ·
As · it was first of Iustys · and · Ire ·
þe · Rightfull · nolde · of no · mercy · here
Bote · þurgh · þe · haue · we · grace · as · we · desire · 32

(5. E.)

Euyr hap · my · hope · of Refiute · ben · in · þe · 33
ffor · here · befforne · full offte · In · Many · a · wise
Haue · yow to · Misericorde · Resayvid · Me ·
Bote · mercy · lady · at þe · grete · Assise 36
When · we · schull · come · beffore · þe · hye Iustys
So · litell ffrute · schall · þan · in · Me · be ffounde
þat · bote · þou · or · þat Day · Me · chastice
Off verray · Right it will · My · werke · confounde · 40

(6. F.)

Fleyng · I · fle · ffor socour to · þy · tent ff 41
Me · fforto · hyde · from · tempest full of drede ·
Beseching · yow · þat · ye · þan · not · Absent
þogh · I · be · wickid · O · yitt help · At þis · nede 44
All · haue · I · ben · A · beste In · will · And · dede ·
yitt lady · þou · Me · clope · with · þy · grace ·
þyne · Enemy & Myn · lady · take · hede ·
Vnto · My · Deþ · In · poynt · is · me · to chase · 48

(7. G.)

Glorious · Modir & Mayden · which · þat · neuer · [leaf 179]
Were · bettir neyþer · In · erþ · nor · in · See
Bote · full · of · Swetnes · and · of mercy · euer
Help · þat my · fadir be · not wroþe · with · me · 52
Speke · þou · for · I · ne · Dare · not Speke ·
So · haue · I Done · In erþ · Allas · þer while ·
þat · Certes · bote · yitt þou My · Socour · be ·
To · Stynke · Eterne · he · will My · gost exile · 56

(4. D.)

Dout is there none, Queen of misericord, D 25
That thou nart cause of grace & mercy here,
God vouchedesafe throgh thee with vs to accord:
For certis, Christis blisfull modir dere, 28
Were now the bow bent in swiche manere,
As it was first of iustice and of ire,
The rightfull God would of no mercy here:
But through thee han we grace as we desire. 32

(5. E.)

Euer hath mine hope of refute in thee be: E 33
For here beforne full oft in many a wise,
Vnto mercy hast thou received me,
But mercy Lady at the great assise, 36
When we shall come before the high Iustise, [Fol. 247, col. 2]
So little frout shall then in me ben found,
That but thou or that day correct me,
Of very right mine werke will me confound. 40

(6. F.)

Flying, I flee for succour to thine tent, F 41
Me for to hide fro tempest full of drede,
Beseking you, that ye you not absent,
Though I be wicke: O help yet at this nede, 44
All haue I been a beast in wit and dede,
Yet Lady thou mee close in with thine owne grace,
Thine enemie & mine, lady take hede,
Unto mine death in point is me to chase. 48

(7. G.)

Gracious maid and modir, which that neuer G 49
Were bitter nor in earth nor in see,
But full of sweetnesse and of mercy euer,
Helpe that mine fader þe not wroth with me: 52
Speake thou, for I ne dare him not see,
So haue I done in earth, alas the while,
That certes but if thou mine succour be,
To sinke eterne he will mine ghost exile. 56

(4. D.)

¶ Dowte þer none queene of misericordie 25
That thow nart cause of grace and mercy here
God vowche saf through the wyth vs to acorde
For certes Cristes blessed moder dere 28
Were now the bow I-bent in suche maner
As it was first of Iustice and of Ire
The ryghtful god nold of no mercy here
But thurgh the have we grace as we desyre 32

(5. E.)

¶ Euer hath myn hope of refut in the be 33
For here be forn ful oft in mony a wyse
Vn to mercy hast thow receyved me
But mercy lady at the grete assise 36
Whenn we shul com a for þ^e hie Iustice
So litil frute shall thenn in me be founde
That but thow or þat day correcte me
Of verrey ryght my werkes wul me confounde 40

(6. F.)

¶ Fleyng^e I fle for socour to thy tente 41
Me for to hyde fro þ^e tempest ful of drede
Beseching^e yow þat ye yow not absente
Though I be wykke o. help yet at this nede 44
Al have I be a beest in wytt and dede
Yet lady thow me cloth wyth thy grace
Thyn enemy and myn lady tak hede
That vn to my deth in point is me to chace 48

(7. G.)

¶ Glorious maide and moder wheche þat neuer 49
Wer bitter nor in Erth nor in see
But ful of swetnes and of mercy euer
Help þat my fadur be not wroth wyth me 52
Speke thow for I dar not hym see
So have I doon in Erth alas þ^e whyle
That certes but that thow my socour be
To stynk eterne he will my gost exile [page 90] 56

(4. D.)

Doute is þer non quene of Misericorde 25
That thow nart cause of grace and mercy here
God vouchec sauf þourgh the wyth vs tacorde
For certes Cristes blisfull moþer dere 28
Were now þ^t bow bent in swich Manere
As it was ferst of Iustice and of Ire
The ryghtfull god nolde of no mercy here
But þorow the han) we grace as we desyre 32

(5. E.)

Euer hath my hope of refut in the bee 33
For here biforn) full ofte in many wise
Vn to mercy hastow receyvec me
But mercy lady at grete assise 36
Whan we shall com) biforn) þ^e hie Iustice
So litel frute shall than in me be fonde
That but þou or þat day correct me
Of verrey ryght my werk wol me confounde 40

(6. F.)

Fleynge I fle for socour on) to thi tente [page 338] 41
Me for to hide fro tempest full of drede
Beseknge yow that ye yow Absent
Though I be wykke o help yet At this nede 44
AH haue I ben) A beste in wytt And dede
yet lady thow me cloth wyth thi grace
Thin) enemyn) and myn) lady take hede
Vn) to my deth in point is to me chace 48

(7. G.)

Glorious mayde And moder) which þat neuere 49
Were bitter nor in yerth nor in see
But full of swetnesse And of mercy euere
Help þat my faþer be not wrqth 52
Speke thow for I ne dare hym nat yse
So haue I don) in erthe Alas the while
That certes but that thow my socour be
To stynke eterne he wol) my goste exile 56

(4. D.)

d oute is ther none Queene of misericorde 25
That thou nart cause of mercy here
God vouched sauf thurgh with vs tacorde
For certes cristes blisful moder deere 28
Were now the bowe y bente y bent in suche manere
As it was firste of Iustice and of Ire
The rightfull gode nolde of no mercy here
But thurgh thee / haue wee grace as we desire. 32

(5. E.)

e uere hath my hope of Refute in the bee 33
For here beforne fulle often in many wise
Vnto mercy hastow receyueth me
But mercy lady at the grete assise 36
Whanne that shulle come byfore the high Iustice
So litel good shall thanne in me be founde
That but thou er that day correcte me
O verey Right my werke wol me confounde 40

(6. F.)

F leinge I fle for socoure to thy tente 41
Me forto hide fro tempest ful of dreede
Biseckinge you that ye you not absente
Though I be wikke o helpe yet atte this nede 44
Alle haue I bene beest in witte and dede
Yet lady thou me clothe with thy grace
Thine enymye and my lady take heede
Vnto my deth in ponyte is me to chase 48

(8. H.)

¶ He vouchedsauf telle hym . as was his wille H 57
Becom man heere for vs . in alliaunce
And with his bloode . he wrote a precious bille
Vpon the crosse . a generall acquytaunce 60
To euery penytent . in ful creaunce
And therfor lady deere . thow for me pray
So shalt thow stynt . and cease al his grevaunce
And make the fiendis alle . to faile theyr praye [leaf 56] 64

(9. I.)

¶ I wote it wele . thow wilt ben oure socoure I 65
Thow art so ful of bounte in sertayne
for whan a soule . fallith in-to errour
Thy pite goth . and helith hym ageyne 68
Thow makest than his pease with his souerayne
And bryngest hym out . of the croked strete
Who-so loveth the . he shal nat love in vayne
That shal he fynd . as he the lyf shal lete 72

(10. K.)

¶ Kalendes enlumyned . ben they K 73
That in this world . ben lyghtned with thy name
And so who goth to yow . the redy wey
The thar nat dare drede . in soule to be lame 76
Norise quene of comfort . sith thou art the same
To whom I seke for medicyne
Lat nat my foe . nomore my wounde attayne
Myn help al in-to thyn hand . alle I resigne 80

(11. L.)

¶ Lady thy sorow . can I nat portraye L 81
Vnder the cresse . nor the grevous penaunce
But for youre paynes . I yow pray
Late nat oure alther foe . make his bobaunce 84
That he hath in his lustes . of myschaunce
Conuicted . that ye both have bought so dere
As I seyde erst . thow grounde of oure substaunce
Continue on vs . thy pitous eyen clere 88

HARLEIAN 2251

(8. H.)

HE · vouched · Sauffe · teH hym · As · was · his · witH
Be · com · A · Man · to haue · our Allyaunce
And · with · his · precious · blode · he · wrote · þ[e] · bill
Vpon þe · Cros · as · generall · Acquitaunce 60
To · euery · penitent · of ffull · Creaunce
And · perffore · lady · bright þou for · vs · pray
þan · SchaH · þou · bo[th] · Stynt · aH · his · grouaunce
And Make · our ffoo · ffaile of his pray 64

(9. I.)

I Wote · wele · þou · wolt · beñ · our Socour 65
þou · Art So full · of bounte · in · Certayne
ffor · when · A · Soule falleth · in · Errour
by · pitee · go[th] & haleþ · hym · Ayen · 68
þan · Makestow · his · pees · with · his · Souerayne
And . bring · hym · oute · of · þ[e] · crokid · Strete ·
Who · So · þe · louith · he · SchaH · not loue · In · Vayne
þat · SchaH · he · fynde · as · þ[e] · lyffe · SchaH · lete. 72

(10. K.)

K Alenderes · Enlumyned · beno · þay [leaf 177, back] 73
þat · In this · worlde · beñ · lighted with · þy name
And · who So · go · to · 3ow þ[e] Right waye
hym · thar not Drede · In Soule · to · be · lame 76
Now · quene of · Comffort Sith · þou · art þ[e] · Same ·
To whom · I · Seche · ffor · my · Medecyne.
Late · not my ffoo · nomore · My · wounde · vntayne ·
Myn · heele in · to · þyne · hande · aH I Resigne · 80

(11. L.)

L Ady · þy · Sorow · Can · I · not Portroy 81
Vndir þ[e] · Cros · ne · his · grevous · penauns
Bote · for · 3owre · bo[th]es paynis · I · 3ow · pray
Late · not · our Alder · ffoo · make · his · bovauns 84
þat · he · haþe · in · his · listis · of Mischaunce
Conuict · þat · 3e · bo[th] · haue · bought So · Dere.
As · I Saide · erst þou · ground · of our Substaunce
Continew . on · vs · þy · pitevous · Yen · Clere 88

BEDFORD

(8. H.)

He vouchedesafe, tell him, as was his will, H 57
Become a man as for our alliaunce,
And with his blood he wrote that blisfull bill
Vpon the crosse as generall acquetaunce, 60
To euery penitent in full cryaunce:
And therfore Lady bright, thou for vs prey,
Then shalt thou stent all his greeuaunce,
And maken our foe to faylen of his prey. 64

(9. I.)

I wote well thou wilt been our succour, I 65
Thou art so full of bountie in certaine,
For when a soule falleth in errour,
Thine pitie goeth, and haleth him againe, 68
Then makest thou his peace with his sourain
And bringest him out of the crooked strete:
Who so thee loueth, shall not loue in vaine,
That shall he find, as he the life shall lete. 72

(10. K.)

Kalenderis enlumined been they, K 73
y[e] in this world ben lighted with thine name,
And who so goith with thee the right wey,
Him thar not drede in soule to been lame, 76
Now Queen of comfort, sith thou art y[e] same,
To whom I seech for my medicine:
Let not mine fo no more mine wound entame,
Mine hele into thine hond all I resine. 80

(11. L.)

Lady, thine sorrow can I not portrey L 81
Under the crosse, ne his greeuous pennaunce:
But for your bothis peine, I you prey,
Let not our alder fo make his bostaunce, 84
That he hath in his lestis with mischaunce,
Conuict that, ye both han bought so dere:
As I said erst, thou ground of substaunce,
Continue on vs thine pitous eyen clere. 88

SPEGHT

(8. H.)

¶ He vowched saf tell hym as was his wille 57
Become a man as for our aliaunce
And wyth his blode he wrote the blesful bille
Of mercy put that in his remembraunce 60

(8. H.)

He vouche sauf telle hym as was his wille 57
Bicome A man As for oure Aliance
And *wyth* his blod[1] he wrot þ^{e} blisfull bille
Of mercy put þat in his remenbrance 60

[1] put that in his remembrance *underlined, to be left out.*

[*follows:* ¶ La Compleint de chaucer A sa Bourse Voide]

(12. M.)

¶ Moyses that saugh the bussh. with floures rede M 89
Brennyng of whiche neuer a stike I-brent
Was figure. of thyn vnwemmyd maydenhed
Thow art the bussh. in whom ther gan descende 92
The holigost. the whiche that moyses wende
Had ben a fuyre. and this was in figure
Now lady from that fuyre. thow vs fende
Whiche that in helle. eternally shal dure [last 56, back] 96

(13. N.)

¶ Now princesse. that neuer haddest peere N 97
Certis if any comfort in vs be
That comyth of the. thow cristes moder dere
We have nonother. melody nor glee 100
Vs to Reioyse of. in aduersite
Ne aducate none. that wil and can so praye
ffor vs and for so litel huyre. as yee
That helpist vs. for aue maria or tway 104

(14. O.).

¶ O verray light. of eyen that ben blynd O 105
O verray Rest. of labour and disease
O tresoure and bounte. to mankynde
Whom god hir chese for verray humblenesse 108
And of his ancille. he made the maystresse
Of hevene and erth. oure bille vp for to bede
This world awaiteth efter on thy goodenesse
ffor thow failest neuer. here wight at nede 112

(15. P.)

¶ Purpose I have. somtyme for to enquere P 113
Wherfor and why. the holigost the sought
Whan gabriells voyce. com to thyn eere
He noght the were. vs suche a wounder wrought 116
But for to save vs. that he sythen bought
So nedyth vs than. no wepyn vs to save
But only whan we do. nat as we ought
Do penytence and mercy. aske and have 120

(12. M.)

Moyses · þat · Saw · þe · busch · with · flawmes · Rede ·
Brennyng · of · which · neuer · A · Stik bronnyd
Was Signe · of · þyne · vnwemMid · womanhede
þow · art þ[t] · busch · on · which · þer · gan · Discende 92
þe · holygost þ[t] · which · þat · Moyses · wende ·
had · bene · on · ffyre · and þis was · in ffigure
Now · Lady · ffrom · þ[t] · ffire þou · vs · Defleade
Which þat In · helł · Eternally · Schałł Dure · 96

(13. N.)

NOble · princes · þat · neuer · haddest · Pere · [last 178]
Cortes · ieff Any · Comffort In · vs · be ·
þat Comyth · of · þ[t] · þou · Crystis · Modir Dere ·
We · haue · none · oþer · Melody · or · Gle · 100
Vs · to · Reioyse · In · our Aduercite ·
Ne · Aducat[t] none · þat · woll & dare · So · pray
ffor vs · And · þat ffor · litell hire · as · þe ·
þat · helpen · for · An · Aue · Maria · or twey 104

(14. O.)

OVerray · light[t] of · Yen · þat · ben · blynde · 105
O · verray · luste · of labour And Distres
O · verray · tresorer · of bounte to · Mankynde
þe · whom · god · chose · to · Modir · for humbles 108
ffor · his · Ancille · he Made · þe · Maystres
Off heuyn · And · erþ · our bill fforto · bede
þis · worlde · A[t]-wayteþ · ouer · on · þy · godenes
ffor · þow · ne · ffaylist · neuer · wight att Nede · 112

(15. P.)

Purposed · I · haue · Sumtyme · forto · enquere 113
Wherffore · And · why · þe holigost þ[t] Soght
When · Gabriell · voice · com · vnto · þyne · Ere.
he · not · to · were · vs · Swich · A · wondir · wroght 116
Bote · forto · Saue · vs · þat · he · Sipen · boght
þan · Nedith · vs · no · wepen · vs · forto · Saue
Bote · onely · þere · we · Dedyn · not · as · vs · ought
To · penitence · And · mercy · Axe · and · haue · 120

(12. M.)

[1]Moyses that saw the bosh of flambis rede M 89
Brenning, of which then neuer a sticke brend, [1 Fol. 247, back]
Was signe of thine vnwemmed maidenhede,
Thou art the bosh, on which there can descend 92
The Holyghost, which that Moyses weend
Had been on fire: and this was in figure.
Now Lady from the fire vs defend,
Which that in hell eternally shall dure. 96

(13. N.)

Noble princesse, that neuer haddest pere, N 97
Certes if *any* comfort in vs bee,
That commeth of thee, Christis moder dere,
We han none other melodie ne glee, 100
Vs to reioyce in our aduersite,
Ne aducat none, that will and dare so prey
For vs, and that for as little hire as ye,
That helpen for an Aue mary or twey. 104

(14. O.)

O very light of eyen tho been blind, O 105
O very lust of labour and distresse,
O treasorere of bountie to mankind,
The whom God chese to moder for humblesse, 108
From his ancelle he made thee maistresse
Of heauen and earth, our bill vp to bede,
This world awaiteth efter on thine goodnes,
For thou ne failedest neuer wight at nede. 112

(15. P.)

Purpose I haue sometime for tenquere, P 113
Wherefore & why the holy ghost thee sought,
When Gabrielis voice come to thine ere,
He not to werre vs swich a wonder wrought, 116
But for to saue vs, that he sithen bought:
Then needeth vs no weapon vs to saue,
But onely there we did not as vs ought,
Do penitence, and mercy aske and haue. 120

(16. Q.)

¶ Quene of comfort, yit whan I me bethynke Q 121
That day I agylted, both thyn and thee
And that my soule is worthy, downe to synke
Allas I caytef, whider may I flee 124
Who shal vnto thi sone, my meane bee
Who but thi self, that art of pitee welle
Thow hast more rowth on oure aduersite [leaf 51]
Than in this world, may any tunge telle 128

(17. R.)

¶ Redresse me moder, and me chastise R 129
ffor certis, my faders chastisyng
That dare I nat abyde in no wise
So hydous is his rightful Rekenyng 132
Moder of whom, oure mercy gan to spryng
Be thow my Iuge, and eke my soulis leche
ffor euer in the, is pite aboundyng
To eche that wille, of pitee the besseche 136

(18. S.)

¶ Soth and trowth it is, god graunteth no pite S 137
Withouten the, for god of his goodenesse
ffor3evith nat, but it like vnto the
He hath the made, vikar and maistresse 140
Of al this worlde, and eke gouernesse
Of heuene, and he repressith his Iustice
After thy wille, and therof in wytnesse
He hath the crowned, in so Rial a wise 144

(19. T.)

¶ Temple devoute, where god hath his wonyng T 145
ffro whiche these herstikes depryved be
To the my soule, penytent bryngе
Receyve me now, I can no further flee 148
With thornes venymous, o bevene qwene
ffor whiche the erth, acursed was ful sore
I am so woundod as ye may wele seen
That I am lost almost, I smert so sore 152

(16. Q.)

QWene · of Comffort · 3itt when · I · Me · be · þink [f. 178, back]
þat · I · A-Gilt haue · boþ hym · And · þe
And · þat · my Soule · is · worþy ffor to Synke ·
Allas · I · Caytyffe · whedir May · I ffle · 124
Who · Schall · vnto · þy · Son · My Mene · be
Who · bote · þy Selffs · þat · art · of pete · well
þow · haste · more · Rewthe · on · our Aduersite ·
þan · In · þis · worlde · May · Any tung tell 128

(17. R.)

REdres · Me · Modir And · me chastice 129
ffor Certaynly · my ffadirs · Chastesing
þat · Dare · I · noght A-biden · In · no · Wyse
So · hidous · it · is · Rightfull · Rekenyng 132
Modir · of whom · our mercy · gan · to · Spring
Be · 3e · My · Iuge · And · Eke · my Soulis leche.
ffor · euer · In · 3ow · is · pite · A · boundyng
To · Eche · þat · will · of pite · 3ow · Besseche · 136

(18. S.)

SOþ · is · þat · god · no · grauntiþ · no · pite · 137
With · oute · þe for god · of his · godenes
ffor3evith · none · bote · it lyke · vnto · þe
he · haþ · þe · Made · vecare · & Maistres 140
Off all · þe · worlde · & eke · Gouernowres
Off hevyn · And · he · Repressith · his · Iustys
Affter þy · will And · perffore · In · witnes
He · haþe · þe · Crownid · In · So Ryall · wyse · 144

(19. T.)

TEmperall · Devoute · þere · god · haþ · his · wonnyng. [f. 179]
ffro · which · þes · Misbeleuid · Depryued · ben ·
To · 3ow · My · Soule · penitent I bryng
Resseyve · Me · I · can · no · ffer3er ffleme 148
With · þornes · venemous · O · heuyn · quene ·
ffor which · þe · erþ · A · Cursid · was full 3ore ·
I am · woundid · as · 3e · May · wele Sene
þat · I · am · loste · It Smertith · Me · So · Sore · 152

(16. Q.)

Queen of comfort, right when I me bethinke, Q 121
That I agilt haue both him and thee,
And that mine soule is worthy for to sinke:
Alas I caitife, wheder shall I flee, 124
Who shall vnto thine sonne mine meane be?
Who but thine selfe, that art of pitis well,
Thou hast more routh on our aduersite,
Than in this world might any tongue tell. 128

(17. R.)

Redresse me moder, and eke me chastise, R 129
For certainly my faders chastising
Ne dare I not abiden in no wise,
So hidous is his full reckening. 132
Moder of whom our ioy gan to spring,
Be ye mine iudge, and eke my soules leech,
For euer in you is pitie abounding,
To each that of pitie will you beseech. 136

(18. S.)

Sooth is, he ne graunteth no pite S 137
Without thee: for God of his goodnesse
Forgiueth none, but it like vnto thee:
He hath thee made vicaire and maistresse 140
Of all this world, and eke gouernesse [Fol. 247, back, col. 2]
Of heauen: and therefore in witnesse
After thine will: and therefore in witnesse
He hath thee crowned in so royall wise. 144

(19. T.)

Temple deuout, ther God chese his wonning, T 145
For which these misbeleeued depriued been,
To you mine soule penitent I bring,
Receiue me, for I can no ferther flee. 148
With thornis venemous, heauen Queen,
For which the erth accursed was ful sore,
I am so wounded, as ye may well seene,
That I am lost almost, it smert so sore. 152

(20. V.)

¶ Virgyne that art. so noble of Apparaille V 153
And ledist vs. vnto the highest toure
Of paradise. thow me wisse and counceile
How I may have. thy grace and thy socour 156
ffor I have ben. in filth and in errour [leaf 81, back]
Lady vnto that court. thow me adiourne
That clepid is the benche. of fresah flioure
Wher that thy mercy. shal euermore soiourne 160

(21. X.)

¶ Xpist[1] thy sone. that in this world alight X [1 = Christe]
Vpon a cresse to suffre. his passyoun
And suffred eke longius. his hert to pight
And made his hert blody. to renne adowne 164
And al this was. for oure saluacioun
And we to hym ben false. and eke vnkynde
And yit he wil nat. oure dampnacioun
Than thanke we the sauour. of al mankynde 168

(22. Y.)

¶ Ysaac was figure. of his deth certayne Y 169
In that he wold his fader wil obey
So ferre that hym ne roughte. for to be slayne
Right so thy sone. list as a lamb to deye 172
ffor vs now blessed lady I the preye
Sith he his mercy. mesured hath so large
Be thow nat skant. for al we synge and seye
Ageyne ve[n]iaunce. that thow art ay his targe 176

(23. Z.)

¶ Zakarye the clepith. the opyn welle Z 177
To wasch the synful soulis out of ther gilt
Wherfor this lesson. ought I wele to telle
That nere thy tendre hert. we were but spilt 180
Now lady sith thow. both canst and wilt
Be to the seede. of Adam merciable
Bringe vs vnto that place that is bilt
To penytentis. that ben to mercy Able 184

(20. V.)

Virgyne · þat · art So Noble · of Apparaile 153
And · ledist · vs · In · to · þy · hye · toure ·
Off paradys · þou · Me · wisse · and · Counsell
how · I · may · haue · þy · grace · And · þy · Socour 156
Alt haue · I · ben · In · filþe · And In · Errour
Lady · vnto · þat · Courte · þou · Me · Aiourne.
þat · Clepid · is · þy · bench · o · ffresch · flioure
bere · As · þat · mercy · euer · schall · Soiourne · 160

(21. X.)

Xpis · þy · Son · þat · In · þis · worlde · Alight 161
Vpon · þe · Cros · to · Soffre · his · pasciour
And · eke · Suffrid · þat · longius · his · hert pight
And · made · his · hert blode · to · Ryn · A · doune 164
And · all þis · was · for · my · Saluacion
And · I to · hym · Am · fals · And · eke · vnkynde
And · zitt he · will not My · Dampnaciour
þis · panke · I · zow · Socour of All Mankynde. 168

(22. Y.)

YSaac was · figure · of his · Deþ · Certayn. [leaf 129, back]
þat · So · ffarfforth · his · fadir wold · obey
þat hym · ne Rought Noþing · to · be · Slayne
Right So · þy Son · lyst · As · A · lambe · to · dye · 172
Now · lady · ffull · of mercy · I · zow · Pray
Sith · he · is · mercy Mesured · So large ·
Be · ze · not Scant · ffor · all we · Syng · and · Say
þat ze · beu ffrom · vengaunce · Ay · our targe · 176

(23. Z.)

ZAchary · zow · Clepith · þe · open · well 177
To · wasch Synfull · Saule · oute · of his · gilte
þerffore · þis · lesson · ought · I · well · to telt
þat ner · þy · tendir hert · we · weren · Spilt 180
Now · lady · Sith · þou · Canst · And · wilt
Bene · to · þe · Sede · of Adam · mereyable ·
Bryng · vs · to · þat palais · þat is · bilt
To · penitentes · þat ben to · Merciable · · Amen · 184

 Explicit Carmen · Amen ·

(20. V.)

Virgine that art so noble of apparaile, V 153
That leadest vs into the high toure
Of Paradise, thou me wish and counsaile,
How I may haue thy grace and thy succour: 156
All haue I been in filth and in errour,
Lady on that countrey thou me adiourne,
That clasped is thine bench of fresh flour,
There as that mercy euer shall soiourne. 160

(21. X.)

Xpe thine sonne that in this world alight X · 161
Vpon a crosse to suffer his passioun,
And suffred eke that Longeus his hart pight,
And made his heart blood renne adoun, 164
And all this was for my saluatioun:
And I to him am fals and eke vnkind,
And yet he will not mine dampnatioun:
This thanke I you, succour of all mankind. 168

(22. Y.)

Ysaac was figure of his death certaine, Y 169
That so ferreforth his fader would obey,
That him ne rought nothing for to be slaine:
Right so thy sonne list a lambe to dey: 172
Now Lady full of mercy I you prey,
Sith he his mercy sured me so large,
Be ye not scant, for all we sing or say,
That ye been fro vengeaunce aye our targe. 176

(23. Z.)

Zacharie you clepith the open well, Z 177
That wisht sinfull soule out of his guilt,
Therefore this lesson out I will to tell,
That nere thine tender heart, we were spilt. 180
Now Lady bright, sith thou canst and wilt
Been to the seed of Adam merciable,
Bring vs to that paleis that is built
To penitentis, that ben to mercie able. 184

 Explicit.

III. ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

From 6 MSS.: 3 of the whole poem,—*Story* and *Complaint*,—

Shirley's Additional MS. 16,165 (less 3 gaps of 61, 7 & 18 lines in the *Story*, l. 66-126, 141-7, & 193-210), and 2 gaps of 4 & 9 lines in the *Complaint*, l. 265-8 & 290-8.
Bodley 638, in the Bodleian Library.
Longleat 258, the Marquis of Bath's, with the *Continuation-Stanza*, no. 45, l. 351-7.

3 of the *Complaint* only,

Shirley's R. 3. 20, Trinity College, Cambridge (less gaps of lines 265-8, and 290-8).
Ff. i. 6, University Library, Cambridge, with the *Continuation-Stanza*, no. 45, l. 351-7
Pepys 2006, Magdalen College, Cambridge (less lines 290-8 and 312-357).

(For 6 other complete texts (less a gap or two), and remarks on the Poem, see the *Parallel-Texts*.)

ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

[*Addit.* 16,165, *Brit. Mus., leaf* 256, *back: Shirley's MS.*]

¶ Balade of Anelyda Qwene of Cartage / made by Geffrey Chaucyer/

(1) [*Proem or Invocation: 3 stanzas*]

Pow fers god of Armes / Mars þe red
þat in þy frosty cuntrey /called Trace
With Inne þy Grisly temple / ful of dred
Honoured art as Patroun of þat place /
With .þy. Bellona / and pallas ful of grace / [1] [leaf 257]
Be present / and my songe contynue and guye /
At my begynnyng þat I to þe crye / [1 bellona .i. dea belli / pallas .i. dea sapientie]

(2)

¶ For hit ful depe / is sunken in my mynde /
with pitous hert in englissh to endyte /
þis olde storye / in latyn þat I fynde /
Of qwene Anelida / and fals Arcyte
For celde with al / can bope frete and byte
As hit hape froten / many a noble storye /
Hape hit devowred / neghe out of oure memorye /

(3)

¶ Be fauorable eke / powe. Polomyta /
powe parnaso / þat with þy sustres glade
By Elycon / nought fer from Cyrea
Syngest with voys / memoryal in þe slade
Vnder þe laurier / which þat may not fade
And so þat I may sithe to heuen wynne /
First folowe I Stace / and after him Corynne /

[ANELIDA AND ARCITE.]

[*Bodley MS.* 638, *leaf* 7, *back.*]

[*g is for g with upward curl.*]

¶ The boke of feyre Anelida & fals Arcyte

(1) [*Proem or Invocation: 3 stanzas*]

THou fers god of Armes Mars the rede
that in the frosty contre callid trace
Within thi grisly temples full of drede
Honourid art as Patroūn of that place
With thi Bellona Pallas full of grace
Be present *and* my songe continew *and* guy
At my begynneng thus I to the crye

(2)

¶ For hit full depe is sonkyn in my mynde
With pitous hert in englisli to endyte
This olde story in latyn whicli I fynde
Of qūene Analida *and* fals Arcyte
That eld which all can frete *and* byte
As hit hath freten many an old story
Hath nigh deuourid out of oure memory

(3)

¶ Be fauorable eke thou Polymya
On parnaso that hath thi sustris glade
bi ellicon not ferre from Cirrea
Singest with vois memorial in the shade
Vndir the laurere which that may not fade
And do that I my shippe to haven wynne
First folow I stace *and* after him corynne

Clamy &c. ¶ Iam que domus Patrias eithice post sapera gentis
Prelia laurigero subnexte theseia curru
Letifici placerus missure qua ad eidera vulgi

ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

[*The Marquis of Bath's Longleat MS.* 258, *paper and vellum, ab.* 1460-70, *leaf* 76]

[*t is for t with an upward curl.*]

(1) [*Proem or Invocation: 3 stanzas*]

thou fers god of Armes the Rede
o That in thy frosty Countrey called trace
Within thy gresly temples ful of drede
Honnoured art as patroū of that place
With the bellona Pallas ful of grace
Be present and my songe continue and gie
At my begynnyng to the I crye

(2)

For it ful depe is soken in my mynde
With pituous hert in englisshe to endite
This olde story in latyn whiche I fynde
Of quene Annelada and fals Arcite
That elde whiche al can frete and bite
And it hath freten many a noble storye
Hath nigh denoured outo of our memorye

(3)

Be fauourable eke thou Polymya
On pernaso that hath thy sustres glade
By Elycoñ nought fer from Cirsa
Singest with vois *memoryal in* thy *shade*
Vnder laurer whiche that may not fade
And doo that I my ship to hauen wynne
First folowe I stace and after him Corynne

(4) [*The Story:* 27 *stanzas*]

¶ Whane Theseus / with werres longe and gret / 22
þe aspre folk' of Cythe / haþe ouercome /
he lawrer coroned in his chare golde bete /
home to his cuntrey / honoured is he come / 25
For whiche his people / blisful alle and somme
So cryden þat it / to þe sterres went /
And him / to honouren / did al hir hole entent / 28

(5)

¶ By forne þis Duke / in signe of his victorye / 29
þe trompes came / and in his baner large /
þymage of Mars / in tokennynge of his glorye /
Men mighten se / of tresore many a charge 32
Many a bright helme / spere and targe
Many a fressh knyght / and many a blisful Route
On hors and foote / and al þe felde aboute / [leaf 257, back] 35

(6)

¶ Ypolita his wyf þe hardy qwene 36
Of Cithes / þat he conquered had /
With Emelye / hir yonge sustre shene /
Feyre in a chare of golde he with him ladde / 39
þat al þe grounde / aboute þe Chare she spradde
With brightnesse / of þe beaute of hir face
Fulfilled of largesse / and of al grace / 42

(7)

¶ With tryumphe / and laurer corones thre / 43
In al þe floure / of Fortunes yivyng
Lete I þis noble / prynce / Theseus / be /
Towardes Atthene / in his wey ryding / 46
And fonde I wolde / in shortely for to bring /
þe sleght wey / of þat . I gan to wryte /
Of þe quene Anelyda / and of fals Arcyte 49

(4) [*The Story:* 27 *stanzas*]

¶ When theseus with werris longe *and* grete 22
The aspre-folke of Cithe had ouercome
the laurere corownyd in his chare gold bete
Home to his contre housis ys he come 25
For which the peple blisful all *and* som [leaf 8]
So criden that to the sterris hit went
And him to honouryn diden all her entent 28

(5)

¶ Be-fore this Duke yn signe of Victorye 29
The trompis come *and* in his baner large
The ymage of Mars *and* in tokyn of glorye
Men might sene of tresore mony a charge 32
Mony a bright helm *and* mony a spere *and* targe
Mony a fresh knight *and* mony a blisfull route
On hors on fote in all the feld aboute 35

(6)

¶ Ipollita his wife the hardy quene 36
Of Cithia that he conqueryd had
With Emelye her yong sustre shene
Faire in a chare of goold with him he lad 39
That all the grounde a-boute her chare she spradd
With brightnesse of beaute in her face
fulfilled of largesse *and* of all grace 42

(7)

¶ With his tryumphe *and* laurer corownyd thus 43
In all the floure of fortvnys yevyng
Let I this nobull Prince Theaius
Toward Athenes in his wey ridynge 46
and founde I wull in shortly for to bringe
The sley wey of that I gan for to write
Of quene Anelida *and* fals Arcite 49

(4) [*The Story:* 27 *stanzas*]

Whan Theseus with warres Long and grete [leaf 76, back] 22
The Aspre folke of Cithe hath ouer comme
With laurer crowned in his Chare gold bete
Home to his Cuntrey houses is ycomme 25
For the people blesful al and somme
So criden that to the sterres it went
And him to honnour dud all hir entent 28

(5)

Bifore this Duke in signe of victorye 29
The Trompys cawme and in his baner large
The Image of mars and in token of glorye
Men might see of tresure many a Charge 32
Many a bright helme and many a spere & targe
Many a fressho knyght and many a blisful Route
On hors an fote in al the felde aboute 35

(6)

Ipolyta his wif the hardy Quene 36
Of Cithia that he conquered hade
With Emelye hir yonge suster shene
Faire in a Chare of gold he with him lade 39
That at the grownd aboute hir chare she sprad
With brightnesse of beaute in hir face
Fulfilled of largenesse and of grace 42

(7)

With His Triumphe and laurer crowned thus [leaf 77] 43
In al the floure of fortunes yeuyng
Lete I this noble prince Theseus
Towardes Attenes in his wey Riding 46
And founde I well in shortly for to bring
The sly wey of that I gan to write
Of quene Annelada and fals Arcite 49

(8)

¶ Mars whiche / þat with his furyous cours of Ire / 50
þe olde wrathe / of Iuvo for to fulfille /
haþ sette þe peples hertes / boþe on fyre
Of Grece and Thebes / eueryche oþer to kille 53*
With blody spere / ne rested neuer stille /
But thronge nowe here / nowe þer amonge hem boþe /
Til eueryche oþer sloughe / so were þey wroothe / 56

(9)

¶ For whanne Amphyorax and Tydeus 57
Ypomedoñ and eke Parathone / alle soo
Were slayne / thoroughe / Campaneus [T. J. Arcyte and Palamoun.]
And whane þe wrecched thebans breþerne two[1] 60
Were slayne / and kynge Adrastus home ego /
So desolate stode Thebes / and so bare /
þat nought koude remedy / of his fare 63

(10)

¶ And whane þat olde Creon / kan espye / 64
Howe þat blod ryal was brought adoun /

[61 *lines missing in this MS.*]

(8)

¶ Mars whicñ that thro his furiouse course of Ire 50
The olde wreth of Iuno to fullfille
Hath set the peplis hertis both on fyre
Of Thebes *and* grece *and* eueriche othir to kille [leaf 8, back] 53
With blody speris ne restid never stiñ
But throng now hers now there a-mong hem both
That eueriche othir slogh so were thei wroth 56

(9)

¶ For when Amphiorax and Tideus 57
Ipomedoñ Prothonolope also
Were ded *and* sleyn proude Campaneus
and when the wrecchis Thebans bretherin two 60
Were sleyne *and* kinge Adrastus home a-go
So desolat stode thebes *and* so bare
That no wiht coude remedie of his care 63

(10)

¶ And when the olde Crean gan espye 64
How that the blod royall was broght a-dovne
He held the Cite by his tirannye
And did the gentiles of that regioune 67
To ben his frendis *and* dwellyn yn the tovñe
So what for love of him what for awe
The nobull folke wer to the towne I-drawe 70

(11)

¶ Amonge all these Anelida the quene 71
Of Ermonye was in that tovne dwellinge
That fairer was then is the sunne shene
Thorogh-out the world so gan her name springe 74
that her to sene had euery wight likinge
For as of trouth is ther noñ her liche
Of all these wymmen yn this world rich 77

(8)

Mars whiche thorough his furious cours of Ire 50
The olde wrathe of Iuno to fulfill
Hath set his peoples hertis bothe in fire
Of Thebes and grece eueryche other to kylle 53
With blody speres Rested euer stille
But thronge now here now there amongis hem bothe
That eueriche other slough so were they wrothe 55

(9)

For whan Amphiorax and Tydeus 57
Ypomenon and pertynolope also
Were dede and slayne proude Carpaneus
And whan the wrecches Thebans bretherñ twoo 60
Were slayne and king Adrastus home goo
So desolat stode Thebes and so bare
That noo wight cowde Remedy of his care 63

(10)

And whan the olde Creon gan espye [leaf 77, back] 64
Howe that the blode Roial was brought adoñ
He hilde the Citee by his Tyrannye
And did the gentilles of that Regioñ 67
To ben his frendis and dwelle in the Townñ
So what for loue of him and what for awe
The noble folke were to the townñ Idrawe 70

(11)

Amongis al these Annelada the quene 71
Of Armony was in that Towne dwelling
That fairer was than the sonne shene
Throughoute the worlde so gan hir name spring 74
That hir to see had euery wight liking
For as of trouthe there is noñ hir liche
Of al the women in the worlde Riche 77

(12)

¶ yonge was this quene of .xx. yere of eld̄ 78
Of myddil̄ stature *and* of such̄ fayrenesse
That Nature had̄ a ioy her to beheld̄ [leaf 9]
And for to speke of her stidfastnesse 81
She passid both̄ Penolope *and* lucresse
and shortly *if* she shal̄ be comprehendid̄
In her might no thinge be amendid̄ 84

(13)

¶ This theban knight eke soth̄ to seyn 85
Was yonge *and* therto with-al̄ a lusty knight̄
But he was double in love *and* nothinge playn̄
And subtil̄ in that crafte ouer eny wight 88
And with his kunnynḡ wanne this ladi brigh[t]
For so ferforth̄ he gan̄ her trouth̄ assure
That she him̄ trustid̄ ouer eny creature 91

(14)

¶ What shuld̄ I seyn she louyd̄ Arcite so 92
That when that he was absent any throw
Anon her thoght̄ her hert brast a two
For in her sight to he bare him̄ low/ 95
So that she wend̄ haue al̄ his hert I-know/
but he was fals hit nas but feynd̄ chere
As nedith noght to men̄ such̄ crafte to lere 98

(15)

¶ But neuertheles ful̄ mekil̄ besynesse 99
Had he. er that he might his lady wynne
and swore he wold̄ dien for distresse
Or from̄ his witte he seid̄ he wold̄ twynne 102
Alas the while for hit was routh *and* synne
That she vpon his sorowes wold̄ rew/
but no thinḡ thinketh the fals as doth̄ the trew/ *105

(12)

Yonge was the quene of xx yere of olde 78
Of medil̄ statur̄ and of suche fairenesse
That nature hade a Ioy hir̄ to be-holde
And for to speke of hir̄ stedefastnesse 81
She passith hath penolope and lucresse
And shortly if she shal be comprehended
In hir̄ might noo thing be amended 84

(13)

This Theban knight̄ eke southe to sayen [leaf 72] 85
Was yonge and there *with* al̄ a lusty knight̄
But he was double in loue and noo thing playen
And soutel in that craft ouer *euery* wight 88
And with this connyng wan his lady bright
For so ferforth he gan̄ hir̄ trouthe assure
That she him trusted ouer euery creature 91

(14)

What shuld I sayen she loued Arcite so 92
Ancon hir̄ thought hir̄ hert brast a two
That whan he was absent any throwe
For in hir̄ sight to hir̄ he bare him lowe 95
So that she wende haue al his hert yknowe
But he was fals it nas but fayned chere
As nedith nought suche craf to men to lere 98

(15)

But netheles ful muche besynesse 99
Hade he or that he might his lady wynne
And saide he wolde dye for distresse
Or from his wite he saide he wolde twynne 102
Alas the while for it was Routhe and synne
That she vpon his sorowes wolde Rewe
But noo thing thinketh the fals as doith pe trewe 105

(19)

¶ And al þis toke she / debonayrly / [leaf 228] 127
þat al his word / hir' thought hir skilful thing /
And euer þe lenger / loued she him tendurly
And did him honour / as hit were a kyng 130
hir' hert was weddid / to him with a ryng
So ferforthe / vpon trouthe / is hir entent
þat wher she goþe / hir hert / with him went 133

(16)

¶ Her fredom fonde Arcite in swich manere 106
That all was his that she hath both moch *and* lyte [leaf 9, back]
Ne to no creature made she chere
Ferthir then hit liked to Arcite 109
Ther was no lacke with which he might her wite
She was so forforth yeven him to plese
That all that liked him did her herte an ese 112

(17)

¶ Ther was to her no maner *lettre* I-sent 113
that touched loue from eny maner wight
That she ne shewyd hit him ere hit was brent
So ployn she was *and* did her full entent *note* 116
That she nyll hiden no thinge from her knight
lest he of eny vntrouth her vp-broyde
With-out bode his hert she obeyed 119

(18)

¶ And eke he made him Ielouse ouer her 120
That what that eny man had to her seid
Anoon he wold preien her to swere
What was that word or make him yvell a-paid 123
Then wend she out of her witte haue breid
But all was but sleight *and* flatery
With-out loue he feyned Ielousy 126

(19)

¶ And all this toke she as debonayrly 127
That all his will her thoght it skilfull thinge
And euer the longor she louyd him tenderly
& did him honoure as he were a kinge 130
Her hert was weddid to him with a ryngе
For so ferforth vp-on trouth is her entent
That where he goth her hert with him Went 133

(16)

Hir' fredom founde Arcite in suche manere [leaf 78, back] 106
That al was his that she hath muche or lite
Ne to noo Creature made she chere
Further than it liked to Arcite 109
There was noo lake *with* whiche I might hir' wite
She was so forforth yeuen him to please
That al that liked him dud hir' hert ease 112

(17)

There nas to hir' noo manere letter sente 113
That touched loue from any manere wight
That she ne shewed him or it was brente
So playn she was and dud hir' ful might 116
That she nel hide noo thing from hir' knight
Lest he of any vntrouthe hir' vmbraide
Withoute bonde his hert she obeide 119

(18)

And eke he made him Ielous ouer hir' 120
That what that any man had to hir' saide
Anoon he wolde pray hir' to swere
What was that worde or make him cuyl apaide 123
Than wende she outo of hir' haue braide
But al was but slyght and flaterye
Withoute loue he fayned Iolosye 126

(19)

And al this toke she so debonairly [leaf 79] 127
That al his will hir' thought it skylful thyng
And euer the lenger she loued him tenderly
And dud him honnour' as he were a kyng 130
Hir' hert to him was wedded *with* a Ryng
for so forforth vpon trouthe was hir' entent
That where he goith hir' hert *with* him wont 133

(20)

¶ Whan she shoulde ete / on him was so hir thought 134
þat wele vnneþe / of mete toke she kepe /
And whane þat she / was to hir rest brought /
On him alle thought alwey / til she slepe / 137
Whan he was absent / pryuely she wepe ·
þus lyueþe feyre / Anelyda þe qwene /
For fals Aryte þat did hir al þe tene / 140

(21)

[. 141
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. 144
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *wanting in Shirley's MS.*] 147

(22)

¶ But neuer þe leese / gret wonder is hit noon 148
þoughe he were fals / for hit is kynde of man /
Sith Lamek was / þat is so longe agoon /
To beo in loue als fals / as euer he can / 151
he was þe first fader / þat bygan /
For to love tweyne / and was in bygamye
And he fonde first tentes / but if men lye / 154

(23)

¶ þis fals Arcyte / some what most he feyne / 155
Whan he wexse fals / to keuer his traytorye /
Right as an hors / þat can bope byte and pleyne
For he bare hir on honde / of trecherye / 158
And swore he shoulde / hir doubulnesse espye
And al was falsnesse / þat she to him ment
þus swore þis theof and forthe his wey he went / 161

(20)

¶ When she shall ete on him ys so her thought 134
That well vnneth of mete toke she kepe (leaf 10)
And when she was to her rest broght
On him she thoght ay till that she slepe 137
When he was absent prively she wepe
Thus liveth feire Anelida the quene
For fals Arcite that did her all this tene 140

(21)

¶ This fals Arcite of his nyw fanglesse 141
For she to him so lowly was *and* trew
Toke lesse deynte for her stedfastnesse
And saw a-nother lady proude *and* new 144
And right a-noon he clad him in her hew
Wot I not whepir yn white red or grene
And falsid feire Anelida the quene 147

(22)

¶ But neuertheles grete wondir was it none 148
Though he were fals for it ys the kinde of man
Sith lamek. was that is so longe a-gone
To be in loue as fals as euer he can 151
He was the first fadir that bigan
To loue two *and* was yn bigamy
And he founde tentys fyrst but if men lye 154

(23)

¶ This fals Arcite somwhat most he feyn 155
When he wex fals to coueryn his traitorye
Right as an hors þat can both bite *and* pleyn
For he bare her on hond of trechery 158
And swore he coude her doublenesse espye
That all was falsnesse that she to him ment
thus swore this þefe *and* forth is wey he went 161

(20)

Whan she shal ete on him is so hir thought 134
That well vneth of mete toke she noo kepe
And whan she was to hir Rest brought
Only she thought on him till that she slepe 137
Whan he was absent pryuely she wepe
Thus lyueth faire Annelada the quene
For fals Arcite that dud hir al this tene 140

(21)

This fals Arcite of his newfanglenesse 141
For she to him so lowly was and trewe
Toke lesse deinte for hir stedfastnesse
And sawe an other lady proude and newe 144
And right anoon he cladde him in hir hewe
Wote I not whether in white rede or grene
And falsed faire Annelada the quene 147

(22)

But neuertheles gret wondre was it noon (leaf 70, back) 148
Though he were fals for it is the kinde of man
Sith lamek was that is so long agoon
To be in loue as fals as euer he can 151
He was the first fader that began
To louen two that was in Bigamye
And he founde Tentys first but if man lye 154

(23)

This fals Arcite sumwhat must he fayne 155
Whan he waxe fals to coueren his traitory
Right as an hors that can bothe bite & playne
For he bare hir on hand of trechery 158
And swore he cowde hir doublenesse aspy
And al was falsnesse that she to him ment
This swore this theef and forth his wey he went 161

(24)

¶ Allas what hert might endyten hit / 162
For routhe and wo / hir sorwe for to telle /
Or what man hape / pe konnyng or pe wit [leaf 233, back]
Or what man myght with Inne pe chaumbre dwelle 165
If I to hem reherce / shulde pe helle [*MS. rubd*]
pat suffre pe feyre Anelyda pe qweene
For fals Arcyte / pat did hir al pis tene 168

(25)

¶ She wepipe waylepe and swonepe pitously [*MS. rubd*] 169
To grounde dede / she fallepe as a stoon
Craumpysed alle hir lymmes Crokedly
She spekepe / as hir witt were alle agoone 172
Oper colour pane asshen / hade she noone
Noon opir worde / spake shee mykel or lyte /
But mercy. cruweH hert myn Arcyte / 175

(26)

¶ And pis endurepe / til that she was so mate / 176
pat she nape foote / hir to sustene
But forpe langwissheP / euer in pis estate
Of whiche Arcyte / hape neyper vouche ne teene 179
His hert is ellys where / so nuwe and grene
pat on hir woo / ne deyneple him not to thenk
Hym rechchepe not wheper she fleet or synk 182

(27)

¶ His nuwe lady holdepe him vp so narowe / 183
By pe frestell / at pe staues ende /
pat euery worde / he dredepe as an arowe /
hir daunger made him / bope to bowe and beende 186
And as hir list made him bope tourne and wende
For she ne graunted / him / hope / ne esperaunce
Of no kyns grace / for al his attendaunce / 189

(24)

¶ Alas what hert myght endure hit [leaf 11, lines 183-8 bring misplaced, but markt a. a. to go before .b. b. (l. 169)]
¹For routh or wo her sorow for to telt
Or what man hath the kunnynge er the wytt
Or what man might within the chambre dweH 165
If I to him reherse shalt the helt
That sufferith feyre Anelida the quene
For fals Arcite that did her all this tene 168

(25)

¶ She wepith waileth swonyth pitously .b. b. [leaf 10, back]
To ground ded she fallith as a ston
Crampissh her lymes crokedly
She spekith as her wit were all a-gon 172
Other colour then asshen hath she non
Ne non odir word spekith she moch or lyte
but mercy cruelH hert myne Arcite 175

(26

¶ And thus endurith tilt that she was so mate .c. c. 176
That she ne hath fote on which she may sustene
but for languyssing euer in this estate
Of whicH Arcite hath nouthir routh ne tene 179
His hert was ellis-where new *and* grene
That on her wo ne deyneth not him to thinke
Him rekkith neuer wheper she flete or synke 182

(27)

¶ His new lady holdith him vp so narow D 183
Vp by the bridith at the staves end
That *euery* word he dredith as an arow
Her daunger made hym both bow *and* bend 186
And as her lust made him tvrne or wend
for she ne *graunticH* him in her loving
nS grace whi that he hath lust to synge 189

(24)

Alas what hyght endure it 162
For Routhe or woo hir sorowe for to telle
Or what man hath the cunnyng or the witte
Or what man might within the chambre dwelle 165
If I to him rehersen shal the helle
That suffered faire Annelada the quene
For fals Arcite that dud hir al this tene 168

(25)

She wepith vaketh and swoneth pituously [leaf 89, vellum faded]
To growde dede she falleth as a stone
Crampuissheth hir lymes crokedly
She speketh as hir witte were al goone 172
Other colour than asshes had she noone
Ne noch other worde speketh she muche or lite
But mercy CrueH hert myn Arcite 175

(26)

And thus endureth to that she was so mate 176
That she no had fote on whiche she may sustene
But forth languishing euer in this estate
Of whiche Arcite hath neither Routhe ne tene 179
His hert was ellys where new and grene
That on hir woo he deyneth him not to thinke
Him rekketh nouer whether she flete or synke 182

(27)

This newe lady holdith him vp so narowe 183
Vp by the brydeH at the staues ende
That euery worde he dredith as an Arowe
His daungier made him bothe bowe & bende 186
[. . . . . *blank in the MS.*]
For she no graunted him in hir lyuyng
No grace why that he hath lust to syng 189

(28)

¶ But droffe hym forthe / and vnnoþe list hym knowe /
þat euer to fore / he serued hir ladyshipe / 191
For lest he woxsse proude / shee helde him lowe

[18 *lines missing.*]

¶ *This refers to Lydgate's* Temple of Glass, *which begins on leaf* 190, *back, and is called in the headline* "De Dreame of a ¶ Trewe lover made by dam Iohan Lydgate of þe tempelle of glasse þat stande next folowe þe house of fame." [*i.e.* ? *in another Ansd.*]

[*MS. Addit.* 16,165, *Brit. Mus., leaf* 241, *back.*]

¶ Here endiþe þe Drume and þe compleynt of þe desyrous seruant in loue[1] / and filowyng bogynneþe þe complaint of Anelyda. þe feyre Qweene of Cartage. vpon. þe Chiualrous Arcyte · of þe royal blode of Thebes descend.

(31) (*Compleint* 1. *Proem*)

SO. thirliþe / with þe poynt of Remembraunce /
þe swerd of sorowe whett with fals plesaunce
Myn hert bare of blisse / and blak of huwe /
þat turned is / in qwakyng al my daunce /
My surtee in whaped countenaunce / 215

ADDIT. 16,165 (SHIRLEY)

(28)

¶ But drof him forth vnneth lust her know 190
that he was seruaunt vn-to her lalishiþ E
but lest that he were proude she hild hym low
Thus seruith he with-out fee or shippe 193
She sent him now to lond now to shippe
and for she yaf him daunger al his fille
Therfor she had him at her owne wille 196

(29)

¶ Ensample of this ye thrifty wymen all [leaf 11 *see* f 163] 197
Take here Anelida *and* Arcite .F.
That for her lust him her dere hert calt
And was so meke therfor hee louyd her lite 200
The kinde of mannys hert is to delite
In thinge that straunge ys all so god me save
For that he may not gete that wold thei have *note* 203

(30)

¶ Now tvrne we to Anelida a-geyn 204
That pyneth day bi day in langvisshynge
but when she saw that her ne gate no geyn G
Vp-on a day full sorowfull wepynge 207
She cast her for to make a compleyneng
And with her owne hond she gan hit write
And sent to her theban knight Arcyte 210

¶ So thrillyd with the poynt .vt. *supra* &c.

[*Bodley MS.* 638, *leaf* 5.]

¶ The complaynt of feyre Anelida on fals Arcyte &[c.]

(31) (*Compleint* 1. *Proem*)

M. SO thyrlid with the poynt of Remembraunce *mar.* 211
The swerd of sorow I-whet with fals plesavnce
My hert bare of blis[1] *and* blak of hew [1 *first* bas]
That turnyd is to quaking all my davnce
My surete in-to a wapid contenavnce 215

BODLEY 638

(28)

But droof him forth vnneth list hir knowe [leaf 89, back] 190
That he was seruaunt vnto hir ladyshipe
But lest he were prowde she helde him lowe
Thus serueth he withoute fee or shippe 193
She sende him now to london now to shippe
And for she yaue him daungier al his fille
Therfore she hade him at hir owne wille 196

(29)

Ensample of this ye lusty wommen alle 197
Take hede of Annelada and fals Arcite
That for hir lyst him hir dere hert calle
And was so meke therfore he loued hir lite 200
The kinde of man is hert is to delite
In thing that straunge is also god me saue
For what they may not gete þat wole they haue 203

(30)

Now turne we to Annelada aycin 204
That payneth day by day in languisshing
But whan she sawe that hir ne gate no gayn
Vpon a day ful sorowful wepyng 207
She cast hir for to make a complaynyng
And with hir owne hande she gan it write
And sende it to hir Theban knight Arcite 210

(31) (*Complaint* 1. *Proem*)

So thrylled with the pointe of Remembraunce [leaf 89, verso] 211
The swerde of sorowe whet with fals pleasaunce
Myn hert bare of blisse and blake of hewe
That turned is to quaking al my daunce
My surete in a waped Countenaunce 215

LONGLEAT 258

[*Shirley's MS. Trin. Coll., Cambridge, R.* 3. 20, *page* 106.]

. þe Complaynte of Anelida [Anelidae]

¶ Takeþe heed sirs I prey yowe of þis compleynt of Analyda Qweene of Cartage. Roote of trouthe and stedfastnesse þat pytously compleyneþe / vpon þe varyance of Daun Arcyte lord borne of þe blood Royal of Thebes. englisshed by Geffrey Chaucier / In þe best wyse and moost Rethoricyous þe moosto vnkouþe/ metre coloures and Rymes. þt euer was sayde. tofore þis Day // redeþe and preveþe þe sooþe //

(31) (*Compleint* 1. *Proem*)

So thirlleþe with þe poynt of Remembraunce / 211
þe swerd of sorowe / whett with fals plesaunce
Myn hert bare of blisse / and blak of huwe /
þat tourned is / in qwaking / al my daunce /
My surtee/ In whaaped countenaunce / 215

TRINITY (SHIRLEY)

[ANELIDA. COMPLAINT.]

[*Cambr. Univ. Libr., Ff.* i. 6, *leaf* 61 : paper, ¶ 1441-2.]

(31) (*Complaint* 1. *Proem*)

Othirlyd with þ poynt of Remembraunce 211
the swerd of Sorowe whet with fals plesaunce
Myn herte bare of blysse & blacke of hewe
That turnyd ys to quakyng al my daunce
Mi suerte in a waiped countenaunce 215

MS. Ff. I. 6.

[*Pepys MS.* 2006, *Magd. Coll. Camb., page* 382, *in hand* E.]

The Complaint of Anelida quene of Hermenye vpon false Arcite of Thebes

(*Anelida*, 31.) (*Compleint* 1. *Proem*)

SO thirleth wyth the Point of Remembraunce [p. 383] (1) 211
The swerd of sorow whet with fals plesaunns
Mi hert bare of blisse And blak of hewe
That turned is in quakynge All my dance
My securte in A whaped Contenance (5) 215

PEPYS 2006

For sith hit vayleþe nought for to be truwe /
For who so truwest is / hit shal hir ruwe /
þat scrueþe loue / and doþe him obseruaunce /
Alwey til oon / and chaungeþe / for no nuwe / 219

(32) (*Compl.* 2; *Movement* I. 1)

¶ I. wot my self als wel as any wight / 220
For I loued oon / with al myn hert and might /
More þan myselfe / an hundreþe thousand sythe /
And called him myn hertes lyf my knight
And was al his / als fer as hit was right 224
Whan he was glad þanne was I euer blythe
And his disese / was to me deepe asswythe
And he ayein his trouthe / haþe me plight /
For euer more his lady me to kythe / 228

(33) (*Compl.* 3; *Mov.* I. 2)

¶ Now is he fals / ellas and cauuelesse / [leaf 248] 229
And of my wo / he is so routhelesse /
þat with oon worde / him list not ouys deyne
To bringe ageyne / my soroful hert in pees
For he is kaught vp / in a noþer leesse 233
Right as him list / he laugheþe at my peyne /
And yit .I. ne can myn hert not restreyne /
For to loue him alwey / neuer þe leese
And of al þis / I. not to whome me pleyne / 237

(34) (*Compl.* 4; *Mov.* I. 3)

¶ And shal I pleyne / allas þat herd stounde / 238
Vn to my foo / þat gaf myn hert a wounde
And yit desireþe / þat myn harome be more /
Nay for certis / þer shal. I neuer be founde
Noon oþes help / my sorowes for to sounde 242
My desteny haþe shapen hit ful yore /
I wil noon oþer medecyn / ne lore /
Ay wol I byde / þer as I was onys bounde
þat I haue seyde / be sayde for euer more / 246

Sith hit availeth not to ben trew
For who-so truest is hit shall him rew
That seruith loue *and* doth her obseruaunce
Alwey to oon *and* chavngith for no new 219

(32) (*Compl.* 2; *Movement* I. 1)

¶ I wot my self as well as eny wight 220
For I louyd oon with all my hert *and* myght
More than my self a .C. Mˡ sythi
And clepid him my hertis life my knight
and was all his as fer as hit was right 224
And when that he was glad then was I blithi
and his disese was my deth as swith
And he ayein his trouthi had me plight
ffor euermore his ladi me to kith 228

(33) (*Compl.* 3; *Mov.* I. 2)

¶ Alas now hath he lefte me causeles 229
and of my wo he is so routheles
That with a word him lust not onys deyn
To bringe ayein my sorowfull hert in pes
For he is caught vp in an othir les 233
Rist as me lust he laughith at my peyn
And I ne can myn hert not restreyne
That I ne loue him. alwey neuertheles
And of all this I not to whom me pleyn 237

(34) (*Compl.* 4; *Mov.* I. 3)

¶ And shall I pleyn alas the hard stovnde 238
Vn-to my foo that yaf my hert a wounde [leaf 5, back]
And yet desireth that my harme be more
Nay certis ferthur wull I neuer be founde
none othir help my sorys for to sounde 242
My destany hath shapyn hit yore
I will non odir medicyne ne lore
I will be ay there I was onys bounde
That I haue seid be seid for euermore 246

Sithe it availleth not to ben trewe
For who trewe is it shal him Rewe
That seruith loue and doith his obseruaunce
Alwey to oon and chaunge for no newe 219

(32) (*Compl.* 2; *Movement* I. 1)

I wote my self as well as any wight 220
For I loued oon with al my hert and might
More than my self a hundred thousand sithe
And called him my hert*is* lif my knyght
And was al his aster as it was right 224
And whan that he was glad than was I blythe
And his disease was my dethe as swythe
And he ayein his trouthe bathe me blyght
For euermore his lady me to kythe 228

(33) (*Compl.* 3; *Mov.* I. 2)

Nowe is he fals alas and causeles 229
And of my woo he is so Routheles
That with oon worde him list not oonys deyne
In bring ayein my sorowful hert in peas
For hens caught vp in an other lees 233
Right as him listeth He laugheth at my payne [leaf 61, back]
And I ne can myn hart not Refrayne
For to loue him yet alwey neuertheles
And of al this I not to whom to payne 237

(34) (*Compl.* 4; *Mov.* I. 3)

And shulde I playne alas the harde stounde 238
Vnto my foo that yaue myn hert a wounde
And desireth yet that myn harme be more
Now certis further wol I neuer be founde
Noon other helpe my sores for to sounde 242
My destenye hath shapped so ful yore
I wol noon other medecyne ne lore
I wol ben ay where I was oonys bounde
That I haue saide be saide for euermore 246

Sith þat / it vayllep nought for to be truwe /
ffor who so truwest is / hit shal hem ruwe /
þat serueþ loue / and doop hir obseruaunce
Alweys til oon / and chaungeþ for noo nuwe / 219

(32) (*Compl.* 2 ; *Movement* I. 1)

¶ I wot my self als weel as Any wight' [page 167] 220
ffor I loued oon / with al myn hert and might'
More þan my self / an hundreþe thousand sybe
And called him / myn hertes lyf' my knight'
Soo was I his / als fer as it was Right' 224
And whanne þat he was gladde / þanne was I. blybe /
His grief disayse / was to my deepe als swybe /
And he ageyn his trouthe / haþe me plight'
ffor euermore / his lady me to kybe / 228

(33) (*Compl.* 3 ; *Mov.* I. 2)

¶ Nowe is he fals / ellas · and causelesse / 229
And of' my woo / he is so Routheleese
þat with oon worde / him list not' oones deyne /
To bring' agayne / my sorouful hert in pees /
ffor he is kaught vp / in a noþer' lees / 233
Right as him list' he laugliepe at my peyne /
And I ne can myn hert not Restreyne /
ffor to loue him alwey / neuer þe lees /
And' of al þis / I. not to whome me pleyne / 237

(34) (*Compl.* 4 ; *Mor.* I. 3)

¶ And' shal .I. pleyne / ellas þat harde stounde / 238
Vn to my foo / þat gaf' myn hert a wounde /
And' yit desyrepe / þat / myn harme beo moore /
Nay for certes / þer shal I. neuer beo founde
Noone oþes helpe / my sorowes for to sounde 242
My destenye · haþe shapen it / ful yore
I. wil noon oþer medeeyne / ne lore /
I. wol beon ay / þer I. was oonys bounde
þat · I haue sayde / beo sayde for euer moore / 245

Sothe hit a vayth the nat to be trewe
For who trewe ys hit schal hym Rewe
That serwythe lowe & dothe here obseruaunce
al weye to on & changithe for no newe 219

(32) (*Compl.* 2 ; *Mov.* I. 1)

I wote my selfe as welle as eny whyght 220
For y lowyd one with al myn herte & myght
More thenne my selfe an hondryd thowsand sythe
And callyd hym myn hertis lyffe my knyght
And was al his as ferre as hit was Ryght 224
And whenne þat the was gladde thenne was y blythe
And his deesse was my dethe as blythe [*Arest, scribe*]
And he a-yene his trowthe hathe me plyght
For owre more his lady me to kythe 228

(33) (*Compl.* 3 ; *Mov.* I. 2)

Now ys he false alas & causeles 229
And of my wo he ys so routheles
That with a worde hym liste nat onys deyne
To bryng a-yene my sorowful hert in pes
For he hit cawght vp in a nother lees 233
Ryght as hym Selfe liste he lawghethe at my payne
And y necane myn herte nat withstrayne
For to lowe hym yet al weye neurethelees
And of al this y wote nat to whomme to playne 237

(34) (*Compl.* 4 ; *Mov.* I. 3)

And Scholde y playne a las þ' hard stounde [*last 61, inc.*] 238
Vn to my fo þat yafe my herte a wounde
And yet desyrethe þat my harme be more
Now sertis ferther wolle y newre be founde
Non other helpe my sorys for to sounde 242
My destenye hathe schapyd so ful yore
y wolle non other medesyne ne lore
y wolle bene aye ther y was onys bounde
That y haue sayde be seide for owre more 246

Syth hit Anayleth not for to be trew
For who so treweste is it shall her' rewe
That serueth loue And doth her obseruaunce
Alwey tiH on And changeth for no new (9) 219

(32) (*Compl.* 2 ; *Movement* I. 1)

I wot my self As weH As Any wight (10) 220
For I loued on' with AH my herte And myght
More þan' my self an hundreth thowsand' sythe
And called him my hertys lyffe my knyght
And was aH his as fer as it was ryghte (14) 224
And whan' þat he was glade þan' was I blythe
And his diseas was my doth as swythe
And he a gayn' his trouth hath me plithe
For euer mo his lady me to kithe (18) 228

(33) (*Compl.* 3 ; *Mor.* I. 2)

Now is he fals Alas And Causeles (19) 229
And of my wo he is so routheles
That with A word hym liste not ones digne
To bringe A gayn' my sorowfuH herte in pes
For he is caught vp in a noþer les (23) 233
Right as hym lyste he laugeth At my peyne [*page 385*]
And I ne kan' my hert not restreyn'
For to loue him noþer þ' lees
And of AH this I not to whom' to pleyne (27) 237

(34) (*Compl.* 4 ; *Mov.* I. 3)

And shaH I pleyn' Alas the harde stownd' (28) 238
Vn to my foo · that yaffe my herte A wounde
And yet desyreth þat my harme be More
Nay *certes* for *þer* shaH' neuer be founde
Non' *oþer* help my Sores for to sounde (32) 242
My destyne hath shape it so fuH yore
I woH non' *oþer* medycine ne lore
I woH be ay *þer* I was ones bounde
That I haue seid be seid for euer more. (36) 246

(35) (*Compl.* 5; *Mov.* I. 4)

¶ Ellas wher is becommen youre gentylesse 247
Youre wordes ful of plesaunce and humblesse
Youre observaunces / and so lowe manere
Youre awaytinges / and your bisynesse
Vpon me þat ye clepid youre Maystresse 251
Youre souerain lady of þis worlde here /
And þer nowe / neyþer worde ne chere
Ye vowchensauff / vpon myn hevynesse /
Ellas / youre loue / I bye hit al to dere / 255

[*cf. 41, Mov.* II. 4, p. 54 *below, follows in the MS.*]

(36) (*Compl.* 6; *Mov.* I. 5

¶ Now certes sweet / þoughe þat ye / [on leaf 248, back] 256
þus causeles þe cause be /
Of my dedly aduersyte /
Your manly resoun · aught it for to respyte / 259
¶ To sle your frende and namely me /
þat neuer yit in no degree /
Offended yowe als wissely he /
þat al wot / owt of woo my soule qwyte 263
¶ But for I was so pleyne Arcyte /
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. 267
. . . . *no gap in Shirley's MS.*]
Of my wo / ye recheche nought a myte
þaughe þe swerd of sorowe byte /
My wooful hert thorowe your cruelte 271

(37) (*Compl.* 7; *Mov.* I. 6)

¶ My swete foo / why don ye so / for shame / 272
And thenke ye / þat furþerd be / your name /
To loue a nuwe / and be vntruwe / nay /
And put yowe / in sklaundre nowe / and blame
For to don me / Aduersite / and grame / 276

(35) (*Compl* 5; *Mov.* I. 4)

¶ Alas where is bicome youre gentillesse 247
youre wordis full of plesaunce *and* humblesse
youre obseruauncys in so lowe manere
And youre awayting*s and* youre besynesse
Vp-on me that ye caldyn youre maistresse 251
youre souereigne ladi in this world here
Alas is ther nothir word ne chere
ye vouch-safe vp-on myn hevinesse
Alas youre loue I bye hit all to dere 255

(36) (*Compl.* 6; *Mov.* I. 5)

¶ Now certis swete thogh that ye 256
Thus causeles the causer be
Of my dedly aduersite
youre manly resoun ogh̄t hit to respite 259
To slene youre frend*e and* namly me
that neuer yet in no degre
Offendid*e* you as wisly he
That all wote oute of wo my soule quyte 263
¶ But for I shewid*e* you Arcite [space and line in MS.]
All that men wold*e* to me write
and was so besy you *to* delite
My honoure sauf. kinde meke *and* fre 267
Therfor ye put on me the wyte [leaf 6]
And of me rek not a myte
Thogh the swerd of sorow byte
My wofull hert thro youre cruelte 271

(37) (*Compl.* 7; *Mov.* I. 6)

¶ My swete foo whi do ye so for shame 272
And thenke ye. that furtherid*e* be youre name
To loue a new. *and* be vntrew. nay
And put you. in sclaundre now *and* blame
And do to me. aduersite *and* grame 276

(35) (*Compl.* 5; *Mov.* I. 4)

Alas where is becomme your gentilnesse 247
Youre wordis ful pleasaunce and humblenesse
Youre obseruaunce in so lowe manere
Youre awaiting and youre besynesse
On me that ye haue called youre maistresse 251
Youre souerayn lady in this worlde here
Alas is there neither worde ne chere
Ye vouchesauf vpon myn heuynesse
Alas youre loue I bye it alle to dere 255

(36) (*Compl.* 6; *Mov.* I. 5)

Nowe certis swete thoughi the[illegible]ye [leaf 82] 256
Thus causeles the cause be
Of my dedely aduersite
Youre manly raison aught to Respite 259
To slee your frende and namly me
That euer yet in noo degree
Offended you as wisly he
That al wote of woo my soule quyte 263
But for I shewed you Arcite
Alle that men wold to me write
And was so besy you to delite
My honnoure saue meke kinde and fre 267
Therfore ye put on me this wite
Alas ye Recche not a myte
Though that the swerde of sorowe bite
My woful hert thorough your cruelte 271

(37) (*Compl.* 7; *Mov.* I. 6)

My swete foo why doo ye so for shame 272
And thinke ye that furthered be your name
To loue a new and be vntrewe aye
And put you in slaundre nowe and blame
And doo to me aduersite and grame 276

(35) (*Compl.* 5; *Mov.* L 4)

¶ Ellas wher is become / youre gentylesse // (page 196) 247
Youre wordes ful of plesaunce and humblesse
Youre observaunces / and so lowe manere
Youre awaytinges / and youre bisynesse/
Vpon me / þat ye clepeð · youre maystresse 251
Youre souerayne lady / of þis worlde here
And is þer nowe / neyþer · worde ne chere /
Yee vowchensauf · vpoñ myn hevynesse /
Ellas youre loue / I. bye it al to dere / 255

(36) (*Compl.* 6; *Mov.* L 5)

¶ Nowe certes sweete / þan, · I þ[t] yee 256
þus causelesse / þe cause bee /
Of/ my dedly aduersytee
your manly Rayson. aught it to Respyte / 259
¶ To sle youre freonde and namely me
þat neuer yit in no degre
Offended yowe / als wissely he
· þat al wot / out of woo my soule qwyte /
¶ But for I. was so pleyne Arcyte 264
[. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. 267
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Ellas yee / recche nought a myte
þoghe · I[t] þe swerd of sorowe byte
My wooful hert/ thoroughe your cruwelte / 271

(37) (*Compl.* 7; *Mov.* L 6)

¶ My sweete foo / why do yee soo / for shame / 272
And thenken yee / þat forþerð be / your name
To loue a nuwe / and beo v[n]truwe / nay
And putt you / in sklaundre nowe / and blame
flor to doo me / Aduersite / and grame / 276

(35) (*Compl.* 5; *Mov.* L 4)

Alas wher ys by-come yowre gentilnes 247
Yowre wordis ful of plesaunce & humblesse
Yowre obseruaunce in so lowe manere
Yowre a-waytyng & yowre besynes
On me þat ye callyd yowre maystres 251
Yowre Soweryne lady in this wordle here
A-las ys ther nother worde ne chere
ye wouchesafe vp on myn hewynes
A-las yowre lowe y bye hit al to dere 255

(36) (*Compl.* 6; *Mov.* L 5)

Now Sertis Swete thought þat ye 256
thus causeles þ[e] cawse be
Of my dedely atwersite
Yowre manly Resoun aught to Respite 259
to fle yowre frende & namely me
That newre yet in no degre
Offendid yow as wyssely hee
That al wote of wo my swills quite 263
But for y schewyd yow arcite [leaf 65]
Al þat man-wolde to me wryte
And was so besy yow to delite
Myn honour saufe meke kynde & fre 267
Therfore ye putte me in this wyte
Alas ye Reche nat a myte
Thow þat the swerde of sorow byte
Mi woful herte throf yowre cruelte 271

(37) (*Compl.* 7; *Mov.* L 6)

My swete fo why do ye so for schame 272
And thenke ye þat furtheryd be yowre name
To lowe a newe & bene vntrewe ay
And put yow in Sclaundre now & blame
And do to me aduersite & grame 276

(35) (*Compl.* 5; *Mov.* L 4)

Alas wher is becom̃ your Gentillesse (37) 247
Youre wordes full of plesaurs and humblesse
Youre obseruances and so low manere
Youre Awaitinge And your besynesse
Vp on me þat ye called your Maistres (41) 251
Your soureyn of þese [1 worlde underlined to be left out] worldes here
Alas And is þer now no word ne chere
Ye Vouchom̃ sauf vp on̄ my heuynesse
Alas your loue I bye it AH to dere. (45) 255

(36) (*Compl.* 6; *Mov.* L 5)

Now certes swete thogh that ye (46) 256
Thus Causeles the cause be
Of my dedly Aduersite
Your manly reson̄ ought [*MS. torn*] (49) 259
To sle your frend And namely me
That yeuer yet in no degree
Offended as wisly hee
That AH wote out of wo [*MS. torn*] (53) 263
But for y was so pleyn̄ Arcite
In AH my werkes muche And lite
And so besy yow to delite
Mi honour saufe & meke kin [*MS. torn*] (57) 267
Therfor ye put on̄ me þis wite
And als ye rekken̄ not amyte
þough þat þ[e] sword of sorow byte
Mi wofuH herte þurgh [*MS. torn*] (61) 271

(37) (*Compl.* 7; *Mov.* L 6)

Mi swete foo whi do ye so for shame [page 254] (62) 272
And thinke ye that forthred by your name
To loue A newe and be vntrew nay
And put yow in eclandre now & blame
And do to me Aduersite And grame (66) 276

þat loue yow moost / god wel þow wost / alwey
¶ Yit some ageyne / and me playne / some day / [leaf 242]
And þan shal þis / þat nowe is misse / be game /
And al forgyf / whylest þat lyve / I · may / 280

(38) (*Compl.* 8; *Mov.* II. 1)

¶ Loo hert myn / al þis is for to seyne / 281
As wheþer shal I preye or ellys pleyne /
Whiche is þe wey / to do yow to be truwe /
For oþer mot I, haue yow. in my cheyne /
Or with þe dethe / ye mot depart vs tweyne 285
þer iyn noon oþer meen weyes nuwe /
For god so wissely of my soule ruwe /
As verayly ye slen me with þe peyne
þat may ye se · vnfeyned on myn huwe /. 289

(39) (*Compl.* 9; *Mov.* II. 2)

[. 290
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. 294
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*] 298

(40) (*Compl.* 10; *Mov.* II. 3: *nine rymes in* -ede)

¶ And shal I prey / and venym wommanhed / 299
Nay raþer dye / þan do so cruwel a ded
And axe mercy · causeles what ned
And if þat I, myn oþes to yow bedd
For myn excuse / a skorne shal be my meed 303
And if I telle yowe / what lyf þat .I leed
þan wol ye laughe / I knowe hit owt of dred
Youre chere flourepe / but it wol not seed
Ful longe agoon / I ought haue taken heed 307

That loue you most god well thou wost alway
yet come a-yein *and* be all pleyn som day
And turne all this that hath be mys to game
and all for-youe while that I love may 280

(38) (*Compl.* 8; *Mov.* II. 1)

¶ Lo hert myne all this is for to seyn 281
As whedir shall I prey or ellis pleyn
Which is the wey to don you to be trew
For either mot I haue you in my cheyne
Or with the deth ye mot departe vs tweyn 285
Ther ben non odir mene weies new
For god so wisly vpon my sowle rew
As verely ye slen me with the peyn
That may ye se vnfoyned of myn hew 289

(39) (*Compl.* 9; *Mov.* II. 2)

¶ For thus ferforth haue I my deth soght 290
Mi self I mordre with my prevy thoght
For sorow *and* routh of youre vnkindnesse
I wepe I wake I fast all helpith noght
I weyve ioy that is to speke of oght 294
I voide company I flee gladnesse
Who may a-vaunt her bet of hevinesse
Than I *and* to this plite haue ye me broght
With-out gilte me nedith no witnesse 298

(40) (*Compl.* 10; *Mov.* II. 3: *nine rymes in* -ede)

¶ And shall I prey *and* weyve womanhede [leaf 6, back] 299
Nay rathur deth then do so foule a dede
And axe mercy giltles what nede
and if I pleyn what lyfe I lede
you rekkith noght that know I oute of drede 303
And if I to you myn othes bede
For myne excuse a skorne shall be my mede
youre chere floureth but wult not sede
Full longe a-goon I ought to have take hede 307

That loue you moost god wote thou wostie alwaye
Yet turne ayein and yet be plain somme daye
And than shal this that now is mysse be game
And al for-yeue while I lyue maye 280

(38) (*Compl.* 8; *Mov.* II. 1)

Loo hert myn al this is for to saiene [leaf 62, back] 281
As whether shal I pray or ellis playne
Whiche is the day to doo you to be trewe
For either musty I haue you in my chayne
Or withe the deth ye must depart vs twayne 285
There be noon other meane wayes newe
For god so wisly vpon my paynes Rewe
As verveily ye slee me *with* the payne
That may ye seen vnfayned of myn hewe 289

(39) (*Compl.* 9; *Mov.* II. 2)

For thus ferforth haue I my deth sought 290
My self I murdre with my pryue thought
For sorowe and Routhe of your vnkindenesse
I wepe I wake I fast al helpeth nought
I voide Ioy that is to speke of aught 294
I voide Company I flee gladenesse
Who may avaunt his bet of heuynesse
Than I and to this plight haue ye me brought
Withoute gilt me nedith noo witnesse 298

(40) (*Compl.* 10; *Mov.* II. 3: *nine rymes in* -ede)

And shuld I pray and voide womanhede 299
Nay Rather deth than doo so foule a dede
And mercy aske and giltnesse what nede
And if I playne what lif I lede
You rekketh not that knowe I oute of drede 303
And if I vnto you myn othes bede [leaf 81]
For myn excuse a scorne shal be my mede
Youre chere floureth but it wol not sede
For long agoo I might haue taken hede 307

To loue yowe mooste / god weel þou wooste / alway
Yit komeþe agayne / and beo pleyne / some day
And þanne shal þis / þat nowe is myne / beo game
And al forgyve / whyle þat heer lyfe I. may / 280

(38) (*Compl.* 8; *Mov.* II. 1)

¶ Lo herk myn / al þis is for to seyne / [page 109] 281
As whether shal I prey / or ellys pleyne /
Whiche is þe weye / to doo you to beo truwe /
For eyþer mote I haue you in my cheyne /
Or with þe deeþe / yee mot depart vs tweyne / 285
þer lyen noone oþer / meene weyes nuwe
ffor god so wisely / on my soule ruwe
As verrayly yee sleen me with þe peyne
þat may yee beo / vnfeyned heer / on myne huwe / 289

(39) (*Compl.* 9; *Mov.* II. 2)

[. 290
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. 294
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.* 298

(40) (*Compl.* 10; *Mov.* II. 3: *nine in* -ede)

¶ And shoulde .I. prey / and venyme womanhede 299
Nay raþer dye / þane do so cruwel deed
And asshe. mercy causeleese what need
And if I pleyne · what lyfe þat I leed
þanne wol yee laughe / I knowe it out of dreed 303
And if þat I to yowe myne oþes beed
ffor myne excuse / a skorne shal beo my meed
Youre cheer flonrebe // but it wol not seed
fful long agoone / I. aught. haue taken heed 307

That lowe yow most god welle thow west al weye
yet turne a-yene & be playne some daye
And thenne schal thys þat now ys mys ben game
And al for-yewe whille y lewe maye 260

(38) (*Compl.* 8; *Mov.* II. 1)

Lo herte myn al this al this ys for to seyne 281
As whether schal y praye or ellis playne
weche ys þ^e^ weye to do yow to be trewe
for other mote I haue yow in my cheyne
Or *with* the dethe depart ye mote vs tweyne 285
Ther bethe non other weys newe
for god so wysely apone my sowle Rewe
As werraly ye slone me *with* the peyne
That may ye sene vnfaynyd of my hue 289

(39) (*Compl.* 9; *Mov.* II. 2)

For thus for sothe haue y my dethe sowght [last C8, back] 290
My selfe y mordre *with* my preuy thowght
for sorow & Rowthe of yowre vnkyndenes
I wepe & wake I fast al helpithe nowght
I woyde Ioye that ys to speke of owght 294
I woyde companye I fle gladnes
who may a-vaunte here bet of heuines
Thenne I & to this plyte haue ye me browght
with owte gylte me nedithe no witnes 298

(40) (*Compl.* 10; *Mov.* II. 3: *nine in* -ede)

And scholde y praye & woyde womanhede 299
Nays Rather dethe theune do so fowle a dede
And merci aske & gilteles what nede
And yf y playne what lyfe y lede
Yow Reckythe nat that cnowe owte of drede 303
And yf y vn to yow myn othes bede
For myn excuse a scorne schal be my mede
Yowre chere flowrythe bote *hit* welle nat sede
Fol long a-gone I myght haue take hede 307

That loue yow moste god welt þow wooste Alwey
Yet com) A geyn) and yet be playn) som day
And than shalt this þat now is myne / be game
And alt for-yeue while þat I lyue may (70) 280

(38) (*Compl.* 8; *Mov.* II. 1)

Lo herte myn) alt this is for to seyn) (71) 281
As whe^{p}er shalt I prey or elt playn)
Which is the wey to do yow to be trew
For o^{p}er mot I han) yow in my cheyn)
Or *with* the deth ye mote departe vs tweyn) (75) 285
There lye ^{r}on^{p}er mene^{1} weyes newe [^{1} mene in margin]
For God so wisly on) my soule rew
As verely yeale me *with* the peyn)
That may ye se vnfeyned on) my hew (79) 289

(39) (*Compl.* 9; *Mov.* II. 2)

[. . . . . (80) 290
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . (84) 294
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*] (88) 298

(40) (*Compl.* 10; *Mov.* II. 3, *nine in* -ede)

And sholt I prey And wynen) womanhede (89) 299
Nay rather die than do so cruelt dede
And Axe mercy causeles what nede
And if I plyn) what liffe þat I lede
Than wolt ye laugh I knowit out of drede (93) 303
And if þat I to yow my othes bede
For myn) excuse A scorn) shalt be my mede
Youre chere flourith. but it wilnot sede
For longe Agon) I ofte han) take hede (97) 307

(41) (*Compl.* 11; *Mov.* II. 4) [m½'d *from top of* 242, *back, of MS.*]

¶ For þoughe ye tolde me nuwe to-morow ageyne / 308
I. might als wele kepe Aueriłł fromę Reyne /
As kepe you hole and make you truwe stedfast
Almighty god of trouthe souereñ /
Wher Is þe trouthe of man / who haþe it sleyne / 312
She þat hem trustiþe / shal hem fynde als fast
As in þe tempest is a roten mast /
Is þat a tame beest þat is ay feyne /
To fleo away / whanne it is leest agast 316

(42) (*Compl.* 12; *Mov.* II. 5)

¶ Now mercy sweet if I mys sey [leaf 243, *at foot*] 317
I am so mased · þat I dey /
I not my wit / is half awey /
I fare as doþe þe songe of Chaunteplure 320
For nowe I. pleyne and now I pley /
I am so maseđ þat I dey /
Arcyte haþe bore away þe key /
¶ Of al my worlde / and my good aventure / [leaf 243, *bk*] 324
¶ For in þis wor[l]de / nys creature
Lyving in more descumfiture /
þan I · no more sorowe endure
And if I sleepe / a furlong wey or twey / 328
I þan semeþe me þat youre fygure /
Standeþ clopeđ to for me in asure /
To pfofren effy and nuwe ensure /
To love me best vn til þat I dye / 332

(43) (*Compl.* 13; *Mov.* II. 6)

¶ þe longe night / þis wonder sight / I drye / 333
And on þe day / for þilk affray / I deye /
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Ne neuer mo / myn · eyen two / ben drye /
And to youre trouthe / and to your routhe / I crye / 337

(41) (*Compl.* 11; *Mov.* II. 4)

¶ For thogh I hadę you to morow ageyn 308
I myght as well holdę Aprill from reyn
As holdę you to make you be stidfast
Almighti godę of trouth soureigne
Where is the trouth of man who hath hit slayn 312
Who that hem louyth ahe shall hem finde as fast
As in a tempest ys a roton mast
Is that a tame best that is ay fayn
To renne a-woy when he is lost a-gast 316

(42) (*Compl.* 12; *Mov.* II. 5)

¶ Now mercy swete if I myssey 317
Haue I seidę ought amys I prey
I not my witte is all a-woy
I fare as doth the songe of chavnte-plure 320
For now I pleyn *and* now I pley
I am so masidę that I deye
Arcite hath borne a-wey the key
Of all my worldę *and* my goodę aventure 324
¶ For in this worldę ther is no creature [*space here in MS.*]
Wakinge in more discomfiture [leaf 28]
Than I ne more sorow endure
And if I slepe a forlonge wey othir twey 328
Then thenkith me that youre figure
be-fore me stont cladę yn asure
To suere yet ofte a newe asure
For to be trew *and* mercy me to prey 332

(43) (*Compl.* 13; *Mov.* II. 6)

¶ The longe night this wondir sight I drye 333
and on the day for this afray y dye
And of all this right noght I wis ye reche
Ne nenermo myn yen two be drye
And to youre trouth *and* to youre routh I crye 337

(41) (*Compl.* 11; *Mov.* II. 4)

For though I hadę you to morow ayein 308
I myghtę aswel holde aprell from Rayne
As to holde you to make you stedefast
Almighty god of trouthe the souuerayne
Where is the trouthe of man who hath it slayne 312
She that him loueth shal him finde as fast
As in a tempest is a Roten mast
Is that a tame best that is ay fayne
To Renne away whan he lest is agast 316

(42) (*Compl.* 12; *Mov.* II. 5)

Now mercy swete if I missaye 317
Haue I aught saide oute of the waye
I not / my witte is al awaye
I fare as doith the songe of Chauntplure 320
For nought I playne and now I playe
I am so mased that I daye
Arcite hath borne away the kaye
Of al the worde and my good auenture 324
For in this worlde there nys no Creature [leaf 23, back]
Walking in more discomfiture
Than I ne more sorowe endure
For if I slepe a forlong wey or tway 328
Than thinketh me that your fugure
Bifore me stant cladde in assure
Efte to profre a newe assure
For to be trewe of mercy me to pray 332

(43) (*Compl.* 13; *Mov.* II. 6)

The long night this wondre sight I drye 333
That on the day for suche affray I dye
And of al this right naught I wisse ye Recche
Ne nenermore myn yen two be drye
And to your Routhe and to your trouthe I crye 337

(41) (*Compl.* 11; *Mov.* II. 4)

¶ ffor þaughe yee tolde me nuwe to morowe ageyne /
I might als weel / keep AuerylI fromе Reyne /
As holden yowe / to keep you hool stidfast
Almighty god of trouthe soueraryn
Where is þe trouthe of / man whoo haþe it sleyne
She þat hem trusteþe / shal hem fynde als fast
As in þe tempest / is a roten mast
Is þat a thaane beest / þat is ay so feyne/
To flee away whane / it is leest agast

(42) (*Compl.* 12; *Mov.* II. 5)

¶ But mercy sweet if I. missaye [page 112]
Hane I. ought sayde / out of þe waye
I not my wit is half a waye /
I fare as doþe þe song of Chaunteplour
¶ ffor nowe .I playne and nowe I pleye
I am so masel þat I deye
Arcyte haþe borne aweye þe keye
Of al my worlde & my goode aventure
¶ ffor in þis worlde nys creature
Waking in more / discoumfyture
þane .I. ne more sorowe endure
And if I. sleepe a fourlong wey or twoye /
¶ þanne thinkeþ me þat youre fygure
Before me stant cloþed in asure
To profren eff and nuwe assure
ffor to be truwe / and loue me til yee deye

(43) (*Compl.* 13; *Mov.* II. 6)

¶ þe long night / þis wonder sight / I drye /
And on þe day / for þilk affraye / I. dye /
And of al þis / Right nought I wysse / yee-recche
Ne neuer moo / myne eyeghen twoo / bee drye /
And to youre Routhe / and to youre trouthe. / I crye

(41) (*Compl.* 11; *Mov.* II. 4)

For þow y hadde yow to morow a-yene
I myght as weł holde apryłle from reyne
As holdyn yow to makyn stedefaste
Al myghty god of trowthe sowerayne
Wher ys the trowthe of man who hathe hit Slayne
Sche þat hem lowythe schal hem fynde as false
As in a tempest ys a Roten mast
Ys þat as tame þat ys as fayne
To Reane a wey whenne he ys leste agaste

(42) (*Compl.* 12; *Mov.* II. 5)

Now merci swete if y m[i]sseye [leaf 63]
Hane y owght seyde owte of þ[e] weye
I note my witte ys al aweye
I fare as dothe þ[e] song of chaunteplure
for now y plaine & now y pleye
I am so masyd þat y deye
Arcite hathe borne a-weye þ[e] keye
Of al my wordle & my gode anenture[1] [1 space in MS.]
For in this wordle ther ys no creature
walkyng in more disconfiture
Thenne y ne more sorow endure
For yef y slepe a forlang wey or twey
Thenne thenkithe me þat yowre figure
By-fore me stant clad in Asure
Efte to profre a new assure
for to ben trew in merci me to praye

(43) (*Compl.* 13; *Mov.* II. 6

The long nyght this wonde sight I drye
That on þ[e] daye for suche affraye I dye
Of al this Ryght nowght y-wis ye Reche
Ne newre moo myn Ien two ben drie
And to yowre Rowthe & to yowre trowþ[e] y crye

(41) (*Compl.* 11; *Mov.* II. 4)

For þough I hadd yow to morn A geyn (98) 308
I myght as weł holde Auerił fro reyn
As holden yow to make yow stedfaste
Alł myghthi god of trouth sovereyn (101) 311

[*next leaf wanting. Page* 385 *begins with the last* 2 *lines of* Fortune, *which are also on p.* 126 *of the MS.:*
Prayeth his best frend of his noblesse
That to som bettre estat he may Atteyn]

170-171 PAR-TEXT
56 ANELIDA AND ARCITE. *ADDIT. MS.* 16,165.

But weylawey / to for ben þey / to fechche /
Þus holdeþe me / my destenye / a wrechche /
And me to rede / out of þis drede / or crye /
Ne may my wit / so weyke is hit not strecche / 341

(44) (*Compl.* 14. *Conclusion.*)

¶ Þan eende I þus / sith I may do no more / 342
And gif it vp / for nowe and euer more /
For shal I neuer offe put in balaunce /
My sikurnesse / ne lerne of loue þe lore /
But as þe swan / I haue herd sey ful yore / 346
Ageyns his deeþe / shal singen his penaunce
So sey I here my destenye / or chaunce /
How þat Arcyte / Anelyda so sore
Haþe thirlled with þe poynt of Remembraunce / 350

¶ And þus endiþe here · þe compleynt of AnelydA.

170-171 PAR-TEXT
56 ANELIDA AND ARCITE. *BODLEY MS.* 638.

þut welawey to fer be thei to fech
Thus holdith me iny destany a wrecch
but me to rede out of this drede or guy
No may my witte so weike is hit not strech 341

(44) (*Compl.* 14. *Conclusion.*)

¶ Then ende I thus sith I may do no more 342
I yeue hit vp for now *and* euermore
For I shall neuer efte put in balaunce
Mi sikirnes ne lerne of loue the lore
But as the swan I haue herd seid full yore 346
Ayenst his deth shall synge his penavnce
So synge I here my destany or chaunce
How that Arcite Anelida to fore
Hath thirled with the poynt of remembraunce 350

Explicit. So thirlid. with the. poynt Of Remembraunce.

170-171 PAR-TEXT
56 ANELIDA AND ARCITE. *LONGLEAT MS.* 258.

But welawéy to ferre ben they to fecche
Thus holdith me my desteny awrecche
But me to rede oute of this drede or gie
No may my witte so weke is it not strecche 341

(44) (*Compleint* 14. *Conclusion.*)

Than ende I thus sithe I may doo nomore 342
I yeue it yp for nowe and euermore
For I shal neuer efte put in balaunce
My sikernesse ne lerne of loue the lore
But as a Swan I haue harde say ful yore 346
Ayeinst His dethe Wol singe in his penaunce [last si]
So syng I here the destany and chaunce
Howe that Arcite Annelada so sore
Hath thrilled *with* the pointe of Remembraunce 350

(45) (*Continuation.*)

Whan Annelada this woful quene 351
Hath of hir hande writen in this wise
With face dede bitwix pale and grene
She falle a swone and sithe began to Rise
And vnto mars avoweth sacrifise 355
Within the Temple *with* a woful chere
That shapen was as ye may plainly here

Here endith the complaint of Annelada the quene
ayeinst fals Arcite the Theban knyght

[*Follows: the* "Parlement of Foules," *leaves* 85—101.]
[*See the Description of the Temple of Mars in the* Knight's Tale.]

But weyle away / to fer beo þey / to fecche
þus holdeþ me / my destenye / a wrecche /
But me to rede / oute of þis drede / of crye /
Ne may my witte / so wayke is it / nought strecche 341

(44) (*Compl.* 14; *Mov.* II. 7. *Conclusion.*)

¶ panne ende .I. þus · sith ·I· may do no moore / 342
And gif it vp / for nowe / and euermore /
for shal I neuer efft putte in balaunce
My sikurnesse / ne lerne of loue þe loore /
Bot as þe swane / I haue herde telle for yore 346
Ageyns his deeþe / shal singen his penaunce
So seye · I here my destenye or chaunce /
howe þat Arcyte / Anelyda so score /
Haþe thirlled / with þe point of Remembraunce / 350

[*i.e.* 171. Nowe here filowepe an Holy medytacion.
✠ After þe stormy tyme / cessing þe rayn /]

But welle awey to farre be they to fecche
Thus holdythe me my destinè a wrecchè
But me to Rede owte of this drede or gy.
Ne maye my wytte so wayke yꝑ hit not strecche 341

(44) (*Compl.* 14. *Conclusion*)

Thenne ende·y thus sethe I may do no more [leaf 63, back]
I yewe hit vppe for now & ewre more
For y schal newre efte putten in balaunce
My sekernes ne kerne of lowe þ[e] lore
Bote as þ[e] swan y haue hurde seydè ful yore 346
A-yenst his dethe wolle syng in his penance
So syng y here þ[e] destine & chaunce
How þat Arcite Annelida so sore
Hathe thryllyd *with* þ[e] poynt of Remembrance 350

(45) (*Continuation*)

When that Annelida this woful quene 351
Hathe of here hande wretyn in this wyse
Wythe face dede bitwixte palle & grene
Sche felle a swowe & sythe sche gan to Ryse 354
And vn to mars a wowythe sacrifyse
With yn þ[e] temple *with* a sorowfuH chere
That schapeñ was as ye schal as ye schal afure here 357

[*incomplete: see the description of the Temple of Mars in the* Knight's Tale.]

IV. THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

(AN UNFINISHT POEM.)

THREE TEXTS (WITH THE 2ND CAST OF THE PROLOGUE).

1. *Complete, from the* BODLEY MS. 638.
2. *Incomplete, from the* ADDITIONAL MS. 9832, BRITISH MUSEUM, *lines* 1—1985.
3. *Incomplete, from the* { PEPYS MS. 2006, *lines* 1—1377 (*less* 706—776). / ADDITIONAL MS. 12,524, BRITISH MUSEUM, *lines* 1640—2723.

(*For* 6 *other complete Texts, see the* Parallel-Texts; *and for an incomplete one* (*Addit.* 28,617) *and* 2 *fragments, 'Thisbe' and 'Dido', see the* Odd-Texts.)

THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN

[*Bodley MS.* 638, *leaf* 48.]

[*The final* e *and* e *often have a dot or flourish after them.*]

[*The gaps in the Prologue show where this* 2*nd Cast differs from the* 1*st Cast in Gg.* 4. 27; *see the* Parallel Texts.]

The Prologe of 'ix good' Women'.

A Thowsand sithes I haue herd telle
Ther ys ioy in heyin *and* peyne in heÞ
And I acorde weÞ that it ys so
But natheles yet wote I weÞ also
That ther nys non dwellinge in this contre
that eyther hath iÞ heuyn or in heÞ I-be
Ne may of hit noon other weies wyten
but as he hath herd, seide or founde it writen
For bi assay ther may no man it preue
but god forbede but men shuld leue
WeÞ more thinge then men han sene with ye
Men shaÞ not wenyn euery thinge a lye
But yf him-self it seeth or ellys doÞh
For god wote thinge ys neuer the lesse soÞ
Thogh euery wight no may it not I-se
Bernard the monke ne sawgh not aÞ parde
Then mote we to bokis that we fynde
thorogh whiche that olde thinges ben in mynde
And to the doctryne of these olde wyse
Yeue credence in euery skylfuÞ wyse
That tellyn of these old Approuyd stories
Of holynessé of Regnes of Victóryes
Of loue of hate of oth*ir* sondry thinges
of which I may not make rehersyngos
And if that old bokys were A-wey
I-lorne were of Remembraunce the key

Bernardus Monachus non vidit omnia.

THE LEGENDE OF GOOD WOMEN.

[*Additional MS.* 9832, *British Museum, leaf* 4, *ab.* 1440-50 A.D.]

[*The gaps in the Prologue show where this* 2*nd Cast differs from the* 1*st Cast in Gg.* 4. 27; *see the* Parallel Texts.]

[THE PROLOGUE. *Second Cast.*]

A A thousand tymes haue I herd men telle
That ther is Ioye in hevyn And payne in heÞ
And I Acord me that hit is so
But nevyr theles yete wole I weÞ also
That ther is non dwellynge in this contree
That eyth*yr* in hevyn or in heÞ hath be
Ne may of hit no nother wyse wyttyn
but as he hath herd sayd or fyndé hit wryttyn
for by Assaye ther may no man hit preve
But god forbede but men shuld beleve
WeÞ more thynge than men hath sene with eygh
Men shaÞ not wene euery thynge A lygh
But yf hym selfe hit sayth or ells doth
for god wote thynge is nevyr las soth
though evere wyght ne may hit nought I-see
Barnard the monke ne sayth not aÞ parde
Then mote we to bokes that we fynde
Thorough which that old thyngis be in mynde
And to the doctryne of this old*e* wyse
Yeve Credence in every skyllfuÞ wyse
That tellyn of theys old aprovyd storyes
Off holynes of Rymes of victoryes
Off love off hate of other sondre thynges
Off the which I may not make rehersynges
And yff that old bookes were A-waye
Then lorne were of remem*b*eraunce the keyd

THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN

[*Pepys MS.* 2006 (*paper*), *page* 53, *in Hand B,* g *is for* g *with a curl-up tail;* n *is for* n.]

[*The gaps in the Prologue show where this* 2*nd Cast differs from the* 1*st Cast in Gg.* 4. 27; *see the* Parallel Texts.]

A Thowsand tymes [I] have herd telle
That ther is Ioye in heven and peyn in hell
And I accord welle that it is so
But netheles yet wote I welle al so
That þer nys noon dwellyng*e* in this countre
That eyther hath in heven or in hell be
Ne may of it noon oþer weyes wytten
But as he hath herd it seyde or founde it wr*i*tten
For by assay ther may no man it preve
But god for bede but men sholde leve
Well more thyng*e* them men may seyn with ye
Men shall not euery thyng*e* a lye
But yef hym self it seyth or elles doth
For god wote thyng*e* is neuer ne lesse soth
Though euery wyght ne may it not see
Bernard the monke ne sawgh not alle þ*er* de
Thann mot we to bokes that we fynde
Thurgh wheche old thynges ben in mynde
And to þ doctryne of this old*e* wyse
yeve credence in euery skylfull wyse
That tellen of this olde aprev*e*d storyes
Of holynes of reignes of vittoryes
Of love of hate of oþer syndry thynges
Of wheche I may not maken rehersynges
And yeve that old*e* bokes were a wey
Flore were of remembraunce the key

Well ought vs then honoure *and* bilene
these bokis there we haue noon othir preue
And as for me though that I kanne but lyte
On bokis for to rede I me delyte
And to hem yeue I feith *and* full credence
and in my herte haue hem in reuerence
So hertely that ther is game noon
that fro my bokis makith me to goon
But it be seldon on the holiday
Sauff certenly when the moneth of May
Is comyn *and* that I here the foules synge [leaf 68, back]
And that the flouris gynnen for to springe
Fare-well my boke *and* my deuocion
Now haue I thenne such a condicion
That of all the floures in the mede
than loue I moste these floures white *and* rede
Such as men callyn daysies yn owre towne
To hem haue I so grete affectyonn
As I seid erste when comyn ys the May
that in my bedde ther dawith me no day
That I ne am vppe *and* walkynge in the mede
to seen this floure A-yen the sonne spredo
When it vpriseth erly bi the morow
that blisful sight softnyth all my sorow
So glad am I when that I haue presence
of hit · to don hit all reuerence
As she that is of all floures flour
Fulfilled of all vertu *and* honoure
And euyr I-like feire *and* fressh of hew
And euyr I loue it *and* euyr I-like new
And euyr shall tille that myn herte dye
All swere I not of this I will not lye
Ther louyd no wight hotter yn his lyue
And when that it is eue I renne blyue
As sone as euyr the sonne gynneth weste
to seen this floure how yt will go to reste

Well ought vs then honour And beleve
Thes bokes ther we haue no nothyr preve
And as for me though I can but lyte
On bookes for to rede I me delyte
And to them yeve I fayth and full credence
And in my hert haue hem in reuerence
so hertely that ther is game none [leaf 4, back]
That fro my bookes makyth me to gone
But hit be seldyn vppon the halyday
save certenly whan that the moneth of maye
Is comen that I here the fowles synge
And that the flflours begyne for to springe
Than fare well my booke and my devocion
now haue I eke this conducion
That off all flflourys in the mede
Than love I moste theys flflours white & Rede
Suche as men callyn daysies in our towne
To them haue I so grete Affeccion
As I sayd erste when comyn is the maye
That in my bedde theyr dawith me no daye
That I Ame vpp walkynge in the Mede
To see this flfloure ayenste the sonne sprede
Whan hit vprysith Erly by the morow
That blissidfull syght softenyth all my sorow
so glade ame I whan I haue the presence
Off hit : // to don hit all maner reuerence
As she that is of all flflourys flflour
flfullfyllyd of all vertu and honour
And cvyr lyke fayre and flfressh of hew
And cvyr I love hit and cvyr lyke *new*
And cvyr I shall tyll *that* myn hert dyy
All swere I not of this I wyll not ly
Ther lovith no wyght hatlyer A lyve
And when that hit is cvyn I rynne belyve
As soone as the sone gynnythe to weste
To see this flflour how hit wyll go to reste

Welle owght vs then honowrow and beleve
Those bokes ther we han non oper prove
And as for me though that I can but lite
On bokes for to rede I me delite
And to hem yeve I feith and full credence
And in myn hert have hem in reverence
So hertly that per is game noon
That fro my bokes maketh me to gon
But yeve be seldome on p^e^ haly day
Save certeignly whenn pat p^e^ moneth of may
Is come and that I here p^e^ brydes syng
And pat the flowrys gynnen for to spryng
Fare welle my boke and my devocion
Now have I then eke a condicion
That of alle the flowres in the mede [page 54]
Thenn love I most these flowres whyt and rede
Seche as men callen daysyes in owre town
To hem have I so grete affection
As I seide arst whann come is the may
That in my bed dawetlı me no day
That I am vp and walkyng in p^e^ mede
To seyn this flowre ayen p^e^ sonne spreds
Whenn it vpryseth arly by the morow
That blisfull sight sawgoth alle my sorow
So glade am I whan I have presence
Of it to don it alle reuerence
As she that is of alle flowres flowre
Fullfillecl of alle vertue and honour
And euer I-lik faire and freshe of hiew
And euer I love and euer I-lik new
Apd euer shall till pat myn' hert dye
Alle swer I not of thys I will not lye
Ther loveth no wyght hoter in his live
And whann that it is even I renn blive
As sone as euer p^e^ sonne gynneth west
To seyn this flowre how it will go to rest

For fere of night so hatith she derknesse 63

[No gap in the MS.]

Hir chere is pleynly spradꝫ in the brightnesse 64
Of the sonne for there it wulꝫ vnclose
Allas that I ne hadꝫ englisah ryme to prose
Suffisant this floure to preise a right
but helpith ye that han konnynge *and* might 68
Ye louers that kan make of sentement
In this case ought ye be dilygent
To furtherin me somwhat in my laboure
Whethir ye ben with the lefe of with the floure 72
For welꝫ I wote that ye han here-biforne
Of makynge ropyn *and* ladꝫ a-wey the corne [leaf 49]
And I com aftir · glenynge here *and* there
and am fulꝫ gladꝫ if I may fynde an ere 76
Of any goodly worde that ye han lefte
And though it happyn me rehersyn efte
That ye han in youre fresah songys sayde
Forberith me *and* beth not euyꝫ apayde 80
Syn that ye se that I do it in the honoure
of loue *and* eke in seruice of the floure
Whom that I serue as I haue witte or myght
She is the clerenesse *and* the very light 84
That in this derke worldꝫ me wynt *and* ledith
the hert in-with my sorowfulꝫ breste you dredith
And louyth so sore that ye ben verely
the maistresse of my wytte *and* no thinge I · 88
Mi worde my werkys ye knyt so in youre bonde
that As an harpe obeieth to the honde
And makith it sowne aftir his fyngerynge
Right so mow ye owt of myn herte brynge 92
Such vois right as you luste to laugh or pleyne
Be ye my gyde *and* lady souereigne
As to myn erthly godꝫ to you I calle
both in this werke *and* in my sorowes alle 96

for ffere of nyght so hatyth she derkenes 63

[No gap in the MS.]

here chere is playnly spred in bryghtnes 64
Of the sonne for then hit wyꝫ vnclose [leaf 5]
Alas that I ne hadꝫ Engiisshe Ryme or prose
sufficiant this floure to preyse aryght
But helpe ye that haue connynge or myght 68
Ye lovers that cane make of sentment
In this case ought ye to be dyligent
To fordyr me somwhat in my labou
Whedyr ye be *with* the leffe or *with* the floure 72
ffor welꝫ I wote that ye haue here beforne
Off makynge Repyne andꝫ lade a-way the corne
And I come *aftur* glenynge here andꝫ there
Andꝫ ame fulꝫ gladꝫ yf I myght fynde an nere 76
Off anny goodly wordꝫ that ye haue lefte
Andꝫ though hit happyn me to reherce hem efte
That ye haue in your fresah songes sayꝫ
ffforbere me andꝫ be not evyꝫ apayedꝫ 80
seth that ye see I do hit in honour
Of love Andꝫ eke in service of the floure
Whome that I serve as I haue wytt or myght
she is the clernesse And the vere lyght 84
That in this derke worldꝫ me gydith or ledyth
The herte *with* in my sorowfulꝫ breste you dredith
And lovyth so sore that ye bene verely
The Mastresse of myn herte andꝫ no thynge I 88
My worde my werke is knytt so in your bonde
That as an harpe obeith to the hondꝫ
Andꝫ makyth a sowne aftyr *his* ffyngerynge
Ryght so mow ye oute of my hert brynge 92
suche wyse as ye luste to laugh or playne
ye be my gyde andꝫ my lady soueraigne
As to my hertely godꝫ to you I callꝫ
Both in this worke andꝫ in my sorows all 96

For fere of nyght so hatethꝫ she derkenes 63

[No gap in the MS.]

his chere is · pleynly spradd in þ^e^ brightnes 64
Of the sonne for ther it will vnclose
Alas þat I ne hadde englissche rym or prose
Sufficiaunt this flowre to preyse a right
But helpethꝫ ye *þat* have konnyng· and myght 68
Ye lovers that can make centement
In this cas awght I to be diligent
To forthren me this labo*ur*
Whe*þer* ye ben wyth þ^e^ lef or wyth þ^e^ *flour* 72
For well I wote that ye have her be-forne
Of maken ropen and lad a wey þ^e^ corne
And I come *aftur* here and *þer*
And am full glad yf I may fynd ere 76
Of eny godely worꝫ that ye han left
And though it happen me to rehersen eft
That ye have in *your* fresshe songes seide
Forbereth me and be not evill a-payedꝫ [page 55] 80
Syen that ye se I do it in þ^e^ hono*ur*
Of love and eke in se*r*vise of þ^e^ floure
Whome that I serve as I have wytt or myght
She is the clernes and þ^e^ verray light 84
That in this derke worldꝫ me wynt and ledethꝫ
The hert in my sorowfull brest and dredethꝫ
And lovethꝫ so sore that ye ben verraly
The maystresse of my wytte and no thyng· I 88
My worꝫ my werk is so knytte in *your* bounde
That as an harpe obeyeth to the honde
And maketh it sown *aftur* the fyngeryng·
Right so mow ye out of myn hert bryng· 92
Syche voys *right as* ye list to lawgh or playn
Be ye my *gyde* and lady soueraigne
As to myn erthely godꝫ to yow I calle
Bothen in this werk and my sorowes alle 96

But wherfor that I spake to yeue credence
to olde storyes *and* don hem reuerence
And that men moston more thinge bileue
then men may seen at ye or ellys preve
That shall I seyn when that I se my tyme
I · may not · all attonys speke in ryme
Mi besy goste that thrustith alwey new
to seen this floure so yonge so fressh of hew
Constreyned me with so gledy desyre
that in my herte I fele yet the fyre
That made me to rise ere hit were day
And this was now the firste morow of May
With dredfull herte *and* glade deuocyon
For to ben Att the resurrectyon
Of this floure when that it sholde vnclose
A-geyne the sonne that roos as red as rose
That in the breste was of the beste that day
that Agenores doughte · ladde a-way

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And downe on kneys A-non right I me sette
And as I koude this fressh floure I-grette
Knelynge alwey till it vnclosid was
vpon the smal softe sote gras
That was with floures sote enbrowdid all
of such swetnesse *and* such odoure ouyr all
That for to speke of *gomme* or erbe or tre
comparison may noon I-makid be
For hit surmounttith pleynly all odourys
and of riche beaute all flourys
Forgeton had the erth his pore estate

But wherfore that I spake vn-to credens [leaf 5, back]
To old storyes And don hem reuerens
And that men mosten more beleve
Than they may see at eygh or ells preve
That shall I seyn when that I see my tyme
I may not all attones speke in Ryme
My besy goste that trustith allwey new
To se this flloure so yonge so ffressh of hew
Constreynyth me *with* so gladd desyre
That in myn hert I fele yete the fyre
That made me to Ryse or hit were daye
And this was the fyrste morow of maye
With dredfull hert and grete deuocion
ffor to be at the resurrexcion
Off this floure whan that she shuld vnclose
Agayne the sonne that Rose as rede as Rose
That in the breste of the beste that daye
That Agaynores Doughter lade awaye

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And downe on knes Anon I me sett
And as I cowde this ffresh flour I grete
KneLynge alway tyll hit vnclosid was
vppon the smale sweete softe gras
That was *with* flourys swete enbrawdid all
And suche odour and suche swetines over all
That for to speke of *gumme* erbe or tre
Comparison may now makyd be
ffor hit surmowntyth pleynly all odours
And of the ryche bewte all flloures
florgotyn had the erthe his pour e state

But wherfore that I spak to yeven credence
To old storyes and don hem reuerence
And that men more thyng be-leve
Than men may seen at ye or ellys prove
That shal I seyn whenn that I se my tym
I may not alle attonys speke and ryme
My besy gost that thurstetli alle wey newe
To seen this floure so fresshe se-yong of hiew
Constreyned me so wyth so gledy desyre
That in myn hert yet þ fyre
That made me to ryse or it were day
And this was now þ furst morow of may
Wyth dredfull heet and glade devocon
For to ben at the resurrexon
Of this floure whann that it shuld vnclose
Ayene the sonne that rosse as rede as rose
That in the brest was þ beest þat day
That agenores doghter lad a wey

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And down on knees right a non I me sett
And as I cowd this freshe floure I grete
Knelyng allewey till it vnclosed was
Vpon þe soft sote smale gras
That was wyth flowres swete enbroded alle
Of suche swetnes and suche odour ouer alle
That for to speke of *gomme* erbe or tree
Comparison may non I-maked be
For it surmounteth pleynly alle odoures
And of liche beaute alle floures
Forgeten hadd the erth hir pore estat

Of wyntre that hem nakid made *and* mate
And with his swerd of colde so sore greuyd
now hath the attempre sonne all that releuyd
That nakid was *and* cladd it new a-gayne
the smale foules of the seson fayne.
That of the pantere *and* of the nette ben escapyd
Vpon the foulere that hem made a-whapid
In wintre *and* distroied had her brood
In his dispite hem thought it did hem good
To synge of him *and* in his songe dispise
the foule cherle that for his coustise
Had hem betraied with his sophistrye
this was her songe · the fowlere we defye
And all his crafte *and* som songyn clere
layes of loue that ioy hit was to here
In worshipynge *and* in preysenge of her make
and for the new blisful somores sake
Vpon the braunchis full of blosmes softe
In her delite thei tornyd hem full ofte
And songyn blessid be seynt Valentyne
For on his day I chese you to be myne
With-outen repentynge myn hert swete
And ther-withall her bekis gonnyn mete [leaf 86]
Yeldinge honoure *and* humble obeisauncys
to loue *and* did her othir observauncys
That longith vnto loue *and* to nature ·
construeth that as you list I do no cure
And thoo that had don vnkindenesse
as doth the tydif for newfanglenesse
Be-sought mercy of hir trespassynge
and humblely songe hir repentynge
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
So that her makys wold vpon hem rew
and at the laste madyn her Acorde[1] [[1] *now added in red ink, but erased through*]
All founde thei daunger for A tyme A lorde
Yet pite thro his stronge gentill myght

Of wyntyr that hym nakyd made & mate
And *with* his swerd of cold so sore grevid
Now hath a tempro sonne all that relevid
That nakyd was and cladd hem new agayne
The smale foules of that seasone bene fayne (leaf 7 (6, 10, &c., are later-leaves of printed text))
That ffro the panter and the nett ben schapipid
Vpon the fowler that hem made Awaped
In wyntyr and distroyed had here broode
In his dispite hem thought hit did hem goode
To synge of hym and in here songe dispise
The foule chorle that for his covetise
Had hem betrayed *with* his sophestry
This was her songe the fouler I defye
And all his crafte // And some songe clere
Layes of love that Ioye hit was to here
In worchipp and in preysinge of his make
And in the new blessidfull somers sake
vppoon the braunches ffull of blomes softe
In her delyte they turnyd hem full ofte
And sangē blessid be saynt valantyne
ffor on his daye I chose you to myn
With-oute repentinge my herte swete
And ther-*with*-all here bekkes gonne to mete
yeldynge honour and humble obeysauns
To love and did her other observaunce
That longith vn-to love and nature
Construe that as ye liste I do no Cure
And tho that hadden don vnkyndnes
As doth the tydiffe for newfanglilnes
besoughtyn mercy for her trespasynge
And humbely songe her repentynge
And sworne on the blossome for to be trew
So that here make wold vpon hem[1] rew [[1] *crossed out, and a later* 'her' *written over.*]
And at the laste maden hem acorde
All fownde they daunger for a tyme a lord
yete pite thorough his stronge gentill myght

Of wynter that hym naked made and mate
And wyth his swerd of cold so sore greved
Now hath the a-tempred sonne al tho releved
That naked was and clad new a-gayn
The smale fowles of the seson fayne
That of the panter and be nett wer eskaped
Vpon the fowler that hem dede make a-waped
In wynter and hadd distryed hir brods
In his despit hem thought it dede hem gode
To synge of hym and in here song[illegible]se
The fowle cherle that for his covetise
hadd of hem betrayed wyth his sophestrie
This was he song the fowler we defye
And alle his craft and some songen clere
Laies of love that Ioie it was to here
In wurshyppyng and preysyng of her make
And for þ new blesfull somers sake
Vpon the braunches full of blomes soft
In hir delite they turned hem full oft
And songen blessed be seynt volentyn
For on his day I chose yow to be myn
Wyth owten repentyng myn hert swete
And þer wyth alle her bekes gan mete
yeldyng honour and humble obeysaunces
To love and deden oþer obeysaunces
That langeth to love and eke to nature
Construe ye that as ye lust I do no cure
And tho that hadde do vnkyndenes
As doth the tydif wyth newfanglenes
Besought mercy of here trespassyng
And humbly songen her repentyng
And sworen on the blomes to be true
So that her make wold on hem rue
AHe founde they daunger for a tyme a lorde
At the last they made her acorde [page 87]
Yet pite thurgh his strong Ientill myght

Forgaff *and* made mercy passen right
Thorogh Innocence *and* rulede curteisye
But I ne clepe it not Innocence folye 164
Ne fals pite for vertu ys the mene
As-Eyk seith in such maner I mene
And thus thise foulys voide of all malice
Acordeth to love *and* leftyn vice 168
Of hate // *and* songe all of oon Acorde
Welcome somere owre governoure *and* lorde
And zephirus *and* Flora gentyllye
Yaff to the flourys softe *and* tendrelye 172
Hyr soote breth *and* made hem for to spredo
As god *and* goddesse of the floure mede
In which me thought I myght day bi day
Dwellyn alwey the ioly monyth of may 176
Without slepe without mete or drynke
Adoun full softiye I gan to synke
And lenynge on myn elbow *and* my syde
the longe day I shope me for to abyde 180
For no thinge ellys *and* I shall not lye
but for to loke vpon the daysye
That men bi reson well it call may
the daysye or ellys the ye of day 184
The emperise *and* floure of flouris all [leaf 60, back]
I pray to god that faire mote she fall
And all that louyn flouris for hir sake
But natheles ne wene not that I make 188
In preisynge of the floure a-goyn the lefe
No more than of the corne A-geyne the shefe
For as to me nys leuyr noon ne lothire
I am withholdyn yet with neuyr nothre 192
Ne I nott who scruyth the leef, ne who the floure
Well browke thei her seruyce & labourc
For this thinge is all of an othir tonne
Of old storye or such things was bigonne 196
Whenne that the sonne out of the south gan west

floryave and made mercy passe ryght
Thorough Innocens And Rulid curtasy
But I ne clepe not Innocens folye [leaf 7, back] 164
Ne fals pitte ffor vertu is the mean
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*] .
And thus thes foules voyde of all malece
Acordyne to love And leftyn vice 168
Of hate : And[1] songen all of one Acorde [1 And, *later?*]
Welcome somer our gouernour And lord
And Zepherus And flora gentilly
Yave to the flourys softe and tendyrly 172
Her softe breth and made hem for to sprede
As god and goddes of the floury-mede
In whiche I thought I myght daye by daye
Dwellyn alway in the-Ioly moneth of maye 176
With-outyn slepe *with*-outen mete or drynke
A-downe full softely gan I to synke
And lenynge on myn elbow and my side
The longe daye I shope me to abyde 180
ffor no thynge ells and I shall not lye
But for to looke vpon the daysye
That well by reason men hit call may
The dayes ye or ells the ye of the daye 184
The emperice and floure off flloures all
I pray to god that fayre mote she befall
And that loven flloures for her sake
But nevyrtheless wene ye not that I make 188
In praysynge of the flloure Agayne the leffe
No mor than of the corne than of the cheffe
ffor as to me is lever now ne lother
I Ame *with*holde yete *with* neyther other 192
Ne I wote yete who seruyth leffe ne who the floure
Well brooke they here service and labour
ffor this thynge is all of a nother towne
of old story or suche stryffe was begone 196
Whan the sonne oute of the south ganne weste

For-gaf and made *mercy* passen right
But I ne clepe it not innocence folie 164
Thurgh Innocence and ruled curteaye 163
No fals pytee for *vertue* is the mene
As it is seith in wheche maner I mene
And thus these fowles voide of malice
Acorden to loye and leften vice 168
Of hate and song alle of oon a-cord
Welle comedenc somer oure gouernowr and lord
And zepherus and flora lentilly
yave to the flowres soft and tenderly 172
Her swete breth and made hem for to sprede
As god and goddes of the flowry mede
In wheche me thought I myght day by day
dwellen alle wey the Ioly moneth of may 176
Wythouten slepe or wyth mete or drynke
A down full softely I gan to synke
And lenyng on myn elbow and on my syde
The long day I shope me to abyde 180
For no thyng allys yeve I shall not lye
But for to loke on the daeye
That well by reson men it call may
The daeyye or ellas þe ye of day 184
The emprice and floure of floures all
I pray to god that faire she may be-falle
And alle that loven flowres for her sake
But netheles ne wene not þat I make 188
In preysyng of þe flowre agayn þe lef
No more than of the corne agayn þe shef
For as to me nys now lever than the oþer
I am not wyth holde yet wyth neuer noþer 192
Ne I not who serveth the lefe ne who þe flowre
Welle browken her service and labour
For thyng is alle of anoþer town
Of old storye or sweche thyng was be-gonn 196
Whan that þe sonne out of þe sowth gan west

256-257 PAR.-TEXT
66 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *BODLEY MS.* 638.

And that this floure gan close *and* gon to rest
For derknesse of the nyght the which she dred
Home to myn house full swyftly I me spedd
To gone to reste *and* erly for to rise
to seen this floure spredе As I deuyse
And in A litell erber that I haue
That benchid was on turvys fressh I-grave
I bade men sholde me my couche make
For deynte of the new somores sake
I bade hem straw flouris on my bed
When I was leyde *and* had myn yen hed
I felt a slepe in-with an owre or two
Me mette how I lay in the medwe tho
To sen this floure that I loue so *and* dredе
and fro A ferre come walkynge in the mede
The god of loue *and* in his honde a quene
and she was cladd in reall habite grene
A frette of goold she had nexte hir here
And vpon that A white corowne she bere
With flowrouns smale *and* I shall not lye
For all the world *right* as a dayseye
I-corownyd ys with white leuys lite [leaf 51]
So were the flowrouns of hir corowne white
For of oo perle fyne orientall
hir white corowne was I-makid all
For which the white corowne a-boue the grene
Made hir like a daisye for to sene
Considerid eke hir frette of goold a-boue
I-clothid was this mighty god of loue
In silke enbroudid full of grene greuys
In with a frette of red rose leuys
The fressheste syn the world was first bigonne
His gylte here was corownyd with A sonne
In-stede of goold for heuynesse *and* weight
therwith me thought his face shone so bright
That well vnnethis might y him biholde

BODLEY 638

256-257 PAR.-TEXT
66 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *ADDIT. MS.* 9832.

And that this floure ganne close and go to reste [leaf 8]
ffor derkenes of the nyght whiche that she dredе
Home to my house full swyftely I me spedе
To go to Reste And erly for to aryse
To see that floure to spredе as I deviseе
And in a litill herber that I haue
That benchid was of torves ffresh I-grave
I bad men shuld me my couche make
ffor doynte of the new somers sake
I bade hem straw flowres on my bedе
Whan I was layd and had myn eyen hyd
I ffill on slepe with-in a nowre or two
Me mett how I laye in the medew tho
To see this floure that I so love and dredе
And ffro me farre come walkynge in the medе
The god of love and on his hand a quene
And she was cladd in A Ryall habytt of grene
A ffrett of goldе she had nexte her here
And vppon that a whyte crowne she bere
With flowres smalle and I shall not lye
ffor all the world ryght as a dayseye
I-crownyd is with white leves lyte
so wer the flours of here crowne whyte
And of perle fyne and oryentall
her white crowne was makyd all
ffor the which the whyte crowne a-bove the grene
Made here lyke a dayseye for to seme
Considerith eke here ffrette of goldе a-bove
I-clothid was this myghti god of love
In sylke embrowdid full of grene greves
In which a ffrett I sawe of Rede Rose leves
The fresshest seth the world was begonne
Her gylt here was crownyd with a sonne [leaf 8, back]
In stede of goldе for hevines and wyght
Ther-with me thought I saw a selcouth sight

ADDIT. 9832

256-257 PAR.-TEXT
66 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *PEPYS MS.* 2006.

And that this floure gan close and go to rest
For derkenes of the nyght the whiche she dredе
Home to myn howse full wysely I me spedе [page 26]
To gon to rest and arly to aryse
To seen this floure to spredе as I devyse
And in a litill herbar that I have
That benched was on turffes fresshe I-grave
I bad men shuldе me shuche make
For deynte of the somers sake
I bad hem strew flowres on my bedе
And whann I was leyde and hadde myn yen hedde
I fel a slep wyth in an howre or too
And I met þat I lay in the medе tho
To sen the flowre that I loue so and dredе
And from a fer come walkynge in the medе
The god of love and in his honde a quene
And she was clad in riȝl habed grene
A fretе of goldе she had next her hede
And vpon þat a whyt crown she bere
Wyth flowres small and I shall not lye
Right foralle þ° worldе lik a dayseye
I-corowned was wyth whyt leves lite
So were þ° flowres of here corown white
For of peerle fyne oryentalle
Hir whyte corown was I-makedе alle
For whecho whyte corown a-bove þ° grene
Made her lik a dayseye for to seme
Considered eke hir frete of goldе a-bove
I-clothed was this myghty god of love
In selk enbrewdedе full of gren greues
In wyth a frette of redo rose leves
The freshisted syn þ° worldе was first by-gonne
his gildе heer was corowned wyth a sonne
In stede of goldе for hevynes and wyght
[. . . . . *line left out of MS.*]
That welle vnnethes myght I hym behold

PEPYS 2006

and in his honde me thought I saugh him holde
Twoo fyry dartys as the glede red
And Aungelike his wynges saugh I sprede
And al be that men seyn that blinde ys he
algate me thought that he myght see
For sternly on me he gan biholde
So that his lokinge doth myn hert colde
And bi the hande he hilde this noble quene
Corowned with white *and* clothid all in grene
So womanly so benigne *and* so meke
that in this world thought that men wolde seke
Half her beaute shold men not fynde
In creature that formyd ys by kinde

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Two fury dartes as the gledes rede
An Aungell his wyngis saw I sprede
And all be that men seyne that blynde is he
Algates me thought þat he myght see
ffor sternly vn me he ganne beholde
so that his lokynge doth yet[1] myn hert colde [1 yet, *later*]
And by the hand he held his nobyll quene
Crownyd with whyte And clothid all in grene
so womanly so benynge and so meke
That in this world though that men wold seke
Halfe her bewte shuld men not fynde
In no creatour that formyd is be kynde

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And in honde me thought I sawghe hym holde
Too fyry daartes as þ* gledes rede
And angelik his wynges sawgh I sprede
And alle be men seyn þat blynde is he
Algate me thowght that he myght see
For *stern*ely on me he gan be-*hold*e
So that his lokyng doth myn hart cold [page 68]
And by the hand he held this noble quene
Corowned wyth whyt and clothed all in grene
So womanly so benigne and so meke
That in this world though that men wold seke
Half hire beaute shuld men not fynde
In creature that formed is by kynde

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And therfor may I sey as thinketh me
this songe in preysenge of this lady fre 248

(Song, or Balade. 1.)

[. . . . . .] 249
Ester ley thou thi mekenesse all a doun
Hide Ionathas all thi frendly manere
Penalopee *and* Marcia Catoun 252
Make of youre wifehod no comparisoun
Hide ye youre beuteis ysaud *and* Eleyne
Mi ladi commith that all this may disteyne 255

(2)[1]

Thi feyre body let hit not Appere [1 *In the MS., st.* 2 *(less the last line) is put between lines* 247, 248 *of st.* 3; *while lines* 253-7, *follow l.* 277, *and* 229-0 *come next before* 278.]
Lavyne *and* thou lucresse of Rome towne
And polyxene that boughtym loue so dere
and Cleopatru with all thy passioun 259
Hide ye youre trouth of loue *and* of renoun
And thou Tesbe that haste of loue such peyne 261
[*No gap in the MS.*]

(3) [*see note to st.* 2]

Herro Dido. laudomia. all I fere 263
And phillys hangynge for thi demophon
And Canace espied bi thi chere
Ysiphile. betrayued with Iason 266
Makith of youre trouth neyther boste ne sovne[2]
Nor Ipermystre or Adryan ye tweyne [2 *l.* 256-261 *follow here in the MS.*]
Mi ladi commyth that all this may disteyne 269

This balade may full well I-songyn be [leaf 81, back] 270
As I haue seide erste by my lady fre
For certeynly all this mow not suffyse
to Apperen with my lady in no wyse 273
For as the sonne woll the fyre disteyne
So passith all my lady soureygne

BODLEY 638

Then may I fayne as thynkyth me
This songe to synge in preysynge of this lady fre 248

(Song, or Balade. 1)

¶ hyde absolone thy gylt tressis clere
Astyr lay thou thy mekenes all adowne
hyde Ionathas all thy ffrendly maner
Penolope and Marcia caton 252
make of your wyvehod no compar[i]son
hide ye your bewtes Isawde and Elyne
my lady comyth that all this may disteyne 255

(2)

¶ Thy fayre body lat hit not apere 256
lavyne and thou lucres of Rome towne
And polexen that bought love so dere
And cleopatre with all thy passion 259
Hide ye your trouth of love and your renowne
And thou Tysbe that haddeste[1] for love suche payne[1] [1 *later*]
My lady comyth that all this may dystayne 262

(3)

¶ Here Dido Laudomia[1] all in fere [1 laudomia, *corr.*] [leaf 9] 263
And fillys hangynge for thy Demyphon
And Caudas espied for thy chere
Isephyle betrayed with Iason 266
Make of your trouth nether boste ne soune
Nor Ipernyster or Adryane ye tweyne
My lady comyth that all this maye distayne 269

¶ This balade may full well I-songe be 270
As I haue said erste by my lady fre
ffor certenly all thes may not suffyse
To pere with my lady in no wyse 273
As the sonne woll the ffyre disteyne
so passith all my lady soueraign

ADDIT.

And *þ*er fore I may say as thynketh me
This song' in *pr*eisyng' of this lady free 248

(Song, or Balade. 1)

¶ Hide thow Ionathas all thy frendely manere 251
Ester ley *þ*ou thy mekenesse alle down 250
Orpheus eke and Crudence thy feere [spurious]
Penolope Marcia and Caton 252
Make of yowr wyshed no comparison
Hide ye yowr beautes Isewde and Eleyn
My lady comyth here that alle this may disteyn 255

(2)

¶ Thy faire body lat it not appere 256
lavyne and *þ*ou lucresse of Rome town
And polixen that bowghten love so dere
And Cleopatre wyth alle thy passion 259
Hide ye *your* trowth of love and *your* renoun
And eke thow Thesbe that hast of love suche peyne
My lady comyth that alle may disteyne 262

(3)

¶ Herr Dido laudemia alle thy feere 263
And phillis hangyng' for *þ*e demephon
And Canace espyed by thy chere
Isophola betrayed with Iason 266
Maketh of *your* trowth neyp*er* bost nor sown
Nor yp*er*mystre or adriane ye twayn
My lady comyth that alle this may disteyn 269

¶ This balade may full well songen be 270
As I have seyd erst of my lady free
For certeynly these alle now not suffice
To apere wyth my lady in no maner wyse 273
For as the sonne wull the fyre desteyne
So passeth alle my lady soureygne

PEPYS 2006

That ys so good so feyre so deboneyr 276
I prey to god that euyr falle hir feyre [f. 263-7, 256-261, 270-9 follow here in the MS.]
¶ For naden comforte ben of hir presence
I had be ded without eny defence
For drede of loues wordis *and* his chere 280
As when tyme is here-aftir ye shall here
Behinde this god of loue vpon the grene
I saugh comynge of ladies Nyntene
In full reall habite A full esy · pas 284
And aftir hem com of women such A trass
That syn that god Adam had made of erth
the thrid parte of mankinde or the ferth
Ne wende I not bi possibilite 288
Had euyr in this wide worlde I-be
And trew of loue this women were echon
now wheithir was that A wondir thinge or non
¶ That right A-non as that thei gon espye 292
This floure which that I clepe the dayesye [leaf 62]
Full sodeynly thei styntyn all attonys
And knelid doyne as it were for the nonys
And songyn with o vois heel *and* honoure 296
to trouth of womanhed *and* to this floure
That berith owre aldre prys in fygurynge
Hir white corowne berith witnessynge
And with that word A compas envirown 300
thei settyn hem full softly a-doune
First sate the god of loue *and* sith his quene
With the white corowne clad yn grene
And sithen all the remanent by *and* bye 304
as thei were of estate full courteslye
Ne not A word was spoke in the place
the mountaunce of A forlonge wey of space
I knelinge bi this floure in good entente 308
A-bode to knowen what this peple mente
As styll as any ston till at the laste
this god of loue on me his syghen caste

That is so good so fayre so deboneyre 276
I pray god that eyr full her fayre
for ne had comforte be of her presence
I had be dede with-oute Anny defence
for drede of loves wordes And his chere 280
As when tyme is here-aftyr ye shall here
By-hynde this god of love vpon the grene
I saw comynge of ladyes nyntene
In Ryall habyte An easy pase 284
And aftyr hem of women come suche A trace
That sene god Adame had made of erthe
The thyrd parte of mankynde or the ferth
Ne wende I nought by possibilite 288
had eyr yn this wyd world had I-be
And trew of love thes women were ewyrechon
Now whedyr was that a wondyr thynge or non
That ryght Anon as they gane espye 292
This flloure whiche I clepe the dayse
full sodenly they styntyd all attones
And kneliđ downe as hit wer for the nones
And songen with a voice hele and honoure 296
To trouth of womanhod and to this floure [leaf 9, back]
That berith our aldyr pryse in fygurynge
here white crowne beryth witnessynge
And with that worde a compasse Enuyron 300
They setyn hem full softely a-downe
flyrste sate the god of love And seth the quene
With the crowne whyte clade all in grene
And sethyn all the remanaunte by and by 304
As they wer of estate and full of curtasy
ne not a worde was spokyne in that place
The mountenaunce of a furlonge space
I knelynge by this floure in good entent 308
A-bode the knowynge what thes pepyll ment
As styll as Anny stone tyll at the laste
This god of love on me his eyen caste

That is so gode so faire so debonaire 276
I pray to god that euer fall hir faire
For nad confort ben of hir presence
I haldde be dede wyth-out eny defence
For drede of loves wordes and his chere 280
As whann tyme is here aftur ye shall heere [leaf 62]
By-hynd this god of love vpon þ grene
I sawgh comyng of ladyes manyetene
In riall habit a full hesy pace 284
And aftur hem come of women suche a trace
That syn that god had mad Adam of erth
The thrid part of man kynde or the ferth
Ne went I not by possibilite 288
hadd euer in this wyde world I-be
And trow of love these wemen were echon
Now whether was that wonder or non
That right a non as they gonn spye 292
This floure whreche I clep þ dasye
Full sodeynly they styntyn all attonys
And knelden down as it wer for þ nonys
And songen wyth o vois hele and honour 296
To trowth of womanhed and to this flour
That beryth our alder prys in figuryng
hir whyt corowne beryth the wytnesbyng
And wyth that word in compas environ 300
They setten hem full softly a down
Furst satt þ god of love and seth the quene
Wyth hir whyte crown cladd in grene
And sethen alle the remanaunt by and by 304
As they wer of estate full curtesely
Not o word was spoken in the place
The mountenaunce of a forlong wey space
I kneled by thys floure in gode entente 308
And bode for to knowen what these puple ment
As stille as eny ston till at the last
This god of love on me his yen cast

And seide who knelith there. *and* I answerde
Vn-to his askynge. when þat I it herde
And seid it am I. *and* come him nere
And salwed hym / quoth he what dostow here
So neigh myn owne floure so boldlye
yt were bettre worthi trewlye
A worme to neigh nere my floure then thow
And whi Sir quoth I *and* hit like yow
For thou quoth he art nothinge able
It is my relike digne *and* delytable
And thou my foo *and* all my folke werryest
and of myn olde servauntys thou myssoyest
And hinderist hem with thi translacion
and lettyst folke from her devocyon
To serue me // *and* holdist hit folye
to serue love thou maiste it not denye
For in pleyne texte without nede of glose
Thou haste the Romaunse of the Rose [leaf 52, back]
that is an heresye ayens my law
And makist wise folke fro me withdraw

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And of Cresseide thou haste seide as the liste
That makith men to women lesse triste

[*No gap in the MS.*]

BODLEY 638

And said who knelith there and I answerd
vn to his Axynge when I hit herd
And said sir hit is I And come hym nere
And salute hym / *quod* he what doste thou here
so nygh myn nowne flloure so bolddely
hit wer bettyr worthy trewly
A worme to nyght my flloure than thou
And why syr / quod I And hit lyke you
ffor thou / *quod* he Arte no thynge able
hit is my Relyke digne and dilectabyll
And thou my foo and all my floke weryeste
And of myn old *seruauntes* thou missayeste
And hynderyste them *with* thy translacion
And lettyst folke frome ther devocion
To *serve* me and holdist hit foly
To serve love thou maist hit not denye
ffor in pleyne texte *with*-oute nede off glose
Thou hast translatid the Romans of the Rose
That is an heresy ayonste my law
And makyst wyse folke ffro me to draw [leaf 11 (10 is type)]

[*No gap in the MS.*]

ADDIT. 9832

And seyd he knelyth *þer* and I answerd
Vn to his askyng whan *þat* I hym herd
And seyd sir it am I and come hym nere
And salowed hym *quod* he what dost thow here
So nye myn owen *flour* so boldely
It wer better wurthy truly
A wormie to nyghen my *flour* then thow
And why syr *quod* I am I-like yow
For thow quoth he art no thyng able [page 61]
It is my relik digne and delitable
And thow art my foo and alle my folk verryest
And of alle my old servauntez thow mysseyest
And hyndrest hem wyth thy translacion
And lettest folk from her devocion
To serve me and holdest it folie
To serve love thow maist it not denye
For in pleyn text wyth out eny glose
Thow hast made the remaunce of *þ*e rose
That is an heresye ayenst my lawe
And makest wyse folk fro me with-draw

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And of Crecide thow hast seid as the list
To maketh men to women lesse for to trist

[*No gap in the MS.*]

PEPYS 2006

[*No gap in the MS.*]

that ben as trew as ouyr was eny stoell 334

[*No gap in the MS.*]

[*No gap in the MS.*]

That bene As trew as ovyr was Anny stele 334

[*No gap in the MS.*]

[*No gap in the MS.*]

That ben as true as *ouer* was eny steele 334

[*No gap in the MS.*]

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Of thin Answere avise the right weH
For thoughe thou renoyed hast my laye
As othir wrecchis han don many A daye
In seint Venus that my modre ys
If that thou lene thou shalt repente this
So *cruelly that* it shaH weH be sene
Tho spake this ladi clothid aH in grene
And seyd // god right of youre courteye
Ye moten herkin if he kan replye
Ayens aH this that ye haue to him meuyd
A god ne shuld not be thus a-greuyd
But of his devte he shaH be stable
And therto gracious *and* merciable
And if ye nere a god that knowen aH
then might it be as I you teH shaH
This man to you may falsly ben accusyd
That as bi right him ought be excusyd
For in youre courte is many A loseyngeoure
And many A queynte toteler accusoure
That tabouren in youre eys many a soune
Right aftir her ymagynacioun
To haue youre daliaunce *and* for envye
thise ben the causys *and* I shaH not lye
Envye ys lauendere of the courte alway
For she ne partith neithir nyght ne day
Out of the house of Cesar thus seith Dañte [leaf 85]
Who so that goth algate she wuH not wante

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And eke *paraunt*re for this man ys nyce
he might do hit gessinge no malice
For he vsith thinges for to make
Him rekketh noght of what matere he take

BODLEY 638

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Of thyn Aunswere Avyse the ryght wele
ffor though thou haste remembryd my laye
As other wreches haue done many a daye
By saynt venus that my moder is
yf that thou lyve thou shaH repent this
so Crewelly that hit shaH be weH sene
Tho spake this lady clothid aH in grene
And said god ryght of your curtasy
ye mote herken yf that he reply
Ayenste aH this that ye haue to hym mevyd
A god ne shuld not thus be grevid
But of his deyte he shuld be stable
And ther to gracious and merciabyH
And yf ye ner a god and knowyn aH
Then myght hit be As I you teH shaH
This man may falsly to you be Accusid

[*No gap in the MS.*]

ffor in your courte is mony A lesengoure
And mony a queynte toteler Accuser
That taborne in your Eyrs mony A soune
Ryght after her ymagynacion
To haue your daliaunce And for Envy
Thes bene the causes And I shaH not lye
Envy ys the lavander of the courte allwey
ffor she departith neythyr nyght ne daye
Oute of the house of Cezare thus sayth daunte
Who-so that goth algate she nyH not wante

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And eke *paraventour* for this man is nyce
he myght don[1] this gessynge no malice [1 his, *corrected*]
But for he vsith thynges for to make
he rekyth not of what mater he take

ADDIT. 9832

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Of thyn answer avyse þ* right welle
For though thow renoyed hast my lay
As oþer wrecches han don mony a day
By seint venus that moder is
It that thow leve repent thow shalt this
So cruelly that it shaH welle be seyen
Tho spak this lady clothed alle in grene
And seyd god right of *your* curtesye
ye moten herken yef he can replye
Ayenst alle *this* that *ye* to hym have meued
A god ne shuld not be this a-greved
But of his deite he shuld be stable
And þer-to gracious and mercyable
And yef ye ner a god that knowen alle
Then myght it be as I yow tellen shaH
This man may to yow be falsely accused
That as by right hym aught ben excused
For in *your court* is mony a losengere
And mony a queynte tetler and accuser
That taberen in *your* eres mony a sowne
Right after here ymaginacion
To haue *your* daliaunce and for e[n]vie
These ben the causes and yef I shal not lie
Envie is lawender of þ* *court* alle wey
For she ne *part*ith neyþer nyght ne day
Out of the of Cesar thus seyth dante [leaf 62]
Who so that gooth allewey she will not wante

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And per auenture eke for this man is nyce
he myght do it menyng no malice
But for he vseth thynges for to make
hym rekketh nought of what mate he take

PEPYS 2006

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Or him was bodyn make thilke twey
of som *persone and* durst it not with-sey
Or him repentith outrelye of this 368
he ne hath don so greuously A-mys
To translaten that olde clerkys wryten
And though that he of malice wold enditen
Dispite of lone *and* had him self it wrought 372
This should a rightwys lorde haue in his mynde
And not be like tyraunte3 of lumbardye
that han no reward but at tyrainnye
For he that kinge or lorde ys Naturel 376
Him ought not be tyraunte ne cruel
As is A fermoure to don the harme he kan
He most thinke it ys his liege man

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And ys his tresoure *and* his gold yn cofre 380
this is the sentence of the philisophre
A kynge to kepe his liegys yn Iustyce
Without-yn doute that is his offyce

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Alle woll he kepe his lordis hyre degre 384
As it ys right *and* skilfull that thei be
Enhaunced *and* honourid *and* most dere
For thei ben half godys in this world here
Yet mot he don both right to pore *and* riche 388
Albe that her estate be not I-lyche
And haue of pore folke compassyon
For loo the gentill kinde of the lyon
For when a flye offendith him or biteth 392
He with his tayle a-wey the flye smyteth

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Or[1] hym was bode make theke twey [1 Of, *corr.*] [leaf 11, back]
Of some persone And durst it not *with*saye
Or hym repentith enterly of this 368
He hath not don so grevously Amysse
To translate that old clerkes wryttyn
As though that he of malece wold[2] endityn
Dispite of love And had hym selfe hit wrought 372
This shuld A ryghtwous lord haue in his thought
And not to be lyke tyrandes of lumbardy
That haue no[2] rewarde but of tyrannye [2 to, *corrected*]
But he that lordo of kynges is naturell 376
he ought not to be tyrand ne Cruell
As is a fermour to don the harme he cane
he moste thynke he is his legge man

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And his tresono as gold in Cofer 380
This is the contens of philosopher
A kynge to kepe his leges in Iustice
With-oute doute that is his office

[*No gap in the MS.*]

As well his lordes to kepe her degre 384
As hit is ryght and skyllfull that they be
Enchaunsid and honoryd And moste dere
ffor they ben halfe goddes in this world here
yete moste he do ryght to pore And ryche 388
all be that her estate be not I-lyche
And haue on pore folke compassion
ffor lo the gentill kynde of the lyon
That when A flye offendith hym or bitith 392
he *with* his tayle awey hym smytith

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Or he was boden maken this tweyn
Of some person and durst not it wyth-seyen
For hym repentith entrely this 368
he hath not doon so grevously a mys
To translaten that olde clerkes writen
And though that he of malice wol enditen
Despyte of love and hadde hym self it wrought 372
This shuld a ryghtwyse lord have in his thought
And be not like tirauntes of lombardye
That have no reward but as tyrannye
For he that is kyng or a lord naturall 376
hym aught nat be tyraunt ne cruell
As is a fermur to don the harme he can
He most thynk it is his lege man

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And as his tresour and his gold in Coffre 380
This the sentence of the philosophre
A kyng to kepe his leges in Iustice
Wyth owten doute that is his office

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Alle woll he kepe his lordes in her degree 384
As it is right and skillfull that they be
Enhawnted and honoured and most dere
For they ben *half* goddes in this world here
Yet mot he doon both right to pore and riche 388
Alle be that here estat be not likhe
And han of pour folk compassion
For loo the Ientill kynde of þ' lyon
For whann a flye offendith hym or biteth 392
He wyth his taile awey the flye smyteth

Al esylyo for of his gentry [leaf 83, back]
him deyneth nought to wreke him on A flye
As doth A curre or ellys an othir beste 396
In noble corage ought ben A-reste
And wey euery thinge bi equyte
and euyr haue reward vnto his owne degre
¶ For sir it ys no maystry for a lorde 400
To dampne A man without Answere of worde
And for A lorde that is full foule to vse
and it so be he may him not excuse
But askith mercy with a dredfull herte 404
And proferith him right in his bare sherte
To ben right at youre owne Iugement
then ought A god by shorte Auysement
Considre his owne honoure *and* his trespas 408
For sith no cause of deth lith in this cas
Yow ought to ben the lighter mercyable
Letith youre Ire *and* beth somwhat tretable
The man hath seruyd you of his konnynge 412
And furthred well youre lawe in his makynge

[*No gap in the MS.*]

all-be-hit that *he kan not* well endyte
Yet hath he made lewde folke delyte
To serue you in preysinge of youre name 416
he made the booke that hight the Hous of Fame
And eke the Deth of Blaunche the Duchesse
and the parlement of fowlys as I gesse
And all the loue of Palamon *and* Arcyte 420
Of thebes thogh the story ys knowen lyte
And many an ympne for youre halidayes
that hightyn baladys roundellis Vyrelayes
And for to speke of othir holynesse 424
He hath in prose translatyd Boece

[*No gap in the MS.*]

All esaly for of his gentre
hym deignyth to wreke hym on a flye
As doth A curr or ells another beste 396
In nobyll corage ought ben Arest
And whane every thynge be equyte
And eyyr haue reward to his degre
ffor syr hit is no mastre for a lord [leaf 1 f]. 400
to dampne a man with-oute Aunswer of wordo
And for a lord that is ryght foule to vse
And yf so be he may not hym excuse
But Asketh mercy with a ryght sorowfull hert 404
And proferth hym ryght in his bare shyrte
To be ryght at your owyn Iugement
Than ought a god by short Avisment
Considdyr his owyn honour and his trespasse 408
ffor seth no cause of deth lyith in this case
ye ought to be the lyghter merciable
letyth your Ire and be sumwhate trettable
The man hath seruyd you of his connynge 412
And fortheryd well your law in his makynge

[*No gap in the MS.*]

All be hit that he canne not well endite
yete hathe[1] he made lewyd folke to delite [1 hade, *corrected*]
To serve you *in* preysynge of your name 416
he made the booke that hight the house of fame
And eke the deth of Blaunche the Dochesshe
And the parlement of foules as I gesse
And all the love of palamon and Arcite 420
Of thebes though the storye is know lyte
And mony An ympne for your halidayes
That hight balades Roundeals & virolaies
And for to speke of other holynesse 424
he hath in prose translatid boes

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Alle esyly for of his gentrie
Hym deyneth not to wrek hym on a flye
As doth a curre or elles anoþer beat 396
In noble corage owgh ben mest
And weyn euery thyng[e] by equyto [page 83]
And euer have rewarde to his own degree
For syre it is no mastrie for a lorde 400
To dampne a man wyth-out answer or worde
And for a lord that is full fowle to vse
And it so be he may hym excuse
But asketh mercy wyth a dredefull hert 404
And profereth hym right in his bare shert
To ben right at your owyn iugement
Thenn owght a lorde by short avysement
Considre his owyn honour and his trespas 408
For sith no cas of deth lith in this cas
ye ought to ben the lighter mercyable
levyth your yre and beth somewhat tretable
The man hath served yow of his konnyng[e] 412
And furthred well your law in his makyng[e]

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Alle be it that he can not welle endite
Yet he hath made lewd men delite
To serve yow in preysyng[e] of your name 416
he made the boke that hight the howse of fame
And eke þ[e] deth of blanche þ[e] duchesse
And þ[e] parlement of fowles as I gysee
And alle the love of palamon and arcite 420
Of Thebes though the storie is knowen lite
Of mony an ympe for your halydayes
That highten balades roundeles and virilayes
And for to spek of oþer holynes 424
he hath in prose translated boice

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And made the life of seynt Cecyle
He made also goon ys a grete while
Orygenes vpon the Maudeleyne 428
Hym ought now to haue the lesse peyne [leaf 54]
he hath made many a lay *and* many A thinge
Now as ye be a god *and* eke a kynge
I youre Alceste whilom queue of trace 432
Y aske you this man of youre grace
That ye him neuyr hurte in all his lyve
and he shall swere to you *and* that blive
He shall neuyr more a-gilten in this wyse 436
But shall make as ye will deuyse
Of women trew yn louynge all hir lyue
Wherso ye will of maydon or of wyue
And furthryn you asmoch as he mysseyde 440
Or in the Rose or ellys in Cresseyde
¶ The God of loue answerid hir thus Anon
Madame quoth he it ys so longe a-gon
that I you knyw so charitable *and* trew 444
that neuyr yet syn the world was new
To me ne fonde I bettyr noon that ye
If that I will saue my degre
I my ne will not werne youre request 448
All lith in you doth with him as you lest
I all foryeue without lengur space
For who-so yeuyth a yefte or doth a grace
Do hit betyme his thanke is well the more 452
And demyth ye what he shall do therfore
Go thanke now my lady here quoth he
I rose *and* doune I sette me on my kne
And seid thus madame the god a-boue 456
For-yeld you that the god of loue
han makid me his wroth to for-yeue
And grace so longe for to leue
That I may know soothly what ye be 460
That han me holpe *and* put in this degre [leaf 54, back]

And made the lyffe also of sayncte Cecyle
he made also gone is a grete whyle
Origines vpon the Magedeleyne 428
hym ought now to haue the lesse payne
he hath made mony a lay & mony a thynge
now as ye be a god and eke a kynge
I your alceste whilome quene of Trace [leaf 12, back] 432
I Axe you this man ryght of your grace
That ye hym neuyr hurte in all his liffe
And he shall swere to you And that als beliffe
he shall no more Agyltyn in this wise 436
But he shall make As ye wyll deuise
Of women trew in lovynge all here live
Whedyr so ye[1] will of maydyn or of wyve [1 she, *corrected*]
And fortheryn so moche as he missaid 440
Or in the Rose or in the Cressede
The god of love Aunswerd her Anon
Madam quod he hit is so longe agon
That I you knew so charytabyll and treue 444
That neuyr yete seth that the world was new
To me ne founde I bettyr none than ye
yf that I wold save my degre
I may ne y wyll not werne your request 448
All lyth in you doth *with* hym what ye liste
I all for-yeve *with*-oute lenger space
ffor who-so yevith a yefte or doth grace
Do hit betyme his thonke is well the more 452
And demyth ye what ye shall do ther-fore
God thonke you my lady here *quod* he
I Rose and downe I sett me vpon my kne
And said thus madame the god above 456
fforyelde you that ye the god of love
hath makyd me his wrath for to [2]foryeve [2 for, *corrected*]
And yeve me grace so longe for to lyve
That I may know sothely what ye be 460
That hath me bolpe and put in this degre

And made al *so* þ^{e} lif of seint Cecile
he made al so goon is^{a} a grete whyle
Orygenes vpon þ^{e} maudelyn 428
hym ought have þ^{e} lesse peyn
he hath made mony a lay and mony a thyng^{e}
Now as ye be a god and eke a kyng^{e}
I your alceste whylom quene of trace 432
Chast ye this man thi right of *your* grace
That ye hym neuer hurt in alle his live
And he shall swere^{n} to yow and þat blive
he shall neuer more gilten yow in this wyse [page 61] 436
[. . . . . *line left out in the MS.*]
Of women trow in lovyng^{e} alle hir lyf
Where so ye will of maydon^{e} or of wyfe
And forthere$n$ yow as muche as he mysseyde 440
Or in the rose or ells in Cresseyde
The god of love answered^{e} her thus anon
Madame quoth he it is long^{e} a goon^{e}
That I yow knew so charitable and trew 444
That neuer yet syn þat þ^{e} world^{e} was new
To me ne founde I bet*er* noon^{e} than ye
If that I wold^{e} save my degree
I may ne will not werne *your* request 448
Alle lith in yow doth wyth hym what ye leat
I alle foryeve wythowten leng*ur* space
For he þat yeveth a yefte or doth grace
Do it be tyme his thanke is welle þ^{e} more 452
And demeth ye what ye shal do *per* fore
Go thonk my lady her quoth he
I roosse and downe I sett me on my knee
And seyd^{e} madam god a-bove 456
Foryeld^{e} yow that y^{e} god of love
han maked^{e} me his wrath to foryeve
And grace so long*er* for to see
That I may know what ye bee 460
That han me holpe in this degree

¶ But trewly I wende as yn this case
Nought haue a-gylte ne don to loue trespase
For whi a trew man without*e* drede
Hath not to parte with A theuys dede
Ne a trew louere ought me not to blame
Though that I speke a fals louer som shame
thei ought rathir with me for to holde
For that I of Creseide wrote or tolde
Or of the Rose, what so myn Auctor mente
Algate god wote it was myn ententе
To furthren trouth in loue *and* it cherice
And to be ware fro falsnesse *and* fro vice
Bi swich ensample this was my menynge
And she answeri*d* let be thyn Arguynge
For loue ne wil*l* not countreplety*d* be
In right ne wronge *and* lerne that of me
Thow haste thi grace *and* hold*e* the right therto
Now wil*l* I seyn what penaunce thou shalt do
For thi trespace vndrestonde it here
Thou shalt while that thou leuyst yere by yere
the moste partye of thi tyme spende
In makynge of a glorious legende
Of good*e* women maydenys *and* wynes
That were trew in louynge all hir lyues
And tell of fals men that hem bitrayen*d*
[*A blank line.*]
¶ How many women thei may don A shame
For in youre world*e* that ye now hold*e* A game
And though the like not a louere be
Speke well of loue this penaunce yeue I the
And to the god*e* of loue I shall so prey
That he shall charge his seruauntys bi eny wey
to furthren the *and* well thi labour quyte
Goo now thi wey this penaunce is but lyte
And when this boke is made yeue it the quene
On my bihalf at Eltham or at Shene

But trewly I wend*e* As in this case
Nought haue gylt love nor do no trespace
ffor why a trew man *with*-outen drede
Hath not the parte *with* a theves dede
Ne a trew lover ought me not to blame
Though I spake a fals lover some shame
They ought Rather *with* me for to hold*e*
ffor that I of Cryseid wrote And told*e*
ffor of the Rose what-so myn Auctor ment
Algate god wote hit was myn entent
To forther trouth in love and*e* charyte[1] [1 corr. to charybe]
And to be ware fro falsnes & fro vice
By suche ensample this was my meanynge
And she Answerd*e* lat be thy Arguynge
ffor love ne wold*e* not countyrpleti*d* be
In ryght ne wronge lerne that at me
Thou hast thy grace And hold*e* the ryght thero-to
Now wyll I seyen what penaunce thou shalt do
ffor thy trespace to put the oute of were
Thou *shalt* while thou lyvist yere by yere
The moste parte of thy tyme spende
In makynge of a glorious legende
Of good women maydus And wyvis
That wer trew in lyvynge all her lyves
And tell of fals men that hem betrayen*d*
That all here lyffe doth not but Assayne
How mony women that they may Asshame
ffor in the world*e* that is now hold*e* a game
All though ye lyke not a lover to be
speke well of love this penaunce yeve I the
And to the god*e* of love I shall so preye
That he his *seruauntes* charge by Anny waye
To forther the and*e* well in labour quyte
Go now thy waye this penaunce is but lyte
And when this booke is made yeve hit the quene
On my behalfe at Eltham or at shene

But truely I wend as in this cas
Nought have a gilt ne don to *love* trespas
For why a true man wyth outen drede
hath not to parten wyth a theves dede
Ne a true lover ought not be to blame
Though I spoke of fals louers some shame
They ought the rathere wyth me for to hold*e*
For that I of Cresseid*e* wrote or told*e*
Or of the rose what so myn au*tour* ment
Algate god wote it was myn entent
To forther*e* love in trowth and it cherice
And to ben war fro falsnes and fro vice
By suche ensample this was my menyng*e*
And she answered*e* lat be thyn argueyng*e*
For love wull not counte*r*pled*e* be
In right ne wrong*e* now lerne þat of me
Thow hast grace and hold*e* þe right *per* to
Now wull I seyen what penaunce thow shalt do
For thy trespas vnderstonde it here
Thow shalt whyle thow levest yer by yere
The most partie of thy lif spende
In makyng*e* of a glorious legent
Of gode women maydons and wyves
That weren*e* true in levyng*e* alle her lives
And tell of fals men þat hem betrayen*d*
And how suche men full oft hem self assayen*d*
how mony women they may don*e* shame
For in this world that is now hold*e* a game
And though thow lik not a louer be
Spek well of love this penaunce I yeve þ*e*
And to þ*e* god of love I shall so preye
That he shall charge his seruants by eny weye
To fortheren and well thy labour quyte
Go now thy wey thy penaunce is but lite
And whann this boke is made yeve it þ*e* quene
Of my bchalve at Eltham or at shene

The goð of loue gan smyle *and* then he seide
Westow quoth he wher this be wife or mayde
Or quene or Countesse or of what degre
That hath so litell penaunce yeuen the
that haste deseruyd sore for to smerte
But pite renmyth sone in gentill herte
that maystow seen she kitheth what she ys
And I answerd nay sir so haue I blis
Na more but that I se well she ys good
that is A trew tale by myn hood
Quoth loue *and* thou knowist well parde
If hit be so that thou avise the
Hastow not in a book lithe in thi cheste
the grete goodnesse of the quene Alceste
That turned was in-to a daysye
She that for hir hosbonde chos to dye
And eke to goo to helle rathir then he
and Ercules reskowid hir parde
And brought hir out of hell a-geyn to blis
and I answerid a-gayn *and* seyde yis
Now know I hir / *and* is this good Alceste
the daysye *and* myn owne hertys reste
¶ Now fele well the goodnesse of this wife
that both aftir hir deth *and* in hir life
Hir grete bounte doublith hir renoun
Well hath she quytte me myn affectyon
That I haue to *hir* floure the daysye
No wondir ys thogh Ioue hir stellyfye
As tellith Agaton for hir goodnesse
Hir white corowne berith of hit witnesse
For all so many vertuys had she
As smale flourys yn hir corown be
In remembraunce of hir *and* in honoure
Cibilla made the daysye *and* the floure
I-corownyd all with white as men may se
And Mars yafe to hir corowne red parde

BODLEY 638

The goð of love gane smyle & then he saiđ [leaf 13, back]
Wostow *quod* he whedyr this be wyffe or mayde
Or quene or countesse or what degre
That so lityll penaunce haue yeve the
That haste deservid sore for to smerte
But pite Ryanyth so in gentyll hert
That maistow see she kytheth what she is
And I Answerd nay syr so haue I blisse
No mor but that I se well that she is good
That is a trew tale by myn hoode
quod love And thou knowist well parde
yf hit be so thou aduise the
hast thou not in a boke in thy cheste
the grete goodnes of the quene alceste
That tornyd was in-to A deyse
she that for her husbond chose to dye
And eke to go to hell rather than he
And herkules restoryd here parde
And brought here oute of hell agayne to blesse
And I Answerd agayne and said this
Now know I here and is this the good alceste
The Deyse and myn hertis rest
Now fele I well the goodnes of *this* wyffe
That both aftyr her deth and in her lyffe
Here grete bounte dobylith here renowne
Well hath she quyte me myn affeccion
That I haue to here floure the daysye
No wondyr is though I on her stillefy
As tellith Agaton for her goodnesse
her white crowne berith of hit wittnesse
ffor also mony vertus hath she
As smalł flourys in her crowne be
In remembraunce of here and in honoure
Cibilla made the deyse and the floure
Crownyd all *with* white as men may se
And Mars yave to here a crowne rede *parde*

ADDIT. 9832

The god of love gan smyle and then he seyde
Wost thow quoth he wheþer this be wyf or maide
Or quene or countesse or of what degree
That hath so litill penaunce yeven the
That hath deserved *sor for to smert*
But pite renneth sone in a gentill hert
That mayst tho seyen she kyth what she is
And I answerd nay sir so have I blis
No more but I se well she is gode
That is a trew tale by myn hode
Quoth love and thow knowest welle parde
If it be so that thow avyse the
hast þou not in a boke that lyeth in thy chist
The grete godenes of þe quene Alcest
That *turned* was in to a dayeye
She that for hir housbond chese to dye
And eke to go to hell rather then he
And hercules rescowed hir parde
And brought hire out of hell to blis
And I answered ayene and seyde this
Now know I hir and is this the gode Alcest
The daysye and myn owen hertes rest
Now I fele welle the godenes of this wyf
That both *aftur* hir deth and in hir lif
Her grete bounte dowbleth hir renown
Well hath she quyt me myn affeccon
That I have to *his flour* the daysye
No wounder is though youe hire stellifie
As telleth agaton for hir godenes
Hir whyte corown berith *per-of* wyttenesse
For as so mony vertues had she
As smale flowres in *hir* corown be
In remembraunce of hir and in honeur
Sibilla made the daysye and the *flour*
I-crowned alle wyth whyt as men may see
And mars yave to hir corown rede parde

PEPYS 2006

In stede of Rubies set a-mongo the white
Therwith this quene wax red for shame a lite
When she was preysed so in hir presence
Then seid Ioue a full grete neclygence
Was it to the that ilke tyme thou made
[*No gap in the MS.*]
Hid Absolon thi tresses yn balade
[*No gap in the MS.*]
That thou forgate hir in thi songe to sette
[*No gap in the MS.*]
Syn that thou arte so gretlye in hir dette
And woste well that kalender ys she
To any woman that wull louer be
For she taught all the crafte of fyne louynge
And namely of wifhode the leuynge
And all the boundis that she ought kepe
Thi litell witte was thilke tyme A-slepe
But now I charge the vpon thi life
that in thi legende thou make of this wyfe
Whan thou haste othir smale I-made bi-fore
And fare now well I charge the no more
But ere I go this mucli I wull the telle
Ne shall no trew louer com in helle
Thise othir ladies sittynge here a row
ben in thi balade if thou kanste hem know
And in thi bokis all thou shalt hem fynde
Haue hem in thi legende now all in mynde
I mene of hem that ben in thi knowynge
For here ben twenty thousand more sittynge
Thanne thou knowist · good women all ·
and trew of loue for ought that may befall
Make the metres of hem as the lest
I mote gon home the sonne drawith west
To paradyse with all this companye [leaf 8c]
And serue alwey the fressh daysye
at cleopatre I wull that thou begynne

BODLEY 638

In stede of Rubyes sett amonge the whyte [leaf 14]
Ther-with this quene wexte rede for shame a lyte
When she was preysid so in her presence
Than said Ioue a full grete necligens
Was hit to the that ilke tyme thou made
[*No gap in the MS.*]
Hide absolon thy tressis in balade
[*No gap in the MS.*]
That thou forgate her in thy songe to sett
[*No gap in the MS.*]
seth thou Arte so gretely in her dete
And west so well that kalander is she
To Anny woman that wyll a lover be
ffor she taught all the crafte of fyne lovynge
And hit was provid in dede doynge
And all the bondis that she ought to kepe
Thy litill witt was that tyme on slepe
But now I charge vpon thy lyffe
That in thy legend thou make of this wyffe
When thou hast other smale made by-fore
And fare thou well I charge the no more
But or I go thus moche I wyll the tell
Ther shall no trew lover come in hell
Thes other ladyes sittynge on A row
bene in thy balade yf thou canst hem know
And in my bokes all thou shalt hem fynde
haue now in thy legend hem all in mynde
I meane of heme that bene in thy knowynge
ffor here be twenty thowsand mo sittynge
Than thou knowist and good women all
And trew of love what ought may befall
Make the maters of hem as ye liste
I muste go home the sonne drawith west
To paradise with all this company
And serve alwey the dayse
at Cleopatre I wyll that thou begynne

ADDIT. 9832

In stede of Rubyes set among þ^e^ whyte
Ther wyth this quene waxed for shame red a lite
Whann she was preysed so in hir presence
Than seyde love a girte necligence
Was it to the that ilk tyme þou made
[*No gap in the MS.*]
Hyde absolon thy tresse in balade
[*No gap in the MS.*]
That thow for-gate hir in thy song^e^ to sette
[*No gap in the MS.*]
Syn thow art so gretely in hir dette
And west welle that kalendare is she
To eny woman that a lover will
For she taught alle the craft of fyn lovyng^e^
And namely of wyfhede the lovyng^e^
And alle the boundes that she aught to kepe
Thy litill wytt was thilk tyme a slepe
But now I charge the vpon thy lif
That in thy legende thow make of this wyf
Whann thow oþer smale made be fore
And fare welle I charge the no more
But or I go thus muche I will þ^e^ telle
Ne shall no trew lover come in helt
This oþer ladyes sittyng^e^ he a rowe [page 8c]
Ben in thy balad^e^ yf thow k^n^ow know
And in thy bokes alle thow shalt hem fynde
have hem in thy legend^e^ alle in mynde
I mene of hem that bene in thy knowyng^e^
For her ben xx^ti^ thowsand^e^ mo sittyng^e^
Than thow knowest god women alle
And trewe of love for aught that may befalle
Make thy matere of hem as the leste
I mot goo home the sonne drawyth west
To paradyse wyth alle this compaigne
And serve alle wey the fresshe daysye
At cleopatre I wull that thow be-gynne

PEPYS 2006

PAR.-TEXT 282-283

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *BODLEY MS.* 638. 79

And so forth *and* my loue shaltow wynne
For lat se now what man that louer be 568
Wull doon so stronge a peyne for loue as she
I wot well that thou maiste not all hit ryme
That such louers did in her tyme
Hit were to longe to reden *and* to here 572
Suffyceth me thou make in this manere
That thou reherce of all her life the grete
After thise olde Auctorys lysten for to trete
For who so shall so many A story telle 576
Sey shortly or he shall to longe dwell
And with that word my bokys gan I take
and right thus on my legende gan I make. 579

[I.]

Incipit. Legenda. Cleopatrie. Martiris. Egipti. Regine.

AFtyr the deth of Tholome the kynge 580
That all Egipte had in his gouernynge
Regnyd his quene Cleopataras
tyll on a tyme befell ther swich a cas
That out of Rome was sent a senatoure 584
For to conquere regnes & honoure
Vn-to the tovne of Rome as was vsaunce
To haue the world at hir obeisaunce.
And soth to sey Antonius was his name [leaf 56, back] 588
So fill it as fortune him ought a shame
when he was fallin in prosp[er]ite
Rebell vn-to the tovne of Rome is he
And ouyr all this the sustre of Cesare 592
he lafte hir falsly er that she was ware
And wold algatis han An-othir wife
For which he toke with Rome & Cesar strife

BODLEY 638

PAR.-TEXT 282-283

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN: *ADDIT. MS.* 9832. 79

And so forth my love shalt thou wynne
ffor lete se now what man that lover be [leaf 14, back] 568
Wold do so stronge a payne for love as she
I wote well thou mayst not do all in Ryme
That suche lovers diden in her lyffe and tyme
hit wer to longe to rede and to here 572
suffisith me thou make in this maner
That thou rehersa of all her lyffe the grete
Aftyr thes-old Auctours the lesse to trete
ffor who so that shall so mony a story tell 576
say shortely or ells he shall to longe Dwell
And with that words my bokes gane I take
And ryght thus on my legend gane I make 579

[I.]

[THE LEGEND OF CLEOPATRA.]

a AFtyr the deth of tholome the kynge 580
That all Egipte had in his gouernynge
Reygnyd his quene Cleopatras
TyH on A tyme be-fell her suche a case
That oute of Rome was sent A Cenatour 584
ffor to conquer Reignes And honour
Vn-to the towne of Rome As was the vsans
To haue the world vndyr her obesiaunce
And soth to saye Antonius was his name 588
so fell hit as fortune hym ought shame
When he was fallyn in prosperite
Rebell vn-to towne of Rome was he
And ovyr all this the suster Cesare 592
he lefte her falsly or that she was ware
And wold algates haue another wyffe
ffor whiche he toke with Rome & Cesar stryffe

ADDIT. 9832

PAR.-TEXT 282-283

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *PEPYS MS.* 2006. 79

And so forth and my love so shalt thow wynne
For lat se now what man þat lover be 568
wull don so strong a peyn for love as she
I wote welle þat thow may not alle þat it ryme
That suche louers deden in her tyme
It were to long to reden and to here 572
Suffiseth me thow make in this maner
That thow reherce of alle hir love the grete
Aftur these old auctours listen for to trete
For who so shall so mony a story telle 576
Sey shortly or he shal to long dwelle
And wyth þat worde may bokes gan take
And right thus on my legend I gan make 579

[I.]

Legenda Clepatre [*in margin*].

a Aftur the deth of Tholome the kyng [page 67] 580
That alle Egipt had in gouernyng
Reigned his wyf Cleopatras
Till on o tym be fell suche a cas
That out of Rome was send a Senatour 584
For to Conquere reignes and honour
Vn to the town of Rome as was vsaunce
To have þ^e world at her plesaunce
And soth to seyn Antonius was his name 588
So fell hit as fortune hym aught a shame
Whann he was fallen in to prosperite
Rebell vn to þ^e town of Rome was he
And ouer alle this the suster of Cesare 592
He laft her falsely or þat she was warre
And wold algate have anoþer wyf [page 68]
For wheche he toke wyth Rome and Cesar strif

PEPYS 2006

Natheles forseth this ilke senatoure
was a full worthi gentill werriour
And of his deth hit was full grete damage
but love had brought this man in such a rage
and him so narow boundon in his lase
All for the loue of Cleopatara
That all the world he set at no value
Him thought ther was no-thinge to him so due
As Cleopataras for to loue & serue
Him rought not in Armys for to sterue
In the defence of hir & of hir right
This noble quene eke louyd so this knyght
thorogh his deserte & for his cleualrye
As certeynly but if that bokys lye
he was of persone & of gentyllesse
and of discrecion & of hardynesse
wo[?]thi to any wight that leuyn may
And she was feire as is the Rose in May
And for to make shortlye ys the beste
She wax his wife & had him as her leste .
The weddynge & the feste to deuyse
to me that haue I-take such emprise
Of so many a story for to make
It were to longe laste that I should slake
Of thinge that berith more effecte & charge [leaf 87]
For men may ouyrlade A shippe or barge
And for-thy to theffecte then wull I skippē
and all the remanent I will let it slyppē
Octouyan that wood was of this dede
Shoope him an cost on Antony to lede
All outerly for his distruccyon
With stoute Romaynes cruell as lyon
To shippe thei wente & thus I lete hem sayle
Antonyus was ware & wull not fayle
to meten with thise Romaynes if he may
Toke eke his rede & both vpon a day

natheles forseth this ilke Cenatour
Was a full worthy werriour
And off his deth hit was ffull grete damage [leaf 16 112 in print]
But love hath brought this man in suche Arage
And hym so narow boundyn in his lasse
AR for the love of cleopatrase
And all the world he sett at no value
Hym thought ther was no thynge to hym so due
As cleopatras ffor to love and serve
Hym rought not in Armys for to sterve
In the defence of here and of her ryght
The nobyll quene eke so lovid this knyght
Thorough his desert and for his chevallre
As certenly but yf that bokes lye
He was of persone And of gentyllnes
And of discressiow and of hardynes
Worthy to Anny wyght that lyve maye
And she was fayre as is the Rose in maye
And for to make shortely is the beste
she was his wyffe and did as hym leste
The weddynge and ther-to for to Devise
To me that haue take suche empryse
off so mony a story to make
Hit wer to longe leste hit shuld slake
Of thynge that berith more effecte and charge
ffor men may ovyr-lade a shipp or a barge
And forthe them to the effecte wyll I skypp
And all the remenaunt I will let slipp
Octauian that wood was of the dede
Shope hym an host on Antony to lede
And vtterly for his distruxcion
With stoute Romayns as Cruell as lyon
To shipp anon they went and so to sayle
To mete with thes Romayns with-oute fayle
Toke his rede and both vpon a daye [leaf 16, back]

Netheles for soth the same Senatour
Was a full wurthy and a gentill werriour
And of his deth it was a grete damage
But love hadd brought this man in suche a rage
And hym so narow had bownde in his lase
For the love of the lady dame Cleopatrace
That alle the world he seit at no valowe
Hym thought þer was no thyng to hym so dyew
As Cleopatras for to love and serve
Hym rought not in armes for to sterve
In defence of hir and of hir right
This noble quene loved so this knyght
Thugh his deserve and his Chyvalrie
As certeigmly but yef þat bokes lye
He was of person and of lentilnes
And of discrecion and of hardynes
Wurthy to eny wyght that leven may
And she was as faire as is þ rose in may
And for to make shortly is the best
She was his wyf and had hir at his lest
The weddyng & þ feste for to devyse
To me that have take suche Emprice
Of so mony a storie for to make
It wer to long lest I shuld slake
Of thyngs that beryth more effecte and charge
For men may ouer-lede a shyp or a barge
And þer to þ effecte I will skyppe
[. . . . . *line left out of MS.*]
Octouian that wode was wyth his dede
Shope hym an hoost on Antonye to lede
Alle vtturly for his destruccion
Wyth Romayns as cruell as eny lyon
To shyp they went and thus I lete hem sayle
Antonius was warr and wuld not faille
To meten wyth the Romayns yef he may
Toke eke his rede and both vpon a day

his wife & he & all his ooste forth wente 632
To shippe a-non no lengur thei ne stente
And in the see it happiH hem to mete
Vp goth the trumpe & for to shoute & shete
And peynen hem to sette on with the sonne 636
with grisly soune oute goth the grete gonne
And hertely thei hurtelyn all atonys
and fro the toppe doune comyth the grete stonys
In goth the grapneH so fulH of crokys 640
Amonge the ropys & the sherynge hokys
In-with the polax presith he & he
be-hinde the maste begynneth he to fle
And out a-geyn & driveth him ouyr borde 644
He stynyeth him vpon his sperys orde
He rent the sayle with hokys like a syth
He bringeth the cuppe & biddith him be blith
He pourith pesen vpon the hacchys slydre. 648
With pottys fulH of lyme thei goon to-gidre.
And thus the longe day in figlit thei spende
TiH at the laste as euery thynge hath ende
Antony is shent & put him to the flight [leaf 87, back] 652
and all his folke to go that beste go myght
Fleith eke the quene with all hir propre sayle
For strokys which that went as thike as hayle
No wondre was she myght it not endure 656
And when that Antony saugh that aventure
Allas quoth he the day that I was borne
Mi worshipe in this day thus haue I lorne
And for dispeyre out of his witte he sterte 660
And roof himself a-non thorogh-out the herte
Er that he ferthur went out of the place
His wife that koude of Cesar haue no grace
To Egipte is fled for drede & for distresse 664
but herkneth ye that spekyn of kindenesse
Ye men that falsly sweryn many an oth
That ye wull dye if that youre love be wroth

His wyffe and he and all his host forth went 632
To shipp Anon no lenger they ne stent
And in the see hit happynyd hem to mete
Vpp'goth the trumpe for to shoute And shete
And paynen hem to sett with the sonne 636
With Grysle sounde oute goth the grete gonne
And herkely they hurtelyne all attones
That ffro the tope downe come the grete stones
In goth the grapneH so ffuH of Crokes 640
That Amonge the Ropes rase the sherynge hookes
In with the pollaxe presith he and he
By-hynde the maste begynnyth he to flye
And oute agayne dryvith hem ovyr the borde 644
He styntith hem vpon his speris orde
He rentith the sayle with hookes lyke a syth
He bryngith the Cuppe and biddith hem be blith
He powryth pesyne vppon the haches sliddyr 648
With pottis fuH of lyme they gone to-gedyr
And this the longe daye in fyght they spende
TyH at the laste euery thynge hath A nende
And Antony is shent and put to flyght 652
And all his folke to go that beste go myght
Also flleith eke the quene with all her purpiH sayle
ffor strokes which that went as thyke as hayle
no wondyr hit was she myght hit not endure 656
And whan that Antony saw that aventure
Alas quod he the daye that I was borne
My worshipp in this world thus haue I lorne
ffor dispayre oute of his witt he stert 660
And Roffe hym selfe thorough the hert
Or that he ffarther went oute of that place
His wyffe that coude of Cesar haue no grace [leaf 17]
To Egipte is she fledde for drede and ffor distresse 664
But herkenyth ye that spekyth of kyndnesse
Ye men that sweryn falsly mony an othe
That ye wyH dye yf your love be wroth

His wyf and he and alle his oost forth wente 632
To shyppe a-non no lengur they ne stent
And in þ' see it happed that they mett
Vp goth the trompes and for to shote and shett
And paynen hem to sette on wyth þ' sonne [page 69] 636
Wyth grisely sowid out goth the grete gonno
And hertely the hurteleden alle stonys
And frome þ' toppes down come grete stonys
In goth þ' grapeneH so full of crokes 640
And among' the ropes thenn the sherynge hokes
In wyth the pollax preseth he and he
Behynd' the mast gynneth they to flee
And out agayn and dryveth hem ouyr borde 644
And stynyeth hym on his speres yorde
And rende þ' saille wyth hokes lik a syth
He bryng' þe coppe and bydeth hem blith
He powreth peson on þ' haeches slyder 648
The pottes full of lyme they gon to gedre
And thus þ' long' day in fyghtyng' they spende
Till at þ' last as euery thyng' hath ende
Antony is sconfyed and put vn to flight 652
And alle is gonne that be go myght
Fleyth eke the quene wyth alle hir purpil saille
For þat strokes that wer as thikk as hailie
No wondre was for she myght not endure 656
And whonn þat Antony sawgh þat auenture
Alas quoth he that day that I was borèn
My wurshype for euer this day have I loren
And for despaire out of wytt he stert 660
And roff hym self a-non vn to þ' hert
Or he went ferther out of þ' place
His wyf that cowd of Cesare have no grace
Th to Egypte is she fledd for distresse 664
But herken ye now that speken of kyndenes
Ye men that sheren mony a fals othe
That ye wull dye yef your ladyes ben wroth

Here may ye see of women which a trouth
this wofull Cleopatre hath made such routh
That ther nys tonge non that may it tell
but on the morow she wull no lengur dwell
But made hir subtyll werkmen make a shryne
Of all the rubeis & the stonys fyne
In all Egipte that she koude espye
And put full the shryne of spicerye
And leet the corps enbaume & forth she fette
this ded corps & in the shryne it shette
And nexte the shryne a pytte then doth she graue
and all the serpentz that she myght haue
She put hem in that graue & thus she seyde
now love to whom my sorowfull herte obeyde
So ferforthly that fro that blisful howre [leaf 32]
that I you swore to be all frely youre
I mene you Antonyus my knight
that neuyr wakynge in the day or nyght
Ye nere owt of myn hertis remembraunce
For wele or woo for carol or for daunce
And in my-self this couenaunt made I tho
That right such as ye feltyn wele or wo
as ferforth as in my powere lay
Vnreprouable to my wyfhode ay
The same wold I fele life or deth
and thilke couenaunte while me lastith breth
I wull fulfille & that shall well be sene
was neuyr vn-to hir love a treware quene
And with that worde nakid with full good herte
A-monge the serpentz in the pytte she sterte
And there she ches to han hir buryenge
Anon the neddemeans goñ hir for to stynge
And she hir deth receyueth with good chere
For loue of Antonye that was her so dere
And this is storiall soth it ya no fable
Now ere I fynde a man thus trew & stable

Here may ye see of women) which a trouth 668
This wofull Cleopatre hath made such routh
That ther is no tonge that may hit tell
But on the morow she wyll no lenger dwell
But made her subtyle workemen) make a shryne 672
Of Rubyes and stones that beste bene and fyne
In all Egipte that they coude espye
And put ffull the shryne of spiccre
And lett the corse be bavmyd and forth she fett 676
This dede cors And in the shryne she it shett
And nexte the shryne a pytt doth she grave
And all the serpentes she myght ther haue
She put hem in-to the grave And thus she said 680
Now love of whome my sorowfull hert obeyed
So ferforthly that ffro that blissidfull oure
That I you swore all ffrely to be youre
I mene you Antonius my gentill knyght 684
That nevyr yete wakynge by daye nor by nyght
Ye wer not oute of my hertis rememberaunce
ffor well ne for wo for carall ne for daunce
And in my selfe this cownaunt made I tho 688
That ryght such as ye felt other well or wo
As ferforth as in my power laye
Vnprovable vn-to my wishode ay
The same wold I felyn lyffe or deth 692
And thyke cownaunt whiles me lastith breth
I wyll fullfyll and that shall be well sene
Was nevyr yete on-to here love a trewer quene 695
And with that worde nakyd with full good hert [leaf 17, back]
Amonge to serpentes all in the pitt she sterte
And ther she chose to haue her beryinge
Anon the Edders beganne her for to stynge
And she her deth receyvid with good chere 700
ffor love of Antony that was her so dere
And this is the storyall this is no fabyll
Now or I fynd A man thus trow or stabyll

Here ye may se of women suche a trowth 668
This wofull Cleopatre hath suche a rowth
That per is non tonge that it can telle
But on p^r morow she wold no lengur dwell
But made hir sotell werke women) to make a shryne 672
Or of alle the fyn Rubyes and p^e stones fyne
In alle Egypt that she cowd espye
And putt full p^r shryn of spyceris
And dede þe corps enbaume and furth she fette [page 70] 676
This dede corps and in to p^e shryne it shett
And next the shryne a pitt þen[1] lete she do grave [1 ? þer]
And alle the serpentes that she myght have
She putt hem in þat grave and this she seyde 680
Now love to whom my sorowful hert obeyde
So feithfully that from that blesfull owre
That I swere to yow to be alle frely yowre
I ment yow Antonius my dere knyght 684
That neuer in p^e day wakyng ne nyght
Ye wer neuer out of my remembraunce
For well ne woo for CarOl ne for daunce
And wyth my self this coue[n]aunt made I tho 688
That suche right as ye feldon well or wo
As ferforth as it in my power lay
Vn-reprovable vn-to my wyfhod ay
The same I wold felen lif or deth 692
And thik covenaunt whyle me lesteth breth
I wull fullfill and þat shall be well seen)
Was þer neuer vn-to her love a trewer quene
And wyth that word naked wyth gode hert 696
Among all serpentes in to p^e pitt stert
And þer she chese to have hir buryng
And a non p^e snakes gan hir for to styng
And so she hir deth þer receyved wyth gode chere 700
For þe love of Antony þat was to hir so dere
And this a storiall suth it is no fable
Now till I fynd a man this trew and stable

And wulf for loue his deth so frely take 704
I *pray* god lete owre hedis neuyr ake

Explicit Legenda Cleopatrie Martiris

[II.]

Incip*it* Legenda Tesbe Babilon*ie* Martiris. [leaf 83, back]

At Babiloyne whilom felt it thus
The which towne the quene Semyramus
Leet dichen al aboute & walles make 708
Full high of harde tyles well I-bake
Ther were dwellinge in this noble towne
two lordes which that were of gret renowne
And wonedin so neigh vpon a grene 712
that ther nas but a stone walt hem bitwene
As ofte in grete townys is the wone
and soth to seyn that on man had a sone
Of all that londe com the lustyest 716
That othir had a doughtre the feyrest
that Estward in the world was tho dwellinge
The name of euerich gan to othir spryngе
bi women that were neighbores a-boute 720
for in that contre yet withouten doute
Maydens ben I-kepte for Ielousye
Full streyte lest thei did som folye
This yonge man was clepid Pyramus 724
Tesbe hite the maide Naso seith thus
And thus bi reporte was her name shoue
That as thei wox in age wox her loue
And serteyn as bi reson of her Age 728
ther myght haue ben bitwexe hem mariage
but that her fadris nold it not assente
and both in loue I-like sore thei brente
That noon of all her frendis ne myght yt letto 732
but preuylye som-tyme yet thei mette

And wyth for love his deth thus ffrely take 704
I pray god to lett our hedys nevyr ake

[II.]

[THE LEGEND OF THISBE.]

At babilone whilome felt hit thus
The which the quene semiramis
Let Diche alaboute and walles make 708
ffull high of herde tyles well bake
Ther wer dwellinge in this nobyll towne
Two lordes whiche wer of grete renowne
And woned so nygh vpon a grene 712
That ther nas but a stone walt hem by-twene
As ofte in grete townes is the wonne
And soth to say the to man had a sonne
Of all that lond he was on of the best 716
That other had a doughtyr the fayreste
That Estward in the world was non dwellynge
The name of evyrich ganne to other spryngе
By women that wer neightbours aboute 720
ffor in that contre yete *with-outen* doute
Maydyns beth I-kepte frome Iolousye
ffull streyte lest they diden some foly
This yonge man was callid pyramius 724
Tysbe hight the maide nazo saith thus [leaf 19]
And thus by [reporte] was her name I-shoue
That as they wexe in Age wexe her love
And certen as by reason of her Age 728
Ther myght haue be by-twixte hem mariage
but that her faders wold not assent
And both in love lyke sore they brant
That non of all her ffrendes myght hit lett 732
But *pr*eviliche yete some tyme they mett

That wull for love of his lady his deth so frely take 704
I pray to god almyghty let oure hedes neuer ake

Explicit [End of p. 70, Pepys MS.]

[II.]

[THE LEGEND OF THISBE.]

[*2 leaves lost, and 1 substituted, in another hand*, C, *so that 71 lines are out.*]

bi sleight & spakin som of hir desyre
As were the glede & hotter is the fyre
Forbede a loue & it ys .x. so wood
this wall which that bitwexe hem both stood
Was clouyn a-two right fro the toppe a-downe [leaf 85]
Of olde tyme of his fundacyoun
but yit this clifte was so narow & lyte
yt was not sene dere I-nogh a myte
but what is that that loue kan not espye
ye louers two if that I shall not lye
ye foundyn this litell narow clifte
And with a sowne as softe as eny shryfte
thei lete her wordis thorogh the clyfte pace.
And toldyn while that thei stodin in the place.
all her compleynt of loue & all her woo
At euery tyme when thei dorste soo.
Vp-on that o side of the wall stode he.
And on that othir side stode Tesbe.
The swote sovne of othir to receyue.
And thus her wardeynes wold thei deceyue.
And euery day this walle wold thei threte
And wissh to god that it were doune bete.
Thus wold thei seyn alas thou wykkyd wall
thorogh thyn envye thou lettyst all
Whi nelte thou cleue or fall all a two
Or at the leste but thou woldiste so
yet woldistow but onys let vs mete
or onya that we myght kissen swete
Then were we couerid of owre carys colde
but natheles yet be we to the holde
In-asmuch as thou suffrist for to gon
owre wordis thoroz thi lyme & eke thi ston
Yet ought we with the ben well a-paid
And when these idell wordis were said
The cold wall thei wold kissen of ston [leaf 86, back]
and take her leue & forth thei woldin gon

By slyght and by spekynge some of ther desyre
ffor love is fervent & hotter then the fyre
fforbeed a love and hit is [1]and[1] it is[1] ten so wode
This wall whiche by-twixte hem both stoode [[1]—] repetition]
Was clovyn a two ryght frome the tope adowne
The which was made of old fundacion
But yete this clifte was so narrow and lyte
Hit was not sene ther nought a myte
But what is hit that love cann not aspye
Thes lovers two yf I shall not lye
They foundyn fyrst this lityll narow clyfte
And with a sowne as softe as Anny shryfte
They let her wordes thorough the cliffe passe
And toldyn while they stoden in the place
All her complaynynge of love And all her wo
At euery tyme when they durst so
Vpon the ton side on the wall stode he
And the todyr syde stode Tysbe
The swete sowne evere of other receyve
And thus her wardeyns wold they disseyve
And evere day this wall they wold threte
And wisshe to god hit were downe bete
Thus wold they say alas that wykkyd wall
Thorough thyn envy thou lettist vs all
Why wole thou not cleve nor fall in two
Or that the leste but thou woldist soo [leaf 19, back]
We kepe no more but ones lat vs mete
Or ones that we myght kysse swete
Then wer we coverd of our Cares cold
And natheles yete we be to the behold
In also moche as thou suffryst for to gone
Our wordes thorough the lyme and stone
And whene the lityll wordes wer said
yete ought we with the to be well apayed
The cold wall they wold kysse of stone
And take her leve and forth they wold gone

[*leaf out*]

And this was gladly in the cuctyde
or wondir erly leste men it espyde.
And longe tyme thei wroght in this manere
Tyll on a day when Phebus gan to clere
Aurora with the stremys of hir hete
had dried vp the dew of erbys wete
Vn-to this clifte as it was wonyd to be
Come Piramus & aftir him Tesbe
And plighten trouth fully in her fay
that ilke same nyght to stele a-way
And to begile her wardeynes euery-chone
and forth out of the Cite for to gone.
And for the feldis ben so brode & wyde
For to mete in o place at o tyde
Thei sette markis her metynge sholde be
there kynge Nynus was grauyn vndir a tre
For old paynymes that ydolys heryed
Vsedyn tho in feldys to be buried
And fast by this graue was a welle
and shortly of this tale for to telle.
This couenaunt was affermyd wondir faste
and longe hem thought that the son laste
That it nere gon vndir the se a-doun
this Tesbe so grete affectyon
had so grete likynge Pyramus to se
That when she sigh hir tyme myght be
At nyght she stale a-wey full preuyly
With hir face I-wymplid subtyllye
For all hir frendis for to saue hir trouth
She hath forsake allas & that ys routh
That euyr woman wold be so trew.
to truste man but she the bette him knew
And to the tre she goeth a full good pase
For loue made hir so hardi yn this case
and bi the welle a-downe she gan hir dresse
Allas then commith a wilde leonesse.

And this was gladly in the hevyn tyde
Or ells erly leste men hit Aspied
And longe tyme they wrought in this maner
Till on a daye whan phebus gan to clere
Aurora with his stremys of hete
Had dryed vp the dew of herbes swete
Vn-to this clifte as hit was wonte to be
Come pyramius and aftyrward Tysbe
And plyght a trouth fully in her faye
That ilke same nyght to stele awaye
And to begyle her wardens eviriehone
And oute of the *Cite* for to gone
And for the ffeldes bene so brode and wyde
Evyn to *mete* at on place & at on tyde
They sett marke wher ther metynge shuld be
Ther kynge *ninis* was grave vndyr a tre
ffor *old* paynyms that Idolls heyryed
Vsid they tho in feldes to be beryed
And fast by this grave was a well
And shortely of this tale for to tell
This *comm*aundment was afermyd wonder fast
And longe hem thought that the sonne laste
That hit ner go vndyr the sonne adowne
This Tysbe hath so grete effeccion
And so *grete* lykynge pyramius to se
That when she saw her tyme myght be
At nyght she stale a-waye full *prevely*
With here face wympillid subtylye
ffro all her ffrendes for to save he trouth
she hath forsake alas and that is routh
That Anny woman wold be so trew
To trust a man but she the bettyr hym knew
And to the tre she goth a full good passe
ffor love made here hardy in this case
And by the well a-downe she gane her *dresse*
Allas than comyth a wyld leonesse

[*Pages* 71 *and* 72 *are in a different hand* (C) *to that of the rest of the poem.*]

Come pyramus and afterwarde Tesbe [page 71]
And plighten trouthes fully In gode fay
þat same nyght for to stelē a-way
And for to be-gyle her wardenys euerychon 780
And oute of þe *Cyte* forth to gon
And for þe feldes ben so brode & wyde
For to mete at on place at oon tyde
Thei sett here marke *þer* her metyng scholde be 784
þere kynge nynus was graven vnder a tree
For olde paynemys þat *Idoles* heriedē
Veeden tho In feldes to be buriedē
And schortly of þys tale I telē 788
Faste by þys grave was a welē
þys couenaunt was afermedē wonder fast
And longe thie þoght þat þe sonne last
That hit rere gon vnder þe see a doun 792
Thys Tesbe hath so grete afeccoun
And so gret hast pyramus for to see
þat sche saw hir tyme myght be
Att nyght sche stale a-weye prively 796
With hir face wympled full sotelly
Alē hyr frendes to save here trouthe
Sche hap for-sake and þat ys grete routhe
That eny womman wolde be so trewe 800
To trust a man but sche þ better hym knewe
And to þe tree sche goth on full gode a paas
For love made hyr so hardy In þat cas
And by þ well a down sche can dresse 804
Alas þo came a wylde lyonesse

Out of the wood̄ withouten more a-rest
With blody mouth of stranglynge of a best
To drynken of the well̄ ther as she sate. 808
and when that Tesbe had espied̄ that
She ryste her vp with a full̄ drery herte
and in a Cave with dredfull̄ fote she sterte
And bi the mone she saugh it well̄ with-all̄ 812
And as she went hir wimple lete she fall̄
And toke non̄ hede so sore she was a-whapyd̄
and eke so glad̄ that she was escapyd̄
And thus she sytte & darkith̄ wondir styll̄ 816
When that this leonesse hath dronke hir fyll̄
A-boute the well̄ gan she for to wynde
And̄ right̄ a-non̄ the wymple gan she fynde
And with hir blodi mouth it all̄ to-rente 820
When this was don̄ no lengeur she ne stente
But to the wood̄ hir wey then hath she nome
And at the laste this Pyramus is come
but all̄ to longe allas at home was he 824
the moone shone men myght well̄ I-se
And in his wey as that he come full̄ faste
His yghen to the grounde a-doune he caste
And in the sonde as he biheld̄ a-dovne 828
He sigh the steppys brode of a lyoun
And̄ in his herte he sodeynly a-gros
And pale he woxe & therwith̄ his heer a-ros [leaf 60, back]
and nere he come & fonde the wymple torne 832
Allas quoth̄ he the day that I was borne
This co nyght wull̄ vs louers both̄ sle
how shold̄ I axe mercy of Tesbe
when I am he that haue you slayn allas 836
My biddynge hath you slayn yn this cas.
Allas to bidde a woman gon̄ by nyght
In place there as peryll̄ fallen̄ myght
and̄ I so slough allas I ne had̄ be 840
Here yn this place a forlonge wey or ye

Oute of the wode *with* more Areste
With blody mouth of stranguline of a beste
To drynke of the well̄ there she sate 808
And̄ whan that Tysbe had̄ aspied̄ that
she Rose her vpe *with* a full̄ dredefull̄ herte
And̄ in-to a Cave *with* dryre herte she sterte
ffor by the mone she sigh hit well̄ *with*-all̄ 812
And̄ as she ranne her wympyll̄ lete she fall̄
And̄ toke non̄ hede sore she was awapid̄
And̄ eke soo glad̄ that she was escapid̄
And̄ thus she sitt and̄ dirketh̄ wondyr still̄ 816
While that this leones hath dronke her fyll̄
A-bowte the well̄ beganne she for to wynde
And̄ ryght anon̄ she beganne the wympill̄ fynde
And̄ *with* her blody mouth hit all̄ to-rent 820
When this was done no lenger she ne stent
but to the wode then her way hath she nome
And̄ at the last this pyramus is come
But all̄ to longe alas at home was he 824
The mone shone bryght and̄ he well̄ myght see
And̄ in his weye as he come full̄ faste [leaf 20, back]
His ey Anon̄ in-to the grownd̄ he caste
And̄ in the sande as he beheld̄ fill̄ adowne 828
He say the steppes brode of a lyoun
And̄ sodenly than in his hert hit ranne
That erst was Roddy pale he wexid̄ and̄ wan
And̄ nere he come And̄ founde the wympyll̄ torne 832
Allas *quod* he this daye that I was borne
This on nyght wyll̄ vs boths lovers slee
how shuld̄ I Axe mercy of Tysbe
now I Am he that hath you sleyne alas 836
My bidynge hath you slayne in sory case
Alas to bidd a woman gone be nyght
In place ther as *per*oll̄ fall̄ mygth
And̄ I to slow allas I nede be 840
here in this place a forlonge wey or she

Oute of þ^e^ wode *with* outen̄ more rest
Wyth̄ blody mouth̄ of strangulynge of a beest
To drynke of þe well̄ *per* sche satte 808
And whenn̄ þat Tesbe hedd aspyed̄ þat
Sche rose In haste *with* a drery hert
When sche sawe þ^e^ Lyonesse vp sche start [page 72]
For by þ^e^ mone sche seye hyt well̄ *with* all̄ 812
And as sche ranⁿ hir wymple let sche fall̄
And toke none hede so sore was a-maped̄
And butt for Ioie þat sche was escaped̄
And þus sche sykyth and derketh̄ vonder still̄ 816
And whenn̄ þys lyonesse hed̄ dronke hir fyll̄
Abonte þ^e^ well̄ canⁿ sche for to wende
And Ryght̄ a-none þ^e^ wymple canⁿ sche fynde
And wyth̄ here blody mouth̄ hyt all̄ to-rent 820
And whenn̄ þys was donⁿ no lenger wold̄ sche stynt
Butt to wod̄ hyr way hap^e^ sche nome
And at þ^e^ laste þys Pyramus ys come
Butt all̄ to lōge at home allas was he 824
The mone schone and he myght well̄ se
And In hys way as came well̄ faste
Hys eyn̄ to þe grounde he a-donⁿ caste
And in þ^e^ sonde as he be-held̄ a-donⁿ 828
He sawe þ^e^ stapes brode of a lyon̄
And In hys hert he þen sodenly a-grose
And pale he waxede & *per*-to his hert a-rose
And nere he came and founde þ^e^ wymple torne 832
Allas *quod* he þ^e^ day þat I was borne
Thys one nyght wyll̄ vs louers bo^th^ slee
Howe schulde I aske mercy of Tesbe
When þat I am he þat hath̄ slaynⁿ yowe alas 836
My bedynge hap^e^ slaynⁿ you In þys cas
Alas to bydd̄ a woman for go alone by nyght
In place here as *per*ell̄ fall̄ myght
And I so slowe ala þat nadde be 840
Here in þys place a forlonḡ space *rap*er þan ye

Now what lyon that be yn this foreste
My body mote rente or what beste
That wilď is gnawen mote he now myn herte
And with that worde he to the wymple sterte
and seid wymple allas ther nys no more
[*This line is left blank in the MS.*]
But thow shalte fele as well the bloď of me
as thou haste felyd the bledynge of Tesbe
And with that worde he smote him to the herte
The bloď oute of the wounde as brode sterte
as watyr whan the conduyte broken ys
now Tesbe which that knewe not thys
but syttynge yn her drede she thoght thus
Yf so faĺ that my Pyramus
be come hidre & may me not fynde
he may me holden fals & eke vnkynde
and out she commyth & aftyr gan espyen
both with hir herte & with hyr yen
And thought I wull him telĺ of my drede
Both of the leonesse & all my dede
And at the laste hir loue then hath she founde
betynge with his helys on the grounde
all blody & therwithall a-bake she sterte
and like the wawys quappe gan hir herte
And pale as boxe she woxe in a throwe
a-vised hir & gan hym well to knowe.
That it was Pyramus hir herte dere
who coude wryte which a dedly chere
hath Tesbe now & how hir heer she rente.
And how she gan hir-self torimente
and how she lieth & swonyth on the grounde
And how she wepe of teerys fuĺ his wounde
How medelith she his bloď with hir compleynte.
How with his bloď hir-sylven gan she peynte.
How clippyth she the ded corps allas
How doth this wofuĺ Tesbe in this cas

now what leon that be in this forest
My body most rent or some other beste
That wylde is to-know he mote myn hert
And with that worde he to the wympiĺ sterte
And kyst hit ofte and wepte vpon hit fuĺ sore
And said wympiĺ allas ther is no more
but thou shalt fele the bloď of me
As thou hast felď the bledynge of Tysbe
And with that worde he smote hym to the hert
The blode Anon oute of the wounde sterte
As watyr whan condite brokyn is
now this Tysbe the whiche wyst not of this
but sittynge in here drede she thought thus
yeff hit so faĺ that my pyramius
be come hiddyr and may me not fynde
He may holď me fals and vnkynde
And oute she comyth and hym gane espyen
Both with herte and with here eyen
And though I wolď telĺ hym of my drede
Both of the leonesse and of alle her dede
And at the laste her love than hath she fownde
Betynge his helis agaynst the grounde
Aĺ blody and ther-with-aĺ a-bake she sterte

[*No gap in the MS.*]

And how she wepith of Teres fuĺ his wounde
How medelyth she his bloď with her complayn[te]
How with his bloď her selfe ganne she paynte
How clippith she the dede Cors alas
How doth this wofuĺ Tisbe in this case

And nowe what lyon be in þys forest
My body mot he rent and aĺ brest
And aĺ gnawen butt he myn hert
And wyth worde he to þ* wymple stert
And kyst it and wept on it fuĺ sore [page 71: b and B begyñes again]
And seyde alace wymple ther is no more
But that thow fele the blode of me
As thow hast felď the bledyng of Thesbe
And wyth that word he smote hym to the hert
The blode out of the wounde as brode stert
As water whenn the conduth broken is
Now Tesbe whecha that knew not this
But stondyng in her drede she thought this
If it so faĺ that my love Pyramys
Be commyn heder and may me not fynď
Thann may he me holď fals and vnkynde
And so out she come and aftar hym she gan aspien
Both wyth her hert and also wyth her yen
And thought that she wolď tell hym of her drede
Both of Lyones and of alle her dede
And at the last her love hath she founde
Betyng his hules fast on the grounde
Alle blody and þer-wyth-alle a-bake she start
And lik the wawes quapped can hir hert
And pale as box she was in a throw
Avysyng her and can hym well thenn know
That it was Piramis here love and hert so dere
Who cowde write sucha a dedly chere
Hath Tesbe now and how here she rent
And how she can now her self tournement
And hoo she lith and sowfteth on the grounde
And she weptoď of teres full his wounde
And medled she his blode wyth complayat
How wyth his blode her self couth feynt
How clepeď she that dede cors alace
How doth this wofull Thesbe in this case

How kisseth she his frosty mouth so colde
Who hath don this dede & who hath ben so bolde.
To slen my leef o speke Pyramus
I am thi Tesbe that the callith thus
And therwithal she liftith vp his heed
this wofull man that was not fully ded
When that he herd the name of Tesbe cryen
On hir he.caste his heuy dedly yen
And doune a-geyne & yeldith vp the goste
Tesbe riste vp without noyse or boste
And saugh hir wymple & his empty sheth
And eke his sword that him hath don to deth
Than spake she thus thi wofull hond quoth she
ys stronge y-nough in such a werke to me
For loue shall yeue me strenght & hardynesse
to make my wounde large I-nough I gesse
I will the folow ded & I wull be
Felow & cause eke of thi deth quoth she
And though that no-thinge sauf the deth oonlye
Might the fro me departe trewlye [leaf 61, back]
thou shalt no more now departe fro me
Than fro the deth for I will goo with the
and now ye wrecchid Ielouse fadris owre
We that were whilom childryn youre
We preyen you without more envye
that in o graue we motyn lye
Syn loue hath brought vs this pitouse ende
And rightwis god to euery louer sende
that loueth trewly more prosperyte
Then euyr had Pyramus & Tesbe
And let no gentyll woman hir Assure
to putte hir in such an auenture
But god forbeed but a woman kan
ben as trew & louynge as a man
And for my parte I shall a-non it kith
and with that word his sword she toke as swith

BODLEY 638

How kyssith she his ffrosty mouth for colde
Who hath don this or who hath be so bolde
To sle my love o speke my pyramius
I Am thy Thisbe that the callith thus
And ther-with-all he lyfftyth vp his hede
This wofull man that was not fully dede
When that he herde the name of Tysby cryen
On here he cast his hevy dedely eyen
And downe agayne and yeldith vp the gost
This Tysbe ryseth with-outo noyse or boste
And saw her wympyll and his empti sheth
And eke his swerde that hym hath don to.deth
Than spake she thus thy wofull hand quod she
Is stronge in suche a werke to me
ffor love shall gyve me strength and hardynes
To make my wounde large I-nough I gesse
I wyll the fowlowyn dede and I woll be
ffelaw and cause of thy deth quod she
And though no thynge save thy deth only
Myght the fro me parte trewly
Thou shalt no more departe ffro me
Than ffro the deth for I wyll go with the
Now ye wrechid Ielous faders oure
We that wer childryne whilome your
We pray you with-outo more Envy [leaf 21, back]
That in o grave we mote lye
seth love hath brought vs to thes pitious ende
And ryghtwous god graunt evere lover to send
Trew love more in gretter prosperite
Than evyr yet had pyramius of Tysbe
And let no gentyllwoman here assure
To put her selfe in suche aventour
but god forbede yf a woman cane
be also trewe in lovynge as A man
And for my parte I shall anon hit kyth
And with that wordo his swerd she tokk as swith

ADDIT. 9832

How kysseth she his mowth so colde
Hoo hath don this and hoo hath ben so bold
To slee my lorde now spek my love Pyramis
I am here thyn own Thesbe that calleth on the thus [page 74]
And ther-wyth-alle he lift vp his hode
That wofull man that fully was not dede
Whenn that he herde the name of Thesbe cryen
On her he cast his hevy dedly yen
And down ayen and yeldeth vp his gost
Thesbe aryseth vp wyth out noyse or boost
And sawe her wymple and his empty sheth
And the sword that hadd do hym to detli
Thann spake she this thy wofull hand quod she
Is strong Inowgh in suche a werk to me
For love shal yeve me strength and hardynes
To mak my wound large Inowgh I gesse
I will the folow dede and I will be
Felow and eke cause of thy deth quod she
And thow that no thyng saf the deth only
Myght fro me depart truly
Thow shalt no mor now depart fro me
For the deth for I will go wyth the
And now the wretched Ielows faders pre
we that wer whylom children yowre
we pray yow that wyth-out more envie
That in o grave pat we to-geder lye
Syth love hath brought vs to this pitowa yende
As ryght is god to every lover sonde
That loveth truly more prosperite
Thann hadd euer pyramys or thesbe
And litt no Ientilman hir ensure
To put hir self in suche auenture
But god for-bede but yef a woman kan
ben as trow of lovyng as a man
And for my part I shal a non it kyth
And wyth pat word she tok his sword as swyth

PEPYS 2006

That warme was of hir louys blod & hote
And to the herte she hir-self smote
And thus are Tesbe & Pyramus a-go
Of trew men I fynde but few mo
In all my bokys sauf this Pyramis
And therfor haue I spokyn of him thus
For it ys deynte to vs men to fynde
A man that kan in loue be trew & kinde
Here may ye sen what louer so he be
A woman dar & kan as well as he

Explicit Legenda Tesbe Babilonie Martiris.

[III.]

[Leaf 63]

Incipit Legenda Didonis *martiris* Cartaginis Regine

GLorye & honoure Virgyle mantean
Be to thi name & I shall as I kan
Folow thi lanterne as thou goste bi-forne
how Eneas to Dido was forsworne
In thyn Eneyde & naso wol I take
The tenonoure (*sic*) & the grete effectes make
whan Troy brought was to destructyon
By grekes sleight & namly bi Synon
Feynenge the horse offrid vn-to mynerve
Thorogh which that many a troyan most sterve
And Ector had aftir his deth apperyd
and fyre so wood it myght not ben steryd
In all the noble toure of ylion
that of the Cite was the cheef dungeon
And all the contre was so low I-brought
and Pyramus the kinge fordone & nought
And Eneas was chargid bi venus
To fleen a-wey he toke ascanius
that was his sone in his right honde & fled
& on his backe he bare & ledd

That of his blood yete was all warme and hote
And to the herte sho her selfe smote
And thus Ar pyramius And Tysbe ago
Of trew men I fynde but few mo
In all my bookes save this pyramius
And ther-for haue I spokyn of hym thus
ffor hit is deynte to vs men to fynde
A man that canne in love be trew and kynde
Here may ye se what lover so he be
A woman dare and canne as well as he

[III.]

[THE LEGEND OF DIDO.]

g lorie And honour Vyrgill mantoan
Be to thy name and I shall as I canne
ffolow thy lantarne as thou gost beforne
How Eneas was to Dido sworne
In thyn Enayed and nazo wyll I take
The tenour and the grete effectes make
Whan troye was brought to distruxcion
By grekes flyght and namely by synon
ffeygnyd the horse offeryd on to mynerve
Thorough the which many a Troyan must sterve
And Ectour had aftyr his deth apperyd
And fyr so wode hit myght not ben styrred
In all the nobyll tour of Illion
That of the Citte was *the cheffe* Dongion
And all the contre was so low I-brought
And pyramus for-don to nought
And Eneas was so chargid by venus
To ffiene a-way he toke Askaneus
That was his sonne & in his ryght hond hym lede
And on his bake bare and *with* hym ffledd

[Leaf 72 (*erroneously*)]

That warme was of her loves blode and hote [page 72]
And to the hert she her self smote
And thus Pyramys and Tesbe a goo
Of trew men I fynd but few moo
In alle my bokes saf this Pyramys
And *per* fore have I spoken of hym thus
For it is deynte to vs men to fynde
A man that can in love be trew and kynde
Her may ye see what lover that ye be
A woman can and der love as well as ye

Explicit

[III.]

Here begynnyth the legend of Dido Qwen of Cartage martir for þe love of Eneas &c.

g Lorie and honour VirgiH manteign
Ber thy name and I shal as I can
Folow thi lantern as thow goost be-forn
How Eneas was to Dido for-sworne
In thyn eneyde and Naso wil I take
The tenour and the gret effectes make
Whenn troie was brought to destruccioñ
By grekes slyeght and namely by Synon
Feyned the hors offered to mynerve
Through whiche mony a troian dede sterve
And hector hadd aftur his deth sperecl
And a fire so wode it myght not ben stered
In alle the noble towr of Ilion
That of the Cite was þe chief dongon
And alle the countrey was so low I-brought
And Pryamis the kyng brought to nought
And Eneas was Chargec by venus
To flee awey he toke Ascanius
That was his sone in his right hand and fledde
And on his Bak he bare and forth he ledde [page 73]

his old fadre clepid anchises
and bi the way his wife creusa he lees
And much sorow had he in his mynde
Er that he coude his felowship fynde
But at the laste when he had hem founde
He made him redye yn a serteyne stounde
And to the see fulł faste he gan him hye
and saileth forth with all his companye
Toward ytaylle as wold destanye
But of his aventures yn the se
Nys not to purpose for to speke of here
For it acordith not to my matere [leaf 62, back]
but as I seide of him & of Dido
Shall be my tale tyl that I have do
So longe he sailed in the salte see
Tyl yn libye vnneth aryued he

[*No gap in the MS.*]

So was he with tempeste all to shake
And when that he the hauen had I-take
He had a knight was callid Achates
and him of all his felishipe he ches
To go with him the contre for tespye
He toke with him no more companye
but forth thei goń & lafte his shippys ryde
His fere & he without eny guyde
So longe he walkith in this wildrenesse
tyl attelaste he mette an hunteresse
A bow in hande & arowys had she
hir clothis knytte were vn-to the kne,
but she was yet the feyrest creature
That euyr was I-formyd bi Nature
And Eneas & Achates she grette
and thus she to hem spake when she hem mette
Sawe ye quoth she as ye han walkid wyde
Any of my sustren walke you beside

His old fadyr clepid Anchises
And by the way his wyfe Creusa he les
And mochill sorow had he in his mynde
Or that he couth his phelichipp fynde
But at the last when he had hym founde
He made hym redy in A certeyn stounde
And to the see full fast he gane hym hygh
And saylith forth with all this companye
Toward Itally as wold his destenye
but of his aventours in the see
ys nought to purpose to speke of here
ffor hit accordith not vn-to my mater
But as I sayd of him And of dido
shall my tale tyl I haue do
so longe he saylid in the salt see
Tyl in lybye vnneth Aryvid he

[*No gap in the MS.*]

so was he *with* tempest all to-shake
And whan that he the havyn had take
He had a knyght was callid Achates
Of hym of all his phelishipp he ches
To goń *with* hym the contre for to spye
He toke *with* hym no more company
But fforth they gone And lett theyr shippes ryde [leaf 52, bk]
His fiere And he *with*-outyn Anny gyde
so longe they walkyne in the wyldyrnesse
Tyl at the laste they mete A huntresse
A bow in hand And Arrows bare she
Her clothes cuttyd wer vn-to the kne
But she was yete the fayrest Creatour
That evyr was formyd by nature
And Eneas *with* eschates she grete
And thus to hem spake whan she hem mete
Saye ye quod she as ye haue walkyd wyde
Enny of my sustryne comynge you beside

His old fadur cleped Anchises
And by the way his wyf Creusa he lese
And muche sorow hadd he in his mynde
Hoo that he cowde his felowchyp fynde
But at the last whenn he hadd hem founde
He made hem redy in a certeigń stounde
And to the see he cowde hym fast hye
And sailed forth wyth alle his companye
Toward Itaile as wold his destenye
But of his auentur in þ^e see
Is not to purpos for to spek of here
For it acordeth not to my matere
But as I seid of hym and of Dydo
Shal be my taille of or I have do
So long he sayled in the salt see
Till at libye vaneth aryved he
Wyth shippes vij. and wyth no more Navye
And glad was he to land for to hye
So was he wyth tempest alle to shake
And whenn that he the hauen had Itake
He hadd a knyght that was called Achates
And hym of alle his felowchyp he ches
To go wyth hym and the countrey to aspye
He tok wyth hym no mor companye
But forth they and letten the Shyppes ryde
His feir and he wyth-outen eny gyde
So long he walkeđ in this wildernes
That the last they mete an honteres
A bow in hand and arows hadd she
Her clothes weren cutte to þ^e kne
But she was the fayrest creature
That euer was made by nature
Eneas and Achates she grete
And thus she to hem spak as she hem mete
Saw ye as ye have walked wyde [page 77]
Eny of my sustres walkyng yow be syde

With any wilde boore or othir beste.
That thei han huntyd to in this foreste
I-tuckid vp with Arowys yn her case
Nay sothly lady quoth this Eneas
but bi thi beaute as it thinketh me
Thou mightest neuyr erthly woman be
but Phebus sustre arow as I gesse
And if so be that thou be a goddesse
Haue mercy on owre laboure & owre woo [last 6c]
I nam no goddesse sothly quoth she tho
For maydens walkyn in this contre here
with arowis & with bowe in this manere
This is the Regne of libye there ye ben
Of which that Dido ladi ys & quene.
And shortlye told all the occasyon
whi dido come in-to that Regyon
of which as now me lustyth not to ryme
It nedith not it nere but losse of tyme
For this is all & som it was venus
His owne modir that spake with him thus
And to Cartage she bade he shuld him dight
and vanysshid a-non owte of his sight
I cowde folwe worde for worde Virgyle
but it wold laste all to longe while
This nobyll quene that clepid was Dido
that whilom was the wife of Sitheo
That fairer was then the bright sonne
this nobill towne of Cartage hath bigonne
In which she regnyth in so grete honoure
that she was hold of all quenys floure
Of gentillesse of fredom of beaute
that well was him that myght hir onys se
Of kinges & of lordys so desyred
that all the world hir beaute had I-fyred
She stood so well in euery wightys grace
when Eneas was com vn-to that place

With onny wylde bore or Anny other beste
That they huntyd in this foreste
I-Tukkyd vp *with* Arows in here case
Nay sothely lady *quod* Eneas
But by thy bowte as semyth me
Thou myghtest novyr hertelyer woman be
But phebus sustyr Art thou as I gesse
And yf so be that thou be a goddesse
Haue mercy ou our labour And on our wo
I Ame no goddess *sothly quod* she tho
ffor maydyns walke in contre here
With bow And Arrows in this maner
ffor this is the reigu off lybye ther ye bene
Of which that Dido lady is and quene
And *shortely* told hym all the occasion
Why Dido come in-to that Region
Of whiche me lustyth not *for* to Ryme
Hit nedith not *hit* wer but lost of tyme
ffor this is all and some hit was venus
His owyn moder that spake *with* hym thus
And to Cartage she bade he shuld hym dight
And vanysshid Anon outo of his sight
I cowde fiolow worde for worde Virgile
But *hit* wold last all to longe a whyle [last 5d]
This nobyll quene that callyd was Dido
That whilome was the wyffe of Cytho
Which fayrer was than is the bryght sonne
This nobyll towne of Carlage hath begone
In whiche she reygnyth *with* so grete honour
That she was hold of all quenes the floure
Of gentyllnesse of ffredome and of bewte
That well wer hym that myght her onys se
Of kynges and lordes so desyryd
That all the world her bewte had flyryd
she stode so well in every wyghtes grace
When Eneas was comen to that place

Wyth ony wild bore or eny oþer best
That they have hunted in this forest
Itukked vp wyth arows in a-cas
Nay sothly lady *quod* Eneas
But by the bewate as thynkyth me
Thow myghtés neuer erthly woman be
But febus sustre thow art I gysse
Or elles I trow thow art a goddes
Have *mercy* on oure labour and woo
I am no goddes sothly *quod* she thoo
For maydens walken in this countre here
Wyth arows and wyth bowes in this manere
This is the Reigne of libia þer ye bene
Of whiche Dido is lady and Qwene
So shortly she told hem the occacon
Why dido com in to þat Region
Of wheche as now me list no to Ryme
For it nedyth not for it wer but los of Tymo
For this is alle and some it was Venus
His own moder that spak to hym thus
And to Cartago she badd þat he shuld hym dight
And thenn voynysshed anon out of his sight
I cowd folow word for word Virgil
But it shuld lesten al to long a whyle
This noble Quen that cleped was Dido
That wyf was whylom of Siteo
That fairer was then the bright sonne
This noble townn of Cartage hath be-gonno
In wheche she reygned in grete honour
And she was holden of alle quenes floure
Of lentilnes of fredom and of Bewate
That well was hym that myght her ones see [leaf 7b]
Of kyndes and of lordes she was desyred
So that alle the world her bewate hadd I-fired
She stode so well in euery wyghtes grace
And whann that Eneas was comme to þ' place

Vn-to the maistre temple of all the toune 1016
Ther dido was in hir deuocyoun
Full prewyly his wey then hath he nome [leaf 83, back]
Whan he was in the large temple I-come
I kan not seyn if that it be possible 1020
but Venus had him makid *in-visible*
Thus seith the bookis without any les
And when this Eneas & Achates
Hadon in this temple ben ouyr all 1024
then founde thei depeynted on a wall
How Troy & all the londe destroyed was
Allas that I was borne quoth Eneas
thorghowt the world owre shame is kid wyde 1028
Now it is peynted vpon euery syde
We that weryn yn prosperyte
Be now desclaundryd & in such degre
No lengour for to lyne I ne kepe 1032
And with that worde he breste owt for to wepe
So tendrely that routh it was to seen
This fresh ladi of the Cite quene
Stood in the temple in her estate royall 1036
So richlys & eke so feire with-all
So yonge so lusty with *hir* yen glad
That if that god that heuyn & erth mad
Wold haue a loue for beaute & goodnesse 1040
And womanhod & trouth & semlynesse
Whom shold he louen but this lady swete
Ther nys no woman to him half so mete
Fortune that hath the world in gouernaunce 1044
Hath sodeinly brought in so new a chaunce
that neuyr was yet so frendy a cas
For all the companye of Eneas
Which that we wende haue lorne yn the see 1048
Aryued ys nought ferre fro that Cite [leaf 84]
For which the grettist of his lordis some
bi auenture ben to the cite come

BODLEY 638

Vn-to the mastyr tempyll of all the towne 1016
Ther Dido was in here deuocion
ffull prevely his weye than hath he nome
Whem he was in the large tempyll come
I canne not seye yf that hit be possible 1020
but venus hath made hym invisybill
Thus sayth the boke *with*-outen Anny lese
And whan this Eneas and cchatese
Had bene in this tempyll ovyrall 1024
Then foundyn they paynti vpon a wall
How troye vntrew distroyed was
Allas that I was borne *quod* Eneas
Thorough the world our shame is kyd so wyde 1028
now is it paynti on overseyde
We that were whilome in *prosperite*
be new disclaunderid in suche degre
no lenger for to leyne *I* ne kepe 1032
He *with* that worde breste oute to wepe
so tendyrly that ruth hit was to sene
This ffresshe lady of that Citte and quene
stode in the tempyll of that Citte Ryall 1036
so Rychely And eke so fayr *with*-all
so yunge so lusty *with* her eyen glad [leaf 84, back]
That yf that god that hevyn and erth made
Wold haue a love for bewte and goodnese 1040
And womanhed and trouthe and goodlynesse
Whome shuld he love but this lady swete
Ther is no woman to hym halfe so mete
ffortune that hath the world in gouernaunce 1044
Hath sodenly brought in so new a[1] schaunce [1 *corrected*]
That nevyr was ther so frende a case
ffor all the company of Eneas
Which that wend to haue be lerne in the see 1048
Aryvid is not fferr fro that Citte
ffor whiche the grettest of his lordes sone
by aventeur bene to the Citte come

ADDIT. 9832

Vn-to the maister temple of þ' Townn 1016
Ther dido was in her deuocioun
Full *prively* his wey then hath he nome
Whenn he was in the large Temple I-com
I can not sey yef it be possible 1020
But that Venus hadd made hym *invisible*
Thus seith this boke wyth out eny les
And when Eneas and Achiates
Hadden be in the Temple *ouer* alle 1024
Them fow[*n*]de they depeynted on a wall
Hoo troye and alle the land distroyed
Alas the tym the whech I bore was
Trough out the world oure sham is knowen so wyde 1028
Now it *is* here peynted vp on *euer* ayde
We that weren in most *prosperite*
Be now disclaundred and in suche degre
No *longer* for to leven I ne kepe 1032
And wyth that word a non he gan to wepe
So tenderly þat is was rewth to seen
This lady fressh and of the Cite Quene
Stode in the Temple in her state *Riall* 1036
So richely and eke so feire wyth alle
So yong so lusty and wyth her yen glade
That yef god þat the heuen made
Wold have a love for bewate and godnes 1040
And womanhed and trewth and semlynesse
Whom shuld he have but this lady swete
Ther is no woman to hym half so mete
Fortun þat hath the world in *gouernaunce* 1044
Hath sodenly brought in so new a chaunche
That *neuer more* was ther a more strange cas [page 79]
For alle the Companye of Eneas
Wheche he hadd wend to have lorn in the see 1048
Aryven ben not fer from þat Cite
Of wheche the grettest of his lordes some
By auenture to the same Cite ben I-come

PEPYS 2006

Vn-to that same temple for to seke 1052
The quene & of hir succure hir beseke
Swich renoun was ther sprenge of hir goodnesse
And when thei hadˀ told alˀ her distresse
and alˀ her tempeste & alˀ her hardˀ cas 1056
Vn-to the quene apperidˀ Eneas
And opynlye biknew that it was he
Who hadˀ ioy thenne but his meyne
That hadden founde her lorde her gouernoure 1060
The quene saugh thei didˀ him such honoure
Andˀ hadˀ herdˀ ofte of Eneas er tho
and in hir herte hadˀ routh & wo
That euyr such a noble man as he 1064
Shalˀ ben disheritedˀ in such degre
And saugh the man that he was like a knight
and suffysaunte of persone & of myght
And like to ben a very gentylmun 1068
andˀ well his wordis he besette knū
Andˀ hadˀ a noble visage for the nones
and formedˀ well of brawnes & bones
For aftir Venus he hadˀ such fayrnesse 1072
That no man myght be half so feyre I gesse
And well a lordˀ him semydˀ for to be
andˀ for he was a straunger somwhat she
Likedˀ him the bett as godˀ do bote 1076
To som folke often new thinge is swote
Anoū hir herte hath pite of his woo
and with pite loue come also.
And thus for pito & for gentillesse [leaf 64, back] 1080
Refreshidˀ moto he beū of his distresse
She seidˀ certys that she sory was
That he hath hadˀ such peryll & such cas
Andˀ in hir frendly speeh in this manere 1084
She to him spake & seidˀ in this manere
Be ye not Venus sone & Anchises
In goodˀ feith alˀ the worship & encres

In-to the tempyll there to beseke 1052
The quene ofˀ her socour that is so meke
suche renowne was ther sprongeˀ ofˀ ther goodneese
Andˀ whan theyˀ hadˀ toldˀ alˀ theyr distresse
Andˀ alˀ her tempeste andˀ her hardˀ case 1056
Vn-to the quene aperydˀ Eneas
Andˀ opynly the knew that hit was he
Who hadˀ Ioye thanˀ but his meynney
That hadˀ founde her lordˀ here gouernour 1060
The quene saye they didˀ hym such honour
Andˀ hadˀ herdˀ ofter ofˀ Eneas thanˀ tho
Andˀ in her hert hadˀ she rewth andˀ wo
That euyr suche a nobyll manˀ as he 1064
shuldˀ be deserytidˀ in suche degre
Andˀ saye the manˀ that he was like a knyght
Andˀ sufficiaunt ofˀ persone andˀ ofˀ myght
Andˀ lyke to be a vere gentyllmanˀ 1068
Andˀ well his wordes he besett canne
Andˀ hadˀ a noble visage for the nones
Andˀ well formydˀ ofˀ browes andˀ ofˀ bones
ffor afftyr venus hadˀ he suche fayrnes 1072
That no manˀ cowde be halfe so fayre I gesse
Andˀ well a lordˀ he semydˀ for to be [leaf 65]
Andˀ for he was a straunger som what she
Lykedˀ hym the bett as godˀ doth bote 1076
To some folke ofte new thynge is sote
Anonˀ her hert hath put onˀ his woo
Andˀ *with* that pitte love comyth in also
Andˀ thus for pitte Andˀ for gentylnesse 1080
Reffresshidˀ most hym Andˀ ofˀ his distresse
she saidˀ certes that she sory was
That he hath hadˀ suche perell anˀ suche case
Andˀ in her ffrendely speche in this manerˀ 1084
she toˀ hym spake *with* full goodˀ chere
Be ˀnot ye venus sonna Andˀ anchises
In goodˀ fayth alˀ the worshippe andˀ the encreso

And on to the same Temple ben I-seke 1052
The seyde Qwen and of her succour to beseke
Suche renoun was spak of her goddnesse
And whenn they hedd tolde alle her destres
And alle her tempest and her hard cas 1056
Vn-to the quen appered Eneas
And openly they knewˀ þat it was he
Hee hadd Ioye but alle his menye
That they hadd ownde her lord and gouernour 1060
The quen sey hoo they did hym suche honour
And hadd hard of Eneas more then thoo
And in her hert she hedd þo rewth and woo
That euer eny suche a noble man as he 1064
Shuld be desheryd and be in suche degre
And saugh the man that he was lik a knyght
And sufficiant of person and of myght
And lik to ben a verey gentilman 1068
And well his worde he be-sett can
And hadd a noble and gode visage for þe nones
And for formed well of flessh and bones
And aftur venus he hadd suche fairnesse 1072
That no man myght be half so faire I gysse
And well a lord he semed well to be
And for he was a straunge sumwhat she
Liked hym the bette as god doth bote 1076
For to sum folk new queyntance is sote
Anon her hert hadd pyte of his woo
And wyth þat pyte love com in also
And this for pyte and Ientilnesse 1080
Refresah wold she hym of his distres
She seyd certes that sory she was [page 86]
That he hedd hadd suche perel and cas
And in her frendely speche in this manere 1084
She to hym spak and seyd as ye may here
Be ye not Venus son and Anchises
In god feith alle þe worship and encres

That I may goodly doon you ye shall haue
youre shippes & youre meyne shall I saue
And many a gentyll words she spake him to
and comaundit his messagerys go
The same day without any fayle
His shippes for to seke & hem vitayle
Full many a beste she to the shippes sent
And with the wyne she gan hem to present
and to hir royall Paleys she hir spedde
And Eneas alwey with hir she ledde
What nedith yow the feste to discryve
He neuyr bettyr at ese was his lyve
Full was the feste of deynteys & richesse
Of Instrumentes of songe & of gladnesse
And many an Amorouse lokynge & devys
This Eneas is comen to Paradise
Out of the swolow of hell & thus in Ioye
Remembrith him of his estate in Troye
To daunsynge chambres full of Parementz
Of rich beddis & of Pauementz
This Eneas is ladd aftir the mete
And with the quene when that he had sete
And spices partyd & the wyne a-goon
Vn-to his chambres was he lad a-noon
To take his ese & for to haue his reste
With all his folke to don what hem leste
Ther was Courser well I-bridelid noon
No stede for the Iustynge well to goon
No large Palfrey esy for the nones
No Iewell firette full of riche stones
No sackys full of golde of large wight
No Rubee non that shineth bi nyght
No gentill hawkeyn faukone herenere
No hounde for hest or wild bore or dere
No coupe of golde with floryns new I-bete
That in the londe of libye may ben gete

That I may goodly done ye shall haue
Both you and your meynne shall I save
And mony A gentyll words she spake hym to
And comaundid her messaungers for to go
The same days *with*-outen Anny fayle
His shippis for to seke and hem vitayle
Full many A beste she to his shippis sent
And *with* the wyne she ganne hym present
And to her Riall palece she here spede
And Eneas alwey*w*ith here she ledde
What nedyth me the feste to discryve
ffor nevyr bettyr at ease was he in his lyve
ffull was the ffeste of dayntes And Rychesse
Of Instrumen*te*s of songes and of gladnesse
And mony An Amorous lokynge and devise
This Eneas is come to paradise
oute of the slough of hell And thus in Ioye
Remembereth hym of his estate in troye
To daunsynge chambyrs full of *paramentes*
Of ryche beddys and other ornamen*te*s
This Eneas is lad aftyr the mete [leaf 92, back]
fforth *with* the quene whan she had ete
And *spices* partid and the wyne agone
Vn-to his chambyr was he lade anon
To take his ease and for to take his reste
With his folke to do so what hym leste
Ther was a courser well brydilid anon
Ne stede for Iustynge for to gone
Ne large palfere easy for the nones
Ne Iewell ffrettyd full of Ryche stones
Ne sakkes full of gold of large wyght
Nor Ruby non that shone by the nyght
Ne gentyll fawcon heroynier
Ne hounde for the hart wyld bore or dere
Ne Cupe of gold *with* flloury*s* new bete
That in the londe of lubye myght be gete

That I may do ye shuH have
Your shyppes and *your* meney I shall save
And mony a Ientil word she spak hym to
And commaunded her massengers a non for to go
The same day wyth-owten faiH
His shyppes for seche and hem vittaiH
Full mony a best to his shippes she sent
And wyth the wyn can hem present
And to hir riaH pales she hir spedd
And Eneas alle way wyth her she ledde
What nedeth now þ^e^ fest to descreve
He neuer beter at Ese was in his lyve
FuH was the fest of dayntv and Ryches
Of Instrumentes of songes and of gladnes
And mony an amorows lokyng and devyce
This Eneas is commyn in to paradyce
Owt of the swolow of heH in to Ioye
Remembreth hym of his estate in Troy
To daunsyng*e* chambrus full of paremen*te*s
Of Ryche baddes and of pavemen*te*s
This Eneas is ladd aftur mette
And wyth the quen whenn he hadd sete
And spices partid and the wyn a gon
Vn to his chambre he was ledd a none
To tak his Ese and for to have his rest
Wyth alle his folk to don what hym lest
The ne was cowser weH I-brydiliH noH
Ne sted for the Iuste weH to gon
Ne large palfray Easy for þ^e^ nones
Ne Iuell fretted fuH of ryche stones
Ne sakkes fuH of gold of large wyght
Ne Ruby non that shyned be nyght [leaf 81]
Ne Ientil hawke fawkon ne heronere
Ne hound for hert or wild bore or dere
Ne cowpe of golde wyth fair florence bete
That in the land of libie myght be gete

that dido ne hath hit Eneas I-sente 1124
And all is paid what that he hath spente
Thus kan this honourable quene hir gestys call
As she that kan in fredom pasayn all
Eneas sothly eke withouten les 1128
Hath sente to his shippe bi Achates
Aftir his sone & aftir rych thinges
Both Ceptre clothis brochis & eke ryngye
Som for to were & som for to presente 1132
To hir that all this noble thinges him sente
And bade his sone how that he sholde make
The *presentynge* & to the quene it take
Repeyred is this Achates a-geyne 1136
And Eneas full blisfull is & fayne
To sene his yonge sone Ascanius
For to him it was reportyd thus
That Cupido that is the god *of* loue [leaf 63, back] 1140
At *praiere* of his modre hye a-boue
Had the liknesse of the child I-take
This noble quene enamored to make
On Eneas but of that *Scripture* 1144
Be as be may I make of hit no cure
But soth is this the quene hath made such chere
Vn-to this child that wondir ys to here
And of the *presente* that his fadre sente 1148
She thonkid him ofte in good *entente*
Thus is this quene in plesaunce & in ioye
With all the new lusty folke of Troye
And of the dedis hath she more enquyrd 1152
Of Eneas & all the story leryd
Of Troy & all the longe day thei twey
Entendedin for to speke & pley
Of which ther gan to bredyn such a fyre 1156
That sely Dido hath now such desyre
With Eneas hir new geste to dele
That she loste hir hew and eke hir hele

That Dido ne hath Eneas hit I-sent 1124
And all is payed what that he hath spent
Thus ganne this honorabyll quene her gestis to call
As she that canne in ffredom passyne all
Eneas sothely eke *with-outen* lesse 1128
Hath sent to his shippe by Achates
Afyr his sonne And aftyr grete Ryche thynges
both Ceptour clothes broches And eke Rynges
some for to were And some for to *present* 1132
To hym that all this nobyll thynge hym sent
And bad his sonne how that he shuld make
The *presentinge* And to the quene hit take
Repayrid is this achates agayne 1136
And Eneas is full blissidfull and fayne
To se his yonge sonne Ascanius
hAd grete desyre and aftyr fill hit thus
That Cupido that is the god of love 1140
At the prayour of his moder above
had the lykenes of the child I-take
This nobyll quene ennamyrd for to make
On Eneas but of that scripture [leaf 87 (25 in print)] 1144
I take of hit no cure be hit as be may
Both soth it is the quene hath made suche chere
Vn-to the chyld that wondyr hit was to here
And of the present that his fadyr sent 1148
she thankyd hym full ofte *with* good entent
Thus is this quene in nobyll plesaunce And Ioye
With all thes lusty folke of troye
And of the Dedis hath she more enquiryd 1152
Of Eneas and all the story leryd
Of troy and all the longe day they twey
Entendid for to speke and for to pleye
Off whiche ther ganne to brede suche a fyre 1156
That sely Dido hath now suche Desyre
With Eneas her new geste to dele
That she hath lost her hew an hele

But that Dido hath to Eneas sende 1124
And alle is payede that he hath spende
Thus can this honorable quen her gyftes calle
As she that can in fredome passen alle
Eneas eke sothly wyth-owten les 1128
Hath send to his shippe by Achates
Aftur his son and *aftur* ryche thynges
Both sceptre clothes broches and *ringes*
Some for to wer and some for to present 1132
To hir that alle this noble thynges sent
And badde his sone how *þat* he shulde make
The presentes and to the Quen he it take
Repayred is this Achates ayene 1136
And Eneas is full blyth and fayn
For to se his yonge sone Ascanius
But nothles owr *autour* telleth thus
That Cupid at is godd of love 1140
At the prayour of his fad*ur* a-bove
Hadd the liknes of this child I-take
This noble quen enamerowde to make
On Eneas but as of *þat* scripture 1144
Be as be bou I tak of it no cure
But soth is this that the quen hath made suche chere
Vn to the child that wondre it was to here
And of the *present* þat his fad*ur* send 1148
She thanked hym full oft in gode entent
Thus is the quen in plesaunce and in Ioye
Wyth alle þ newe lusty folk of Troy
And of the dedis hath she no more enquired 1152
Of Eneas as vs the story lered
But alle the long day they twey [page 82]
Entented to spek to eueryche oþer and play
Of wheche ther can bredyn a fire 1156
That sely Dido hath now suche a desire
Wyth Eneas hir new gyst to dele
So that she hath lost hir fressh hiew and eke hir hele

Now to theffecte now to the fruyte of all 1160
whi I haue told this story & tell shall
Thus I bygynne it fell vpon a nyght
whan that the mone vprysed hath hir light
This noble quene vn-to hir reste wente. 1164
She siketh sore & gan hir-self tormente
She walith walwith makith many a broyde
As don this louers as I haue herd sayd
And at the laste vn-to hir sustre Anne 1168
She made hir mone & right thus spake she thanne
Now dere sustre myne what may it be
That me a-gastith in my dreme quoth she [leaf 87]
this ilke troyan is so in my thoght 1172
For that me thinkith he is so well I-wroght
And eke so likly to ben A man
and withall so mekill good he kan
That all my Joue & life lith in his cure 1176
haue ye not herd him tell his aventure
Now certis Anne if that ye rede me
I wull fayn to him I-weddid be
This is theffecte what sholde I more seyn 1180
In him lyth to do me lyue or deyn
Hir sustre Anne as she that kouth hir good
Seid as hir thought & somdell it withstode
But therof was so longe a sermonynge 1184
It were to longe to make rehersynge
but fynally it may not be withstonde
loue wull loue for no wight wull it wonde
The dawnynge vprist out of the see 1188
this amerouse quene chargith hir meyne
The nettys dresse & sperys brod & kene
An huntynge wult this lusty fressh quene
So prikith hir this new iolly woo 1192
to hors is all hir lusty folke I-goo
Vn-to the Courte the houndis ben I-brought
And vpon Courseris swifte as eny thought

Now to the frute and to the fote of all 1160
Why I haue told this storye and tell shall
Thus I begyne hit fell vpon A nyght [note]
When that the mone vpreysid her lyght
This noble quene vn-to her rest went 1164
she syghith sore and gane her selfe torment
she wakyth she walowith and makyth mony a broyde
As doid thes lovers as I have herde saide
And at the laste vn-to her sustyr Anne 1168
she made her mone and thus spake she thane
Now dere sustyr myne what may hit be
That me agastith in my dreme quod she
This new troyan is so in my thought 1172
ffor me thynkyth he is so well wrought
And eke so lykely for to be a man
And ther-*with* also so moche good canne
That all my good and lyffe lyith in his cure 1176
Haue ye not herde hym tell his adventour
Now Certes Anne yf that ye rede me [leaf 87, back]
I wold fayne to hym weddid be
This is the effecte what shuld I more saye 1180
In hym lyith all to do me lyve or dey
Her sustyr as she that cowde her good
saide as her thought and some dele hit *with*-stode
But here-of was so longe a *ser*monynge 1184
Hit wer to longe to make ther of rehersynge
But fynyally hit may not be *with*stond
Love wyll love for no wyght wyll hit wonde
The Daye Dawynge vprist outs of the see 1188
This Amorous quene chargith her meynne
The nettis to dresse *with* sperys brode *and* kene
An huntynge wold this lusty ffresshi quene
so prykkyth here the new Ioly wo 1192
To horse bene all her lusty folke I-go
In-to the courte here houndes bene I-brought
And upon coursers swyffte as anny thought

And to the Effecte now and frute of all 1160
Why I have told this story and tell shall
This I begynne it fell vp on a nyght
Whenn the mone vpresed hadd hir light
This noble quen vn to hir rest went 1164
She sikes sore and can hir self *turment*.
She waketh she waileth she maketh mony a bruide
As doth these *louers* as I have herd seid
And at the last vn to hir sustre Anne 1168
She made hir mon and right this spak she thann
Now dere sustre myn what may it bee
That me agasteth my dreme *quod* she
This new Trogian is so in my thought 1172
For *pat* me thynketh he is so well I-wrought
And Eke so likly for to ben a man
And *per wyth* alle so mykill gode he can
That alle my love and *lif* is in his cure 1176
Have not herd hym to tell his *auentur*
Now *certes* Anne yef ye red me
I wold fayn to hym I-wedd be
This is the effecte what shuld I more *sey* 1180
In hym lyeth alle to do me love or deye
Her *sustre* Ann as she *pat* cowde her gode
Seyd as she thought and sonn it *wyth* stoude
But her of was betwyn hem so longe a sermonynge 1184
The wheche wer to longe for *to* mak *per*-of rehersynge
Bat fynally it may not be *wyth*-stonde
Love wyll love for no thynge wit it wonde
The dawnynge vp rest in the *see* 1188
This amorows quen charged her menye
The nettes dres the speres brod and kene
On huntyng wold this *lusty* fresah Quene [page 88]
So prikes her this new Ioly wo 1192
To hors alle ben these lusty folkes ago
Vn to the court the howndes ben *I*-brought
And vp on Cowsers as sweft as eny thought

Hir yonge knightys houyn aH a-boute 1196
and of hir women eke an huge route
Vp-on a thikke Palfrey papyr white
With sadiH red enbroudid with delite
Of good the barrys vp enbosid hye 1200
Sitte Dido in goold & perre richelye
And she is feire as is the bright morow
That helith seke folke of nightis sorow [leaf 66, back]
Vpon A coursere startelynge as the fire 1204
Men might torne him with a liteH wire
Sitte Eneas like Phebus to deuyse
So was he fressh a-raiid in his wyse
The fomy bridiH with the bite of goold 1208
Gouerneth he right as him-self hath woold
And forth this quene this ladi ryde .
On huntynge with this Troyan bi hir syde
The herde of hertys foundon ys a-non 1212
With hay goo bet prike thou lat gon lat gon
Whi nyl the lioun come or the bere
That I might him onys meten with this spere
thus seyn this yonge folke & vp thei kiH 1216
The wild hertis & han hem at her wiH
Amongis aH this to romblin gan the heuyn
the thondre rored with a grisly steuyn
Doune come the rayne with hail & slete so fasto 1220
With heuenys fyre that is so sore a-gaste
This noble quene & also hir meyne
that ich of hem was glad a-wey for to fle
And shortly fro the tempest hir to saue 1224
She fled hir-self in-to a liteH cave .
And with hir wente this Eneas also
I not with hem if ther went eny mo
The Auctor makitH of hit no mencyon 1228
And here biganne the depe affectyon
Bitwext hem two this was this first morow
Of hir gladnesse & gynnenge of hir sorow

BODLEY 638

Here yonge knyghtes hovyn aH a-boute. 1196
And of her women eke An huge Route
Vpon a thykke palferey papyr white
With sadyH rede Enbrowderyd *with* delyte
Of goldē the barres vpp enbosid high 1200
satt Dido aH in goldē and perre & yvery
And she as fayre as is the bryght morow
That helith folkes of her nyghtes sorow
Vpon a courseur stertynge sharpe as fyre 1204
Men myght torne hym *with* a lytiH wyre
sate Eneas lyke phebus to devise
so was he ffresshe Arayed in his gyse
The ffome brydyH *with* the bitt of goldē 1208
Gouernyth he ryght as him selfe wold
And forth this nobyH quene thus late I ryde
An huntynge *with* this troygian by her syde
The herde of hertis be ffounde Anon [leaf 23] 1212
With hey go bett pryke now lat gon
Why nyH the lyone come or the bere
That I myght ones mete hem *with* this spere
Thus sayen thes yonge folke and vpon they kyH 1216
Thes wylde bestys and haue hem at her wyH
Amonge aH this to Rombelynge gane the heuene
The Thondyr Roryd *with* a gryale stevyne 1219
Downe comyth the Raigne *with* hayle & ffloto so fasta
With hevyns fyre that they wer agaste
This nobyH quene And also her mene
That evere of them was glad to ffleo
And shortely ffro the tempest her to save 1224
she ffledd her selfe in-to a lityH cave
And *with* here went this Eneas also
I not *with* hem yf ther went Anny mo
The Auctour makyth of hit no mension 1228
And here begane the depe effecion
By-twixte hem two this was the fyrst morow
Of here gladnesse and gynnynge of her sorow

ADDIT 9832

Hir yonge knyghtes hoven alle a bowte 1196
And of her women eke an huge rowte
Vp on a thikke palfray pawper whyte
Wyth sadel red enbrowdiet wyth delite
And of goldē the Barres vnbosst hye 1200
Sat Dido alle in goldē and in perrye
And she as faire as is þ bright morow
That heleth folk all fro nyghtes sorow
Vp on a Cowser stertlynge as the fire 1204
A man myght euer tourne hym wyth a litiH wyre
Sate Eneas lik Phebus to devyse
So was he arayed fresshely in his de-gyse
The fomy bridiH wyth þ bete of goldē 1208
Gouerneth his hors as hym self wold
And forth this noble quene doth ryde
On huntynge wyth this new Troian by hir syde
The herd of hertes founde is a none 1212
Wyth hey go bett pryk now let gon lett gon
Wer the lyon come or the bere
That I myght ones mete hym wyth this spere
This seynge this yonge knyghtes and vp they kyH 1216
The wild bestes and have hem at her wiH
Among alle this to Romlyn can þ heven
The thondre rored wyth a grymly steven
And down com the reyn and the light so fast 1220
Wyth hevens fyre that is sore to be a-gast
This noble quen and also her menye
That yche of hem was glade awey to flee
And sothly from the tempest hem to save 1224
She fledd hir self in to a litiH cave
And wyth hir went this Eneas al-so
I not yef wyth hem went eny mo [page 84]
My autor maketh of hem no mencioun 1228
And here be-gan the vepe affeccioun
Betwen hem two this was on þ first morow
Of his gladnes of þ begynnynge of hir sorow

PEPYS 2006

For there hath Eneas I-knelid sop
And told hir all his herte & all his woo
And swore so depe to hir to be trew [leaf 87]
For wele or wo & chaunge for no new
And as a fals lover so well kan pleyn
That seli Dido rewid on his peyne
And tooke him for housbond & became his wife
For euermo while that hem laste life
And aftir this when that the tempest stente
With myrth out as thei kome hom thei wente
The wickid fame vpros & that a-non
How Eneas hath with the quene I-gon
In-to the Caue & demyd as hem liste
And when the kinge that Yarbas hight it wist
as he that had hir louyd euyr his life
And wowid hir to hane to his wife
Such sorow as he hath makid & such chere
It is a reuth & pite for to here
But as in loue all day it happith so
that oon shall lawghin at an-othires wo
Now laughith Eneas & is yn ioye
And more richesse hath then euyr was in Troye
O sely woman full of Innocence
Full of Pite of trouth & conscyence
What makid you to men to trustyn so
haue ye such rewth vpon her feyned wo
And han such ensamplis old you biforne
Se ye not all how thei be forsworne
Where se ye oon that hath not lefte his leef
Or ben vnkinde or don hir som myschef
Or pillid hir or bostyd of his dede
ye may as well it sen as ye may rede
Take hede now of this grete gentilman [leaf 87, back]
this Troyan that so well hir plese kan
That steyneth him so trew & obeisynge
So gentill & so preuy of his doynge

1232 1236 1240 1244 1248 1252 1256 1260 1264

BODLEY 638

ffor ther hath Eneas knelid so
And told her all his hert and all his wo
And sworne so depe to hem to be trew
ffor well or wo and chaunge for no new
And as a false lover so canne he pleyne
That cely Dido Rewyd on his payne
And toke hym for husbond and become his wyffe
ffor euyr-more while that hym lastyth liffe
And aftyr this whan the tempest stent
With myrth outa as they yeden home they went
The wykkyd fame vprose and that anon
How Eneas hath with the quene I-gone [leaf 88, back]
In-to the cave And do ther what hem liste
And whan the kynge that ther was hit wist
As he that here had lovid as his lyffe
And wowid for to haue here to his wyffe
suche sorow hath he made And suche chere
That hit is ruth and pyte for to here
but as in love alday hit happith so
The tone shall laugh At a nothers wo
How lawith Eneas that evyr is in Ioye
And more in Rychesse than evyr he was in troye
O sely woman full of Innocence

[*No gap in the MS.*]

What makyth you to men to trust so
Haue ye suche Ruthe vpon her wo
And sucho old ensampills you beforne
se ye not alday how they be forsworne
where se ye on that he ne lost his lyffe
Or be vnkynde or do her shame or gryffe
Or pyllid here or bostid of his dede
ye may as well hit see as I hit rede
Take hede now of this grete gentillman
This troygian that so well here please canne
That feynyth hym so trew in obeysynge
so gentyll and so prevy of his doynge

1232 1236 1240 1244 1248 1252 1256 1260 1264

ADDIT. 9832

For per hadd Eneas keled soo
And toke hir alle hir hert and alle his woo
And sworne to hir full depe to be Trew
For well ne for woo and chaunge her for no new
And as a fals louer so well can playn
That Sely Dido rewed on his payn
And toke hym for hir husbaund and becom his wyf
For euermore whil them last lif
And aftur this whenn at tempest stent
Wyth myrth owt as they com hom þei went
And the wykked fam vprose and þat anone
How Eneas hath wyth the quen I-gone
In to the cave and demeden what them lest
And whenn the kyng that yarbas hyght it west
As he that euer hir loved as his lyf
And wowed hir to have hir to his wyf
Suche sorow he maketh and suche chere
It were grete rewth and pyte for to here
But in loye alle day it happeth soo
That oon shal laugh at anoþeris woo
Now laught Eneas and is in his Ioye
And hath more riches thenn euer he hedd in troye
O sely woman full of Innocens
Full of pyte rewth and consciens
What maketh yow fals men to tresten soo
For to have suche rewth on her feyned woo
And have so many old samples yow be-forne
See ye not alle how they have ben forsworne
Wher se ye oon but he hath not lost his wyf
Or ben vnkynde or don his some myschyef
Or peled her or bosted of his dede
Ye may it as well dayly see as I may rede
Take hede now of this wurthy ientilman
This Troian þat hir so well plesen can
That feyned hym so trew and obeysyng
So ientil and so prevy of his doyng

1232 1236 1240 1244 1248 1252 1256 *1260* 1264

PEPYS 2006

And kan so well doñ alt his obeisaunce 1268
To hir at festis & at Daunce .
And when she goth to temple & hoñ a-geyñ
Faste tilt he hath his ladi seyñ
And bere in his deuyses for hir sake 1272
Wete I not what & songis wolde he make
Iusten & doñ of Armys many thinges
Send hir lettris toknis brochis & ryngys
Now herknith how he shall his ladi serue 1276
There as he was in perill for to sterue .
For hungir & for myschef in the se
And desolate & fled fro his contre
And all his folke with tempest all to dreuyñ 1280
She hath hir body & eke hir Reame youeñ
In-to his hande there as she might haue beñ
Of othir londe then of Cartage a quene
And leuyd in ioye I-nogh what wold ye more 1284
This Eneas that hath thus depe I-swore
Is wery of his crafte within a throw
The hote ernest is all ouyrblow
And priuely he doth his shippes dight 1288
and shapith him to stele a-wey bi nyght
This Dido hath suspecioñ of this
And thoght well that it was all a-mys
For in his bed he lith a nyght & siketh 1292
She sakith him a-noñ what him mysliketh
Mi dere herte which that I loue moste . [leaf 68]
Certys quoth he this nyght my Fadris goste
hath in my slepe me so sore tormentyd 1296
And eke Mercure his message hath presentyd
That nedis the conquest of ytayle
Mi destany is sone for to sayle
For which me thinketh brosten ys my herte 1300
therwith his fals terys oute thei sterte
And takith hir within his Armys two
Is that in ernyste quoth she wull ye so

And can so well do his obeysaunce 1268
And pleasyne here at festys and at daunsis
And when she goth to the tempyll & home agayne
he fastith till he haue his lady sayne
And berith in his devisis for her sake 1272
but I not what and songes wol he make
Iustyn and doñ of Armys mony thynge
send her lettyrs tokyns broches and Rynges
now herkenyth how he shall his lady serve 1276
That he that was in peryll for to starve [leaf 29]
ffor hungur And ffor mysscheffe in the sco
And Desolate ffledo ffrome his contre
And all his folks *with* hym all to-dryvyn 1280
she hath here body and eke here realme yovyn
In-to his hand ther she myght haue bene
Of other lond than of cartago a quene
And lyvid in Ioye I-nowgh what wold ye more 1284
This Eneas that hath thus Depe I-sworo
Is wery of his Crafte *with*-in a throw
The hote hervest is all ovyr blow
And prevely he doth his shippes dyght 1288
And shapith hym to stele a-waye by nyght
This Dido hath suspesion of this
And thought well hit was all amysse
ffor in his bede he lyith a while and sykyth 1292
she Axeth hym anon whate he mysslykyth
My dere hert which that I love moste
Certes quod he thys nyght my fadyrs gost
Hath in my slepe sore me tormentid 1296
And eke mercure his messaungyr hath presentid
That nedes to the conqueste of Itayle
My destony is sone for to sayle
ffor whiche me thynkyth brestyn is myn herte 1300
Ther-*with* his false terres oute they stert
And taketh here in his Armows two
ys that in hernest *quod* she woll ye so

And can so well do his obesaunces 1268
To hir at festes and at daunces
And whenn she goth to þ^e^ temple and hom agayn
And fastén till he have his lady sayñ
And beren his deryse for hir sake 1272
Wot I no what and sanges wold he make
Iusten and don of armes mony thynges
[*No gap in the MS.*]
Now herkenyth how he hath this served 1276
Ther as he was like to be sterved
For honger and for myschief in to þ^e^ see
And desolat and I-fledd out of his own countre
And al his folk wyth tempest al to-dreven 1280
She hath hir body and hir ream yeven
In to his handes *per* as myght have ben
Of o*per* land þen of Cartago a quene
And to have lived in Ioy what wold ye more 1284
This Eneas that was so depe I-swore
Is wery of his craft wyth-in a throwe
The hote hervest is ouer blowe
And prevyly doth his shippes dight 1288
And shapeth hym to stele a-wey by nyght
This Dido hath suspecioun of this
And thought wel it was a mys
For in his bed he lyeth alle nyght and siketh 1292
She saketh a-non what hym mysslyketh
My dere hert whiche I love most
Certes *quod* he this nyght my fad*urs* gost
Hath in my slepe me so sore tu*r*ment 1296
And eke mercury this massage hath present
That nedis to the conquest of Itaille [page 26]
My destony is sone for to saill
For whyche me thynketh brosten is myn hert 1300
Ther-wyth his fals teres owt they stert
And taketh hir wyth in his armes twoo
Is that in ernest *quod* she wull ye goo

Haue ye not sworne to wife me to take . 1304
Allas what woman wull ye of me make .
I am a gentill woman & a quene
ye wull not fro youre wife thus foule fleñ
That I was borne allas what shall I do 1308
to tell in shorte this noble quene Dido
She sekith halwes & doth sacrifyse
She knelith crieth that routh is to deuyse
Coniureth him & profreth him to be 1312
His thrall his seruant in the best degre
She fallith him to fote & swoneth there
Dischеuyly with hir bright gylte here .
And seith haue mercy let me with you ride 1316
These lordes which that wonnen me beside
Woll me distroyen oonly for youre sake
And ye wull me now to wife take
As ye han sworne then wull I yeue you leue 1320
To slee me with youre sword now sone at eue
For then shall I yet dien as youre wyfe
I am with child & yeue my child his life [leaf 68, back]
Mercy lorde haue pite in youre thought 1324
But all this thinge availeth hir right nought
For on a night slepinge he lete hir lye
And stale a-wey vpon his companye
And as a traitoure forth he gan to sayle 1328
toward the large contre of ytayle
And thus hath he lefte Dido in wo & peyne
And wedded there a ladi hight lavyne
A cloth he lefte & eke his sword stondinge 1332
when he fro dido stale in hir slepynge
Right at hir beddis hed so gan he hye
when that he stale a-wey to his Navye
which cloth when sely Dido gan a-wake 1336
She hath kiste full ofte for his sake
And seid o swete cloth while Iupiter it leste
Take my soule vnbinde me of this reste

Haue ye not sworne to wyffe me to take 1304
Alas what woman wold ye of me make
I ame a gentyllwoman and a quene
Ye wyll not ffrome your wyffe thus sodenly fleine
That I was borne alas what shall I do [leaf 59, back] 1308
To tellyn shortely this nobyll quene Dido
she sekyth and doth sacrefyse
she knelith cryith that ruth it is to devise
Coniuryth hym And proferith hym to be 1312
His thrall his *seruaunt* in the leste degre
she fallith hym to fote and swownyth there
Dischеuеth *with* here bryght gylt here
And sayth haue mercy late me *with* you Ryde 1316
Thes lordes which that wowen here besyde
Woll me distroye only for your sake
And so yf ye wyll now me to wyffe take
As ye haue sworne then wold I yeve you leve . 1320
To sle me *with* your sword sone at eve
ffor than yete shall I dye as for your wyffe
I Ame *with* chyld and yeve my child his lyfe
Mercy lord and haue pite in your thought 1324
but all this thynge avaylith her but nought
ffor on a nyght slepynge he lete her lye
And stale awaye vn-to his company
And as a traytour forth he gane to sayle 1328
Toward the large contre of Itayle
And thus he lefte Dido in wo and in payne
And weddyd ther a lady hight lavyne
A cloth he lefte and eke his sword stondynge 1332
Whan he ffro Dido stale in here slepynge
Ryght at her beddys hede so gane he hye
Whan that he stale a-wey to his navey
Which cloth whan sely Dido gan awake 1336
she hath hit kyste full ofte for his sake
And sayd o cloth while Iubiter is leste [leaf 59]
Take now my soule vnbynd me of this vnrest

Have not ye swor to wyf me for to take 1304
Alas what woman will ye of me make
I am a Ientil woman and quene
ye will not fro *your* wyf *this fowly* fleen
That I was born alas what shal I do 1308
To tell in short this noble quen dido
She seketh halows she doth sacrifice
She knelyth cryeth that rewth is to devyse
Conioureth hym and profereth for to be 1312
His thrall his servant in the lawest degree
She falleth don to his fote and swowneth *per*
And vnatired wyth her bright herre
And seide have *mercy* and let me wyth yow ryde 1316
That lordes *þat* here wonen me besyde
Wullen me destryo only for *your* sake
And ye wullen me now to wyf *for to* take
As ye have sworn þen I yeve yow leve 1320
For to slee me wyth *your* sword now son at eve
For then shall I dyen as *your* own wyf
I am wyth child an yef my child his lif
Mercy lord and have pite in *your* thowght 1324
But al this pitows complaynt availeth ryght noght
For in a nyght sore slepyng he lete hir lye
And fro hir falsely stele a wey to his companye
And as a fals Traytour forth he gan to saille 1328
Toward þ' large countre of Itaill
And thus he laft Dido in sorow and in peyn
And wedded ther a lady that was called lavyn 1331
And cloth he laft be-hynde hym and his sword stondyng
Whenn he fro Dido stele a wey in hir slepyng [page 87]
Ryght at his beddes hede so can he hye
Whenn he stale a wey to his navye
Whoche cloth whenn sely dido was wake 1336
She did it kysse ful oft for his sake
And seide o swete cloth whyle Iubiter it lest
Tak my sowle and vnbynd me of this vnrest

PAR.-TEXT 326-327

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *BODLEY MS.* 638. 101

I haue fulfylled of fortune all the cours 1340
And thus allas without his socours
Twenty tyme I-swonyd hath she thanne
And when that she vn-to hir sustre Anne
Compleyned had of which I may not write 1344
[*No gap in the MS.*]
And bad hir Norice & hir sustren gooth
To fech fire & othir thinges a-noon
And seid that she wold sacryfye . 1348
and when she myght hire tyme well espye
Vp-on the fire of sacrifyse she sterte
And with his sword she roof hir to the herte
But as myn auctor seith yet thus she seide 1352
Or she was hurte be-forne or she deid [*lost ou*]
She wrote a lettre a-non that thus biganne
Right so quoth she as the white swanne
A-yenst his deth begynneth for to synge 1356
Right so to you I make my compleynenge .
Not that I trow to gete you a-geyne
For well I wote it ys all in veyne
Syn that the goddis ben contrariouse to me 1360
But syn my name is loste thorogh you quoth she .
I may well lese a word on you or lettre
All-be-it I shall be neuyr the bettre
For thilke wynde that blew youre shippe a-waye 1364
The same wynde hath blow a-wey youre faye
But who so wull all this lettre haue yn mynde
Rede Ouyde & in him he shall it fynde

Explicit Legenda · Didonis *martiris* Cartaginis Regine ·

PAR.-TEXT 326-327

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *ADDIT. MS.* 9832. 101

I haue fullfillid of flortune all the cours 1340
And thus allas *with*-outen his socours
Twenti tymes swownyd she thanne
And when that to her sustyr Anne
Complaynyd she had of whiche I may not wryte 1344
so grete a routh I haue for to endyte
And bade here noryce And her sustyr gone
To fleche flyre and other thynge anon
And sayd that she wold sacrefye 1348
When that she myght here tyme espy
Vpon the fyre of sacrefise she stert
And *with* his swerd she smote her to the hert
but as myn auctor saith thus she said 1352
Whe she was hurte before that she dyed
she wrote a leter all this anon then
Ryght so quod she as doth the white swane
Ayenst his deth begynnith for to synge 1356
Ryght so to you make I my complayninge
Nought that I trow to gete you agayne
ffor well I wote hit is all in veyne
eynnes that the goddes be contrary to me 1360
And that my name is thorough you quod she
I may well lese of you a worde or lettyr
be hit that I shall fare nevyr the bettyr
ffor thylke wynd that blew your shipp Awaye 1364
T[h]ylke same wynd hath blow awaye your faye
but who that wyll this lettyr haue in mynde
Rede ovyde and in hym he shall hit fynd

PAR.-TEXT 326-327

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *PEPYS MS.* 2006. 104

I have fulfilled of fortune al þ^e cours 1340
And this alas wyth out his socours
Twenty tymes swowned hath she thenn
And whenn þat she vn-to hur sustur Anne
Co[m]pleyned hadd of whethe I may no writ 1344
So grete rewth I have it for to endite
And badd hur noryce and hir suster gon
To fechen fiere and oþer thyng anon
And seid that she wold do sacrifice 1348
And whenn hir tym she myght well aspie
Vp on the fire of sacrifice she stert
And *wyth his sword* she smote her to þ^e hort
And as myn autour seith thus she seide 1352
Or she was hurt and be-for or she dyed
She wrot a letter a non and thus it be-gan
Right so *quod* she as the whyt swan
Ayenst her deth*e* begynnyth *for to synge* 1356
Ryght so to yow I make my complaynyng
Not for þat I know to gotten yow agayn
For well I wote that it were in vayne
Syth þat the goddes ben contrarie to me 1360
But syth my name is lost through yow *quod* she
I may well lese *quod* she a word or a letter
Alle be þat I shal be neuer þ^e better
For thilk wynd þat blew *your* ship a-wey 1364
The same wynd hath blow *your* feth a-wey
But who wull have al this letter in mynd
Red Ovyde and in hym he shal it fynde

Explicit.

[IV.]

Incipit Legenda Ypsiphile et Medee Martirum .

THou rote of fals louers Duke Iason
Thou slye deuowrere & confusyon
Of gentilwomen gentilli creatures
Thou madist thi reclaymenge & thi lures
to ladies of thi stately Apparaunce
And of thi wordis forsed with plesaunce
and of thi feyned trouthi & thi manere
With thin obeisaunce & humble chere .
And with thi countrefetyd peyn & woo (leaf 69, back)
There othir falsen oon thow falsest two
O ofte swore thou that thou woldest deye
For loue when thou ne faltist maladeye
Sauf foule delite which that thou callist loue
If that I loue thi name shall be shoue .
In Englissh that thi sleight shall be knowe
Haue at the Iason now thin horne ys blowe
But certys it ys both routh & woo
That loue with fals louers werkith soo
For thei shall haue well bettre & grettre chere
then he that hath bought loue full dere
Or had in armys many a blody boxe
For euyr as tendre a Capon etyth the Foxe
though he be fals & hath the foule betrayed
As shall the good man that therfor payed
all be he haue to the Capon skyll & right
The fals Foxe wull haue his parte at nyght
On Iason this ensample is well I-seene
Bi ysiphile & Medea the quene .
In Tessalye & Ouyde tellith vs
Ther was a knight that hight Pelleus
that had a brothir which that hight Eson
And when for age he myght vnnethis gon

[IV.]

[THE LEGEND OF HYPSIPYLE AND MEDEA.]

t hou rote of false lovers Duke Iason (leaf 99, back)
Thou slye Devourer and confusion
Of gentyllwomen tendyr creatures
Thou madyst thy reclaymynge And thy lures
To thy ladyes of thy stately apparaunce
And of thy wordys versid with plesaunce
And of thy feygnyd trouth and thy maner
With thus obeisaunce and humble chere
And with thy countyrfett peyne and wo
Ther other falsen one thou falsist two
And ofte sworyst thou that thou woldist dye
ffor love whan thou ne feldyst malady
save foule Delyte which thou causist love
Yf that I lyve thy name shall be yove
In Englissh that secte shall be know
Haue at the Iason now thy horne is blow
but in Certen hit is both reuth and wo
That love with false lovers worketh soo
ffor they shall haue bettyr love and chere
Than he that hath bought his love full dere
Or had in Armes mony a blody boxe
ffor evyr as tendyr a capon etyth the foxe
Thou he be false and hath the foule betrayed
As shall the good man that ther for payed
all haue he to the capon skyll and ryght
The false foxe wyll haue his parte at nyght
On Iason this ensampyll is well I-sene
by Esiphile And medea the quene
Is Thesale as Gwydo tallith vs
Ther was a kynge that hight pellius
And had a broder whych hight Eson
And when for Agge he myght vnneth gone

[IV.]

Here begynnyth the legendes of Isephele and Medea Marters
for the love of Iasan [page 86]

t How rote of fals louers Duk Iasan 1368
Thow flye devower and confficiõ
Of Ientil women and Ientil creatures
Thow mades thy reclames and thy lures
To ladyes of stately apparance 1372
And of thy wordes filled wyth plesaunce
And of thy feyned trewth and thy maner
Wyth thy obeysaunce and thy humble cher
And wyth thy counterfeted peyn and woo 1376
And thow wer not fals to oon but pow wer fals to twoo

[*Breaks off: Follows,* "Pryer A nostre Dame par Chaucer a Lmyghty and almerciable quene" &c]

He yaf to Pelleus the gouernynge
Of all his Regne & made him lorde & kynge
Of which Eson this Iason geten was
That in his tyme in all that londe ther nas
Nat such a famouse knight of gentillesse [leaf 72] 1404
Of fredom of strength & of lustynesse
Aftir his Fadir dath he bare him so
That ther nas non that luste bon his fo
But dide him all honoure & companye 1408
Of which this Pelleus hath grete envye
Imagenynge that Iason myght be
Enhaunced so & put in such degre .
with loue of lordis of his Regioun 1412
That from his Regne he may be put a-doun
And in his witte a night compassid he
How Iason myght beste distroied be
without aklaundre of his compassement 1416
And at the laste he toke avisement
That to sendyn him in-to som fer contre
there as this Iason may distroied be.
This was his witte all made he to Iason 1420
Grete chere of loue & of Affectyon
For drede leste his lordis it espied
So fell it soo as fame renneth wide .
Ther was such tithinge ouyrall & such los 1424
that in an yle that hight Colcos
Bi-yonde troye estward in the se
That ther was a Ramme that men myght se
that had a flees that shone so bright 1428
That noughere was ther such an-othir sight
But it was kepte alwey with a Dragon
And many othir maruelys vp & doun
and with two bolys makid all of bras 1432
That spitten fire & much thinge ther was [leaf 70, back]
but this was eke the tale natheles
That who-so wold wynne thilke flees

He gave to Eson all the gouernynge 1400
O[f] all his Realme and made hym lord and kynge [leaf 22 (31 in print)]
Of whiche Eson this Iason gotyn was
That in his tyme in all the lond ther nas
suche a famous knyght of gentyllnesse 1404
Of ffredome of strenght and of lustynes
Aftyr his fadyrs deth he bare hym soo
That ther was nom that lust to be his foo
And did hym all honour And companye 1408
of which this pellius had grete henvy
Imagenynge that Iason myght be
Enhaunsid so and putt in suche degre
With love of lordes and all his regioun 1412
That ffrome his reigne he maye be put downe
And in his wytt a nyght compassid hee
How Iason myght beste distroyed be
With-oute aklaunder of his compassment 1416
And at laste he toke adviament
to send hym in-to some ferre contre
Thor as Iason myght distroyed be
This was his wytt all made he to Iason 1420
grete chere to love and effeccion
ffor drede of lordes lest they hit espyed
now fell hit so as fame rymyth wyde
Ther was suche tydynges ouer-all And suche lose 1424
That in an Ile that callid was Colchos
be-yonde troy estward in the see
That ther-in was A rame that men myght see
That had a flese of gold that shone so bryght 1428
That no wher was ther suche a nother syght
But hit was kepte alwey *with* a dragon
And mony other mervells vp and downe
And *with* two bulles made all of brasse 1432
That shotyn fyre And moche thynge ther was [leaf 23, back]
but this was eke the tale nathelesse
That whoso wold wynne that ylke flesse

He muste both or he it wynne myght
with the bolys & the Dragon fight
And kinge Otys lorde was of that yle
This Pelleus bethought vpon this wyle
that he his nevew Iason wolde enhorte
To sailen to that londe him to disporte
And seide neuew if it myght be
That such worshiꝑ myght fall the
that thou this famouse tresoure myght wynne
And bringe it my regioun with-yn
It were to me grete plesure & honoure
Than were I holde to quyte thi labour
And all the costys I wull my-self make
and chese what folke thou wolte with the take
let se now darstow take that viage
Iason was yonge & lusty of Corage.
And vndirtoke to don this ilke emprise
a-non Argus his shippes gon deuyse
with Iason wente the stronge Hercules
And many an othir that he with him ches
But who-so axeth who ys with him gon
Let him rede Argomanticon
For he wull tell a tale longe ynowe
Philotetes the sayle anon vp-drowe
whan the winde was good & gan him hye
Oute of his contre callid tes[ ] [1 part torn off] [leaf 71]
So longe he sailed in the salt [ ]
Tyll in the Ile of Ieonon arived [he]
Al be this not rehersid of Guydo
Yet seith Ouydo in his epistolis so
and of this yle ladi was & quene
The feire yonge Isiphile the sheue
that whilom Thoas doughtre was the kynge
Isiphile was gon in hir pleyenge
And romynge on the cliffes bi the se
Vndir a banke a-non espied she

he must both or he hit wynne myght
With the boollis And *with* the Dragon fyght
And kynge otes that lorde was of that Ile
This pelleus bethought vpon this wyle
That he his nevow Ieson wolde enherte
To saylen to that lond hym to sporte
And sayd nevow yf hit myght be
That suche a worshipp myght fallyn the
That thou this famouse tresour myght wyn
And brynge in my region *with*-in
Hit were to me grete plesaunce and honour
Then wer I holde to quyte the thy labour
And all the coste I wyll my selfe make
And chese what folke thou wolt *with* the take
lat se now darst thou take this viage
Ieson was yonge and lusty of Corage
And vndyrtoke to don his empryse
Anon Argus his shippes gan devise
With Ieson went the stronge Ercules
And mony another that he *with* hym chese
But who-so Axith that is *with* hym gone
Late hym go rede Argomentacion
for he wyll tell a tale longe I-now
Pilotes Anon the sayle vp-drow
Whan that the wynde was good and gane hym hye
Oute of his contre callid Tesaly
so longe he saylid in the salt see
Tyll in the lond of Ienon aryvid he
All be this not rehersid be Guydo
Yete saith ovyde in Epystyll soo
And of this Ile lady was and quene [leaf 23]
The fayre yonge Isephile the shene
That whilome Toas doughtyr was the kynge
Isephille was gon on her playinge
And romynge by the clyffes of the see
Vndyr a banke anon aspied she

where lay the shippe that Iason gan a-ry[ve]
Of hir goodnesse a-doun she sendith bliu[e]
To witen that if any straunge wight
with tempest thidre were I-blow a nyght
To don hem socoure as was hir vsaunce
to furtheryn euery wight & to don plesaunce
Of verray bounte & of Courtesye
This messagere a-doun him gan to hye
And founde Iason & Ercules also
That in a cogge to londe were I-go
Hem to refresshi & to take the eyre
The morownynge attempre was & feyre
And in his wey this messagere hem mette
Full konnynglye this lordis two he grette
And did his message askynge hem a-non
If that thei were brokyn or wo-bigon
Or had nede of lodismen or vytayle
[. . . . .] shuld nothinge fayle [leaf 91, back]
. . . . . mekly & stylle [part of MS. torn]
[A blank line here in the MS.]
. . . . . oth he thanke I hertelye
. . . . . nesse vs nedith trowlye
. . . . . e as now but that we were be
. . . . e for to pley oute of the se
Till that the winde be bettre in owre weye
this ladi cometh bi the cliffe to pleye
with hir meyne endlonge the stronde
and fyndeth this Iason & this othir stonde
In spekinge of this thinge as I you tolde
[Th]is Ercules & Iason gon biholde
[ ]w that the quene it was & feire hir grette
[A-]non right as thei with this ladi mette
And she toke hede & knew bi her manere
bi her aray bi wordis & by chere
That it were gentilmen of grete degre
and to the castell with hir ledith she

Wher that the shipp of Iason gan aryve
Of here goodnes she sendith downe belyve
To witt yf Anny straunge wyght
With tempest was blow thiddyr by nyght
And done hym socour as was her vsaunce
To forthyr every wyght and don plesaunce
Of verray bounte and of curtasy
The Mesaunger A-downe hym ganne hye
And founde Iason And Ercules also
That in A bote to londe wer go
Hem to reffresh and take the Ayre
The mornynge Atempre and fayre
And in his weye the Messaunger hym mete
full conuyngly thes lordes two he grett
And did his message axynge hem anon
Yf they wer brokyne or ought begon
Or hade nede of lodisman or vitayle
flor of socour hem shuld no thynge fayle
flor hit was vtterly the quenes wyll
Iason aunswerd full mekely and full styll
My lady quod he thanke I hertely
Of here goodnes vs nedith trewly
No thynge as now but that we were be
And come to play vs oute of the see
Till that the wynde be bettyr in our ways
This lady romyth by the see clyffe to-playe
With her meyne endlonge vpp the strond [leaf 93, back]
And fyndе this Iasone and these other stonde
In spekynge of this thynge as I you told
This Ercules and Iasone gane behold
How that hit was the quene fayre the grete
Anon ryght as they this lady mett
she toke hede and knew by ther maner
By her Araye by wordes and by chere
That they wer gentyllmen of degre
And to the castell ledith she

these straunge folke & doth hem grete honore
And axeth hem of trauaile & labour
That thei han suffrid within the salte se
So that within a day or two or thre.
She knyw bi the folke that in his shippes be
That it was Iason full of renome
And Ercules that had the grete los
That soughten the auentures of Colcos
And did hem honoure more then bifore
And with hem helyd euyr the lengur the more
For thei ben worthi folke withouten les
And namely moste she spake with Ercules
To him hir herte bare he shuld be
Sad wyse & trew of wordys auyse
withouten any othir affectyon
Of loue or any othir ymagynacion
This Ercules hath this Iason *preysed*
that to the sonne he hath it vpreysed
That half so trew a man ther nas of loue
Vndir the cope of heuyn that is a-boue
and he was wise hardi secre & riche
Of thes iiij poyntes ther nas non him liche
of fredom passid he & lustihed
AH tho that leuyn or ben ded
Therto so grete a gentilman was he
And of Tessalye likly kinge to be
Ther nas no lacke but that he was a-gaste
to loue & for to speke shamefaste
He had leuyr him-self to mordre & deye
Then that men him shuld a louer sepye
As wold god that I had y-yeue
Mi blood & flesah so that I myght leue
with the nonys that he had oughere a wife
For his estate for such a lusty lyfe
She sholde lede with this lusty knyght
And al this was compassid on the nyght

These straunge fals folke & did hem grete honoure
And axeth hem of travayle an labour
that they haue suffyrd in the salt see
so that *with*-in a daye or two or thre
she knew by folkys that fro her shippis come
That hit was Iason full of renoune
And Ercules that had the grete lose
That soughten the aduentours of colchesse
And did hem honour more than before[1] (1 MS. repeats this line.)
[*No gap in the MS.*]
ffor they ben worthy folke *with*-outen lesse
And namely she spake *with* Ercules
To hym her hert bare that hit shuld be
sadde and wyse trew and and of wordes avise
With-oute Anny other effeccion
off love or of Anny other ymaginacion
This Ercules hath so this *Iason preysid*
That to the sonne he hath hym vpreysid
That halfe so trew a man ther was of love
Vndyr the cope of heyne a-bove
ffor he was wyse hardy and eke ryche
Of thes iij poyntes ther was noman hym lyche
Of ffredome passid he and of lustyhed
AH tho that lyvyne or be dede
Ther to so grete a gentyllman was he
And of Tesaly lyke kynge to be
Ther was no lake but that he was agast
To love And for to speke shamefaste
He hade lever to haue bene Morderyd and to dye
Than that men shuld a lover hym spye
As wold god that I had yeve
My blode my flesah so that I myght lyve
With the nones that he had somwher a wyffe
ffor his estate for suche a lusty lyffe
she shuld ledyn *with* this lusty knyght
And all this was compassid by the nyght

¶ Betwixte him Iason & this Ercules
Of this two here was a shrewid les
To come to house vpon an Innocente
For to bidote this quene was her intento [leaf 72, back]
As Iason is as coy as any maide
He loketh pitouslye but nought he saide
But frely yaf to his counseylerys
yeftys grete & to hir officerys
as god wold that I leysar had & tyme
Bi processe all his wowynge for to tyme.
but in this house if any fals louer be.
Right as him-self now doth right so did he
with feynenge & with euery sotyH dede
ye gete no more of me but ye wull rede
The originall that tellith all the cas
the soth is this that Iason weddid was
vn-to this quene & toke of hir substaunce
what so him luste vn-to his purveaunce
And vpon hir bigate he childryn two
and drough his sayle & saugh hir nouyr mo
A lettre sent she him certeyne
Which were to longe to writen & to seyne
And him repreuyth of his grete vntrouth
and praieth him on hir to haue som routh
And of his childrin two she seid hym this
That be like of all thinge I-wys
to Iason sauff thei couth not begyle
And praied god or it were longe while
That she that had his herte I-refte hir fro
Most fynden him to hir vntrew also
And that she muste both hir children spyH
and all tho that suffrith him his wyH
And trow to Iason was she all hir lyue [leaf 73]
and euyr kepte hir chaste as for his wyue
Ne neuyr had she ioye at hir herte
But died for his loue *and* sorowes smerte

by-twixte this Iason and this Erculesse
Of thes two here was a shrewyd lease
To come to house vpon an Innocent
ffor to bedote this quene was ther assent
And Iason is as coye as is A mayde
He lokyth pitiously but nought he sayd
ffor ffrely yave he to her chyncellours
Yeftes grete and to here officers
As wold god I leysar had and tyme
by processe all his wowynge for to tyme
but yf in this house yf anny false lover be
Ryght as hym selfe did ryght so did he
With feynynge and with evere sotell dede
Ye gete no mere of me but ye woll rede
The oryginall that tellith all the case
This sone is that Iasone weddid was
Vn-to the quene and toke of her substaunce
What so hym liste to his purveyaunce
And vpon here begate her chylldryne two
And drough his sayle and saw here nevyr mo
A lettyr yete sent she to hym certeyne [leaf 74, back]
Which wer to longe to wryte and to sayne
And prayith hym on here to haue routh
And hym reprevid of his grete vntrouth
And of his childryn two she said thus
That they wer lyke althynge I-wys
To Iason save they cowde not begyle
And prayed god or hit wer longe while
That she that had rafte his hert her fro
Might fynde here vntrew to her also
And that she must both her childryne spyH
And all tho that suffred hym his wyH
ffor trew to Iason was she all her lyffe
And Evyr kepte here chaste as for his wyffe
ne nevyr had she Ioye at her herte
but dyed for his love in sorows smerte

To Colcos comen ys this Duke Iason
that is of loue deuowrer *and* Dragon
As matire appetith forme alway
and from forme to forme it passen may
Or as a well that were botomles
Ryght so kan Iason haue no pes
For to desyren thorogh his appetyte
To don with gentilwomen his delyte.
this is his luste & his felycyte
Iason ys romyd forth to the Cyte
That whilom clepid was Iasonycos
that was the noble towne of all Colcos
And hath I-tolde the cause of his commynge
Vnto Otes of that contre kynge
Prayenge hym that he moste don his assaye
To gete the fles of goold if that he maye
Of which the kynge assentyth to his bone
And doth him honoure as it ys to done.
So ferforth that his Doughtre & his heyre
Medea which that was so wyse & so feyre
That feyrer saugh ther nevyr man with ye
He made hir don to Iason companye
At mete & sytte bi hym in the hall
Now was Iason a semly man with-all
And like a lorde & had a grete renoun
and of his loke as roiall as a lioun
And goodli of his spech & famulere
And koude of loue all crafte & Arte plenere
withoute boke with enerich obseruaunce
And as fortune hir ought a foule myschaunce
She wex enamouryd vp-on this man
Iason quoth she for ought I se or kan
As of this thinge the which ye ben a-boute
ye & youre-self I put in muche doute
For who-so wull this auenture Acheue
He may not well a stertyn as I leue

To colchos comyn is this Duke Iason
That is of love devourer and dragon
As mater appetitith fourme alwey
And ffro fourme in-to ffourme hit passit maye
Or as a well that wer botomlesse
Ryght so canne false Iason haue no pes
but to desyre thorough his apetyte
Do do with gentyllwomen his delyte
This is his luste And his felicete
Iason is remevid forth frome the Cite
That whilome was clepid Iacountes
That was the mastyr towne of colchos
And hath I-told the cause of his comynge
Vn-to Cetes that of the contre was kynge
Praynge that he muste done his assaye
To gete the ffloce of gold yf that he maye
Of whiche the kynge Assentith to his bone
And did hym honour as hit was to don
so ferforth that his doughtyr And his heyre
Medea which that was so wyse and so fayre
That fayrer saw nevyr man with eye
He made here done to Iason company
At mete And sittith by hym in the hall
now was Iason a semely man with-all
And lyke a lord and hade a grete renoune
And of hys looke as Ryall as a lyon
And goodly of his speche and famulier
And cowde of love all the Arte and Crafte plener
With-oute boke with-oute Anny obseruaunce
And fortune her ought a foule myschaunce
she wexte enamerid sone apon this man
Iasone quod she for that I see or canne
As of this thynge the whiche ye be a-boute
Ye haue your selfe put in-to grete dowte
ffor who wyll this aventour achevyn
He may not well estart as I levyne

withouten doth but I his helpe be 1616
but natheles it ys my will quoth she
to furtheryn you that ye shuld not dye
but torne sounde horn to youre thessalye
Mi right ladi quoth this Iason tho 1620
that ye han of my deth or of my wo
Any rewarde & don me this honoure
I wote well that my myght ne my laboure
May not deserue hit in my lyues daye 1624
God thanke you there I ne kan ne maye
Youre man am I & loulye you beseeh
To ben my helpe withoute more speeh
But certys for my deth shall I not spare 1628
Tho gan this Medea to him declare
the peryll of this case fro poynte to poynte
Of his bataile & of his disioynte [leaf 72]
That he mote stonde of which no creature 1632
Saf only she ne myght his life assure
And shortlye right to the poynte for to go
Thei ben acordid full betwix hem two
that Iason shall hir wedde as trew knyght 1636
and terme I-sette to come sone at nyght
Vnto his chambre & make there his oth
Vp-on the goddis that he for loue ne loth
Ne shuld hir neuyr falsen nyght ne daye 1640
To ben hir husbonde while he lyue maye
as she that from his deth him sauyd there
[*Blank line here in the MS.*]
And doth his oth & goth with hir to bed 1644
and on the morow vpward he him sped
For she hath taught him how he shall not fayle
The flese to wynne & stynten his bataile.
And saue him his life & his honoure 1648
and gete a name as a conqueroure
Right thurgh the sleight of hir enchauntment
Now hath Iason the flese & home ys wente

With-oute doth but I his helpe be 1616
but naytheles hit is my will quod she
To flortheryn so you that ye shall not dye
but torne sone home to your Thessalie
Mi ryght lady quod this Iason tho 1620
That ye haue of my deth or of my wo
Anny rewarde and done me this honour
I wote that my myght ne my labour
May not deserve hit in-to my lyves daye 1624
God thanke you ther I canne ne maye
Your man ame I and lowly you beseche
To be myn helpe *with-outyn* more speche
but certes for my deth wyll I not spare 1628
Then cane this medea to hym declare
The perells of this poynte ffro poynte to poynt
And he in this bateil in what diseynt [leaf 23, back]
He mote stond of which no creatour 1632
save only she myght his lyffe Assure
And shortely to the poynt ryght for to go
They bene acordid fully betwene hem two
That Iason shall her wede as trew knyght 1636
And tarme sett to come sone at nyght
Vn-to her chambyr and make ther his oth
Vpon the goddes that for love ne loth
shuld hers nevyr falsen nyght nor daye 1640
To be her husbond whiles his lyffe maye
As she that ffro his Deth hym savyd here
And here-vpon at nyght they metyn in fere
And doth sone his oth and goth *with* here to bede 1644
And on the morow vpward he hym spede
ffor she hath taught hym how he shall not fayle
The fflese for to wynne And stynt his batayle
And savyd hym his lyffe and his honour 1648
And gate hym grete name lyke As a conqueroure
Ryght thorough the sleyght of here enchaunment
now hath Iason the fflese and home is went

[*Some light dots after final* e, o, *&c, are not given.*]

[*British Museum. Additional MS.* 12,524, *leaf* 1.]

[Isy]phylle.

No shulde hyr neuer falsen nyght nor daye 1640
[To] bene hyr husbonde till he lyff may
As she that hys deth hym sauede here
And here vpon at nyght theye mete yfere
And doth hys othe and goth with hyr to bede 1644
And on the morow vpwarde he hym spede
ffor she hath *taught* hym how he shall nat faile
The fleces to wyn and stentyt hys battaile
And sawede hym hys lyff and his honour 1648
And gat hym name right as a conqueroure
Right through the slyght off hyr enchauntement
Now hath Iason the fleces and home ys went

with medea & tresoures fulle grete wone
but vnwiste of hir Fadre she is gone
To tessalye with Duke Iason hir leef
that aftirward hath brought hir to myschef
For as a traytoure he is from hir go
And with hir lefte yonge children two
and falsly hath betraied hir allas
And euyr in loue a chefe traitoure he was [leaf 34, back]
and weddid yet the thrid wife a-non
That was the doughtre of kynge Creon
this is the mede of louynge & guerdon
That Medea receyued of Iason
Right for hir trouth & hir kindenesse
that lovid him bettre then hir-self I gesse
And lefte hir Fadre & hir heritage
and of Iason this is the vassalage
That in his dayes nas neuyr non I-founde
So fals a louer goynge on the grounde
And therfor in hir lettre thus she seid
First when she of his falsnesse him vnbreyd
whi liked me thi yelow heer to se
More then the boundis of myn honeste
whi liked me thi youth & thi fairnesse
and of thy tonge the ynfynyte graciousenesse
O haddistow in thi conqueste ded I-be
Full mekil vntrouth had ther deid with the.
wel kan Ouyde hir lettre in vers endyte
which were as how to longe for me to wryte.

Explicit. Legenda. Ysiphile et Medee. Martirum

With medea and treasour full grete wonne
But vnwyst of her fadyr is she gone
Vn-to Tyssaly with Duke Iason her leffe
That afterwarde hath brought her to mischeffe
ffor as a traytour ffro her he is go
And with her lefte yonge childdryn two
And falsly he hath betrayed her alas
As euyr in love a theffe traytour he was
And weddid yete the thyrde wyffe anon
That was the Doughtyr of kynge Creon
This is his mede of love and Guerdon
That fayre medea receyvid of Iason
Ryght for her trouth and here gentillnesse [leaf 37 (36 in print)]
That lovid hym bettyr than hym selfe I gesse
And lafte her fadyr And here herytage
And of fals Iason this is the wasalage
That in his dayes was ther none founde
so fals a lover goynge on grounde
And ther-fore in a lettyr thus she saide
ffyrst when she of falsnes vnbetrayed
Why lykyd me thy yelow here to see
More than the boundes of myn honeste
Why lykyd me thy thought and thy fayrnesse
And of thy tonge the infynite grevousnesse
O hadyst thou in thy conqueste Dede be
ffull mykyll vntrewth had Dyed with the
Well cane ovide here lettyr in verse endite
Which wer to longe me for to wryte

With medea & tresor full grete wone
But vnwist off hyr ffadder ys she gone
To Tessalie with Duc Iason hyr leiffe
That eftirwarte hath brought hyr to myscheiffe
ffor as a traytour he ys frome hyr goo
And with hyr lafte hyr yonge children twoo
And falsly hath betraysede hyr allace
As euer in loue traytour and theffe he wasse
And wedded yete the thride wyffe anone
That wes the doghter off the kynge creon
Thys ys the mede off loue & the gerdone
That Medea receyuede off Iason
Right ffor hyr trewthe and ffor hyr kyndenesse
That loude hym better then hyr selff I gesse
And laft hyr ffadder & hyr heritage
And off Iason thys ys the wasselage
That in hys daye nas ther non yfonde
A falsare lower goyng on the grounde
And therefore in hyr letter thus she seyde
ffirst whanne she off hys falsnesse hym wmbreide
Whi liketh me thy yelow heyr to sse [leaf 1, back]
More then the boundes off myne honeste
Whi liketh me thy youthe & thy farnesse
And off thy tonge the infinite graciousnesse
O haddest thou in thy conqueste dede ybe
ffull moche wntreuth had there dyed with the
Wele kan Owyde in wers hyr letter endyte
Whiche were as now to lohge for me to write

Incipit legenda lucrecie
Rome Martiris

[V.]

Incipit Legenda Lucrecie Rome Martiris.

Now mote I seyn thexylenge of kynges 1680
Of Rome for her orrible dedes
Of the laste kynge Tarquynyus
As saith Ouyde & Tytus lyuyus [leaf 78]
But for that cause tell I not *this* storye 1684
but for to preisen to drawen to memorye
The verray wife the verray lucresse
that for hir wifhod & hir stedfastnesse
Not onlye that these Payens *hir commende* 1688
but clepid *is* in oure legende
The grete Austyn hath grete *compassion*
Of this lucresse that starfe at Rome toun
And in what wise I wull but shortlye trete 1692
and of this thinge I touche but the grete
when Ardea besegid was a-boute
with Romaynes that full sterne were & stoute
Full longe lay the sege & litell wroughtyn 1696
So that thei were half ydell as hem thoughtyn
And in his pley Tarquynyus the yonge
Gan for to Iape for he was light of tonge
and seid that it was an ydell lyfe 1700
No man did there more then his wyfe
And let vs speke of wifes that is beste
Preise euery man his owne as him leste
and with oure spech let vs ese oure herte 1704
A knight that hight Colatyne vp sterte.
and seid thus nay for it ys no nede
To trowen on the worde but on the dede
I haue a wife quoth he that as I trow 1708
ys holdyn good of all that euyr hir know
Go we to Rome to nyght & we shull se
Tarquynyus answeryd that liketh me.

[V.]

[THE LEGEND OF LUCRECE.]

[N] ow most I sey the exilynge of kynges 1680
Of Rome for here orybyll doynges
Of the laste kynge torquinius
As tellith ovyde and tytus lyuyus
but for that cause tell I not the storye 1684
but for to prayse and draw to memorye
The verre wyfle the trow lucresse
That for here wyfhod and her stedfastnes
not only that *thes* paynyms her *commends* 1688
But he that clepyd is in our legends
The Awstyne hath grete compassion
Of this lucresse that diede in Rome towne 1691
And in whate wyse I wyll but shortely trete [leaf 57, back]
Of thes thynges I touche but the grete
When Ardea was besegid a-boute
With Romans that sterne wer and stoute
ffull longe laye the sege and lityll wrought 1696
so that they were halfe dede as they thought
And in his playe torquynius the yonge
Gane for to Iape for he was lyght of tonge
And sayd that hit was An Idyll lyfle 1700
No man did ther more than his wyffe
And lett vs speke of wyves that is beste
prayse every man his owyn as hym list
And *with* our speche late-ease our herte 1704
A knyght that hight Colatyne vp sterte
And said thus naye for hit is no nede
To trowyn on the worde but on the dede
I haue a wyffe *quod* he as I trow 1708
Holdyn good of all that here know
Go we to nyght to Rome and we shall se
Torquynus Aunswerd forsoth that lykyth me

[V.]

[THE LEGEND OF LUCRECE.]

NOwe mote I sayne the exiling off kinges 1680
Off Rome for ther horrible doynges
And specially off the last king Torquinius
As seith owide and Titus linius
But ffor that cause tell I nat thys storie 1684
But ffor to prise / & to draw to memorye
The wertuouse wyff / the werie lucrese
That ffor hyr wifhode & hyr stedefastnesse
Nat onely that this payens hyr commende 1688
But that cleped ys in oure legende
The grete Austyne hath grete compassion
Off this lucres that at Rome towne
And in quhat wyse I woll but shortly trete 1692
And off thys thing y tuche but the grete
Whan Adrya bysegid wes aboute
With Romaynes that ffull sterne wor & stowte
ffull long lay the sege & litel wroght 1696
So that they wore halff ydel as hem thoght
And in hys pleye Torquinius the yonge
Gan for to Iape ffor he wes lyght of tonge
And seide that / it wes ane ydill lywe 1700
No more ded no man there then hys wyffe
And lat wa speke off wifes that ar beste
Prise *euery* man hys awne as *hym* leste
And with oure speche lat/ ws ese oure hert [leaf 1] 1704
A knyght that heght Collatyne wp sterte
And seide thus naye *sir* it ys none neyde
To trowen on the worde but on the dede
I halfe a wyffe quod he & as I trowe 1708
Ys holden goode off all that *euer* her knowe
Go we to Rome to nyght & we shall se
Torquinius answerde / that liketh me

To Rome be thei come & faste hem dight [leaf 75, back] 1712
to Colatynes house & doune thei light
Tarquynyus & eke this Colatyne
the husbonde knew the estres well & fyne
And full preuylye in-to the house thei goñ 1716
Nor at the gate Portere was ther noñ
and at the chambre dore thei abide
This noble wife sate bi hir beddis syde
Disheuely for no malice she ne thought 1720
and softe wolle saith oure boke that she wrought
To kepe hir fro slouth & Idylnesse
And bade hir servaunt to doñ her besynesse
and axeth hem what tythynges heryn ye 1724
how seyñ men of the sege how shall it be
God wold the wallys weryn fall a-douñ
My husbonde is to longe oute of this touñ
For which the drede doth me so to smerte 1728
Right as a swerde it styngeth to myñ herte
When I thenke on these or of that place
God saue my lorde I prey him for his grace
And therwithal full tendrely she wepe 1732
and of hir werke she toke no more kepe
but mekely she lete hir yen fall
And thilke semblance sate hir well withall
and eke hir terys full of heuyte 1736
Embelissheđ hir wifye chastyte
Hyr countenaunce ys to hir herte digne
For thei acordedyn yn dede & yn signe
And with that worde hir husbonde Colatyne [leaf 76] 1740
Er she of him was ware come stertynge yñ
and seide drede the nought for I am here
And she a-noñ vprose with blisfull chere
and kissed him as of wyfes ys the wone 1744
Tarquynyus this proude kynges sone
Conceyuedđ hath hir beaute & hir chere
Hir yelowe heer hir bounte & hir manere

To Rome they bene come and fast hem dyght 1712
To Colatyns house and doune they light
Torquynus and eke this Colatyne
The husbonde knewe the gestis well and fyne
And pryvely vn[to] the house they gone 1716
ne at gate porter was ther noñ
And at the chambyr dorre they abidde
This noble wyfe satt by her beddis side
Disevyll for no malece she thought 1720
And softe well oure boke saith she wrought
To kepyne here ffro slouth and Idillnes
And bade her *seruauntis* to do her besynes
And axith hem what tydyngis here ye 1724
How seine men of the sege how shall hit be [leaf 98]
God wolde the walles wer ffallen downe
Mi husbond is longe oute of the towne
ffor whiche the drede doth me so to smert 1728
That as a swerd hit styngith me to the hert
Whane I thynke on the sege or on the place
God save my lord I praye hym of his grace
And of her worke she toke no more kepe 1732
but ther-*with*-all full tendyrly she wepe
but mekely she lete her eyne fall
And that semelaunt sate her well *with*-all
And eke her terys full of honeste 1736
Enbelesshid here wyfle[1] chastite [MS. wyvle]
Here Cowntinaunce is to here hert dign
ffor they acordyne both in word And Ryme
And *with* that worde her husbond Colatyne 1740
Or she of hym were ware come stertynge in
And saide drede ye not for I Ame here
And she anon arose *with* blithfull chere
[. 1744
. . . . . .
. . . . . *no blank in MS.*]
Her yelow here her shape And her maner

To Rome bene they come and fast them dight 1712
To Callatynis house and done they lyght
Torquinius ande eke thys Collatyne
The husbonde knewe the estres wele & fyne
And ffull *priualye* in to the house they gone 1716
Nor at the gate / portare wes there none
And at the chawmer dore they abyde
Thys noble wiffe sat by hyr bede syde
Deshewel ffor no malice she ne thought 1720
And softe well oure boke seith she wrought
She kept hyr ffrom sleuthe and ydilnesse
And bad hyr *seruaunte* do ther besynesse
And axeth them what tithinges hereñ yhe 1724
How seith men off the assege how shall it be
God wold the walles wer ffall a-doune
Myne husbonde ys to longe off off thys towne
ffor whiche the drede doth me so to smerte 1728
That with a swerde it stynggeth to myne hert
When I think off the assege / or off that place
God sawe my lorde I preye hym ffor hys grace
And thervithall ffull tendrely she wepe 1732
And off hyr werk / toke she no more kepe
But meikely she lete hyr eyne ffall
And thilk semblant sat hyr wele withall
And eke hyr terrys ffull off honeste 1736
Wmbelesed hyr wifely chastyte [leaf 8, back]
Hyr contenaunce ys to hyr hert dyngne
ffor they acordeñ both in worde and syngne
And with that worde hyr husbond Collatyne 1740
Or she wes off hym war come starteling In
And seide dreide the nat ffor I am heyre
And she anone arose with humble chere
And kyssed hym as off wifes ys the wone 1744
Torquinius thys proude kyngys sone
Conseceyuede hath hyr beaute & hyr chere
Hyr yelow heyr / hyr shap & hyr manere

Hir hew hir wordis that she hath complaynede
And bi no crafte hir beaute was not feyned
and kaught to this ladi such desyre
That in his herte bronte as eny fyre
So wodly that his wytte was foryetyn
For welt thought he she shuld not begetyn
and ay the more he was in dispeyre
the more coustith & thought hir feyre
his blynde lust was all his couetynge
On morow when the birde began to synge
Vnto the sege he commeth full privelye
And bi him-self he walketh sobrelye
The ymage of hir recordynge alwey new
thus lay hir heer & thus fressh was hir hew
Thus sate thus spake thus spanne thus was hir chere
thus feire she was & thus was hir manere
Al this conceyte his herte hath new I-take
and as the se with tempeste al to shake
That aftir when the storme is al a-go
yet wull the watir quappe a day or two [leaf 76, back]
Right so though that hir forme were absent
The plesaunce of hir forme was present
But natheles not plesaunce but delyte
Or an vnrightfull talente with dispyte
For maugre hir she shall me lemon be
happe helpith hardy man alwey quoth he
what ende that I make it shall be so
And gyrte him with his swerde & gan to go
and all a-lone his wey then hath he nome
Til he full right to Rome ys come
Vn-to the house of Colatyne full right
Doune was the sonne & day hath loste his light
And yn he come vn-to a preuy halke
and in the nyght full theffy gan he stalke
whan euery wight was to his reste I-brought
Ne no wight had of treson such a thought

BODLEY 638

Her hew her wordes that she hath complaynyd
And by no Crafte her bewte was not steynyd
And caught to his lady suche Desyre
That in his herte he bremyth as anny fyre
so wodely that all his wytt was foretonn
for well he thought she wold not be forgotyn
And eyr the more that he was in dispayre
The more coustor him thought her fayre
His blynde lust was his covetynge
A morow when the byrde begane to synge
Vn-to the sege he comyth full prevely
And he by hym selfe walkyth sobyrly
The ymage of here allwey recordynge new
Thus laye here here and thus ffresshe was here hew [fr 88, bk]
Thus sate thus spanne thus spake thus was her chere
Thus fayre she was and thus was her maner
All in this conceyte his hert was I-take
And as the sse with tempest all to-shake
And aftyr whan the storme is a-go
Yete wolt the watyr whape a daye or two
Ryght so thoughe that her forme wer abcent
The plesaunce of her forme was Aye present
but natheles not plesaunce to both delyte
ne Anny full ryghtfull talent with dispyte
ffor magre here she shall my leman be
Hape helpith herdy man quod he
What that I make hit shall be so
And gyrd hym with his swerde and gane to go
And forth ryght to Rome he is I-come
And all alone his wey he hath I-nome
Vnto the house of Calotyne full ryght
Downe was the sonne the day hath lost his lyght
And in he come all by a prevy halke
All in the nyght full theffly gane he stalke
Whan evere wyght was to his rest brought

[*No gap in the MS.*]

ADDIT. 9832

Hyr hewe hyr worde that she hath complaynede
And by no craft hyr beaute wes nat faynede
And kaught to this lady suche desyre
That in his hert he bernt as any fyre
So wodely that hys wit wes all ffergetten
ffor wele thought he / she wolde nat be getten
And ay the more / that he wes in dispeire
The more he coueyteth hyr & thoght hyr feyre
Hys blynd lust wes all hys coueytinge
A morowe whan the byrdes gan to synge
Vn-to the sege he comth full prialye
And by hym selff he walketh sobrelye
The ymage off hyr recordinge alweye newe
Thus lay hyr heyre & thus freeshe wes hyr hewe
Thus sat thus spak / thus span / this wes hyr chere
Thus feyre she wes & this wes hyr manere
All this conceyte hys hert hath new ytake
And as the sse with tempest all to-shake
That after when the storme ys all a-go
Yete woll the watter / quape a day or two
Right so thought that hyr storme wes absent
The plesaunce off hyr forme wes present
But nethelese nat plesaunce but delyte
Or ane wnrightfull talent with dyspyte [leaf 8]
ffor mawgre hyr she shall be my leman
ffor alday hap helpith the hardy man
What end that euer I make it shall be sooo
And gyrt hym with hys swerde & gan to goo
And forth he ryde till he to Rome ys come
And all alone hys weye then hath he nome
Vn-to the house off Callntyne ffull right
Doune wes the sonne & day hath loste hyr lyght
And in he come in-to a prewe halk
And in the nyght full thewichely gan he stalk
When euery wight wes to hys reste brought
Ne no wight had off tresone suche a thought

ADDIT. 12,624

whethir by wyndow or by othir gynne 1784
with swerde drawe shortely he commyth ynne
There as she lay this noble wife lucresse
and as she woke ffir bed she felte presse
what beste is that quoth she that weyeth thus 1788
I am the kynges sone Tarquynyus
Quoth he but & thou cry or noyse make
Or yf thow any creature a-wake
Be thilke god that formyd man on lyue [leaf 77] 1792
This swerde thorogh thin herte shal I ryue
and therwithal vn-to hir throte he sterte
And sette the swerde all sharpe vn-to hir herte
No worde she spake she hath no myght ther-to 1796
What shal she seyne hir witte ys all a-go
Right as a wolfe that feyneth a loue allone
To whom shall she complayn or make mone
What shal she fight with a hardy knyght 1800
Wel wote men a woman hath no myght
What shal she crye or how shall she a-sterte
that hath hir bi the throte with swerde at herte
She axeth grace & seid all that she kan 1804
no wolte thou not quoth this cruell man
As wisly Iupyter my soule saue
I shal in the stable sle thi knaue
And lay him yn thi bed & loude crye 1808
That I the fynde yn such avowtrye
and thus thou shalt be ded & also leso
Thi name for thou shalte not chese
These Romaynes wyues louyd so her name 1812
at thilke tyme & dreddyn so the shame
That what for fere and sklaundre & drede of deth
She loste both attonys wytte & breth
And yn a swough she lay & wexe so ded 1816
Men myght smyte of hir arme or hed [leaf 77, back]
She felith no-thinge neithyr foule ne feyre
Tarquynyus that arte a kynges eyre

Wer hit by wyndow or by other gyne 1784
With sword I-draw shortely he come in
Ther as she laye *this* nobyll lucresse
And as she woke she felt her bede prese
What beste is that quod she that swawith thus 1788
I Ame the kynges sonne quod he torquinus
Than said he yf that thou Crye or noyse make
Or yf that Anny creatour awake
be that god that formyd man on lyve 1792
This swerde thorough thyn hart shall I ryve
And ther-*with*-all in-to her throte he stert [leaf 30]
And sett the poynt all sharpe vn-to her hert
No worde she spake she had no myght therto 1796
What shall she saye her wytt was allmoste ago
Ryght as a wolfe that fyndyth a lombe a-lone
To whome shall she complayne or make her mone
What shall she fyght *with* an hardy knyght 1800
Well wote men that A woman hath no myght
What shall she Crye or how shall she sterte
That holde here by the throte *with* a swerde at hert
she Axith grace and saith all that she canne 1804
ne wylt thow not quod he this Cruell mane
As wissle Iubiter my soule save
As I shall in thy stabyll sle thy knave
And ley hym in thy bed and lowde Crye 1808
That I the fynd *with* suche Avoutere
And thou shalt be dede and also lese
Thy name for thou shalt no nother chese
This Romayns wyffis lovid so her name 1812
At thyke tyme and dredyn so the shame
That what fere of sklaundyr and for fere of deth
she lost both attones wytt and breth
And in a swowne she laye and wexed so dede 1816
men myght smyte of her Arme or her hede
she felith no thynge nothyr foule ne fayre
Torquinus that arte a kyng*is* heyre

Wer it by wyndow or by other gyn 1784
With swerde Idrawe shortbly he cam In
There as she laye thys noble wyffe lucres
And as she woke hyr bed she felt prese
What beste quod she ys that / that weyeth thus 1788
I am the kinges sone Torquinius
Quod he but and thou cry or noyse make
Or yeue ther any creature awake
By that ilke gode that formede man on lyffe 1792
Thys swerde / throughoute thyne hert shall ryve
And therwithall vnto hyr throte he sterte
And set the poynte all sharp at hyr hert
No wondre she spake she hath no myght therto 1796
What shall she seyne hyr wit ys all a-goo
Right as a wolff that fynt a lambe alone
To whame shall she compleyne / or make hyr mone
What shall she fyght with ane hardy knight 1800
Wele wote men / a woman hath no myght
What shall she crye or how shall she asterte
That holds hyr by the throte with swerde at hert
She axeth grace & seith all that she kan [leaf 8, back] 1804
Ne wilt thou nat quod he this cruel man
As wisely Iuppiter my saule sawe
As I shall in thy stable sleyne thy knafe
And lay hym in thy bed & lowde cryo 1808
That I the fynd in suche adultrie
And thus thou shalt be dede & also leso
Thyne name for thou shalt none other chese
Thys Romaynes wiffes louden so ther name 1812
At thilk tyme & dreden so the shame
That what for ferde off sklaundre & drede off deth
She lost both at ones wit & brothe
And in a swough she lay & wax so dede 1816
That men myght smyten off *her* arme or hede
She felith no thing nether foule no fayre
Torquinius that art a kingys heyr

And sholdest as bi linage & by right 1820
Done as a lorde & verray knyght
Whi hastow done despyte to chevalrye
Whi hastow done thi lady vylanye
Allas of the this was a vilenouse dede 1824
But now to the purpose yn the story I rede
When he was gon all this myschaunce ys fall
This lady sente aftir hir fryndes all
Fadir modir husbonde all y-fere 1828
And dischevelede with hir here clere
In habyte such as women vsyde tho
Vn-to the buryenge of her frendys go
She sitte yn hall with a sorowfull sight 1832
Hir frendis Axen what hir aylen myght
and who was dede & whe sitte ay wepynge
A worde for shame ne may she forth outbrynge
Ne vp-on hem she durste not biholde 1836
But attlaste of Tarquynyus she hem tolde
This rewfull case & all this thynge orryble
the woo to telle yt were impossyble
That she & all hir frendis make attonys 1840
all had folkys hertys bene of stonys
Hit myght haue makyde hem vpon hir rew [leaf 72]
Hir herte was so wifelye & so trew
She seid that for hir gylte ne for hir blame 1844
Hir husbonde shulde not haue the foule name
That nolde she suffre by no weye
and thei vnswerede all vn-to hir feye
that thei foryaff it hir for it was right 1848
Hit was no gylte it lay not yn hyr myght
And seide hir ensamplys many oon
but al for nought for thus she seyde anoon
Be as be may quoth she of forgeuynge 1852
I wull not haue no forgefte for nothynge
but pryuelye she kaught forth a knyfe
and therwithall she rafte hir self hir lyfe

And shuldist as by lynnage and by ryght 1820
Do as a lord and as a verry knyght
Why hast thou done dispyte to Chyvalrē
Why hast thou don this lady vilony
Alas of the this was a vilens dede 1824
but now to purpose in story I rede
Whan he was gone And this mischaunce was fall [(c) m, track]
This lady sent aftyr her ffrendes all
ffadyr and moder and husbond all in fere 1828
And all Dischevelid with her here clere
In the habite suche as women vsid tho
Vn-to a berynge of here for to go
she sytteth as hit were a woful wyght 1832
Here ffrendes Axen what her Ayle myght
And who was dede and she satt aye wepynge
A worde for shame she myght now forth bryngo
Ne vpon hem she durst not beholde 1836
But at the laste of Torquynus she told
This Ruthful case and this thynge Oribill
The wo to tellyn wer An Inpossible
That she and her ffrendes made atones 1840
And thought folkes hertes had ben made of stones
Hit myght haue made hem vpon her Rew
Her hert was so wisshe and so trew
she said ne for her gylt ne for her blame 1844
Here husbond shuld not haue the foule name
That wold she not suffyr by no waye
And they Aunswerd all by her faye
That they forgave her for that was ryght 1848
Hit was no gylt hit lay not in her myght
And said here ensamples many on
But all for nought thus she said Anon
Be as be may as for yevynge 1852
I wyll not haue forgyfte ne forgyvinge
but prevely she caught forth a knyfe
And ther-with-all she rafte her lyffe

And sholdest as by lynagys & by ryght 1820
Don as a lorde and a werre knight
Whi hastow don dispite to chevalry
Whi hastow don this lady vilenye
Allaco off the thys wes a wileynis dede 1824
But now to purpose in the storie I rede
Whan he ys gone & this myschance ys fall
Thys lady sent after hyr ffrendes all
ffader moder frendes all yfeire 1828
And all dessheuele with hyr herys there
In habite suche as women vsen tho
Vn-to the buryinge off hyr ffrendes goo
She sitte in hall with a sorowfull syght 1832
Hyr ffrendes axen what hyr aila myght
And who wes dede / & she saat ay wepynge
A worde ffor shame ffortli no may she bringo
Nor wpon hem she dorst nat biholde 1836
But at the last off torquyne she hem tolde
Thys rewfull caas & all this thing/ orrible
The wo to tellen it wor ane impossible [leaf 4]
That she and all hyr ffrendes make at ones 1840
As hadde ffolkes hertes be made off stones
It myght haff maked / hem wpon hyr rewe
Hyr hert wes so wifely and so trewe
She seide that ffor hyr gilt / nor ffor her blame 1844
Hyr husbondes shulde nat haff the ffowle name
That wold she suffren by no weye
And they ansuerde all wpon there ffeye
That they foryiffe it hyr / ffor it wes right 1848
It wes no gilt it laye nat in hyr myght
And seide hyr ensamples many one
But all ffor noght / ffor thus she seide anone
Be as be maye quod she off foryiffynge 1852
I woll nat haff ffloryiffe ffor no thing
But prinalye she kaught fforth a knyffe
And therwithall / sche raft hyr selff hyr lyffe

356-357 PAR.-TEXT
116 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *BODLEY MS.* 638.

And as she fel a-doune she keste hir loke 1856
and of hir clothes yet hede she toke
For yn hir fallynge yet she had care
leste that hir fete or suche thynge lay bare
So well she louyd clennesse & eke trouth 1860
Of hir had all the tonne of Rome routh
And Brutus hath bi hir chaste blod I-swore
That Tarquynyus shall I-banysshed be therfore
and all his kynne & lete the pepls calle 1864
And openlye the tale he tolde hem all

[No gap in the MS.]

Thorogh all the toume that men may se & here
The orryble dede of hir oppressyon [leaf 73, back] 1868
ne neuyr was ther kynge in Rome toun
Syn tylke day & she was holdyn there
A seynte & euyr hir day I-halwed dere
as yn her law & thus endith lucresse 1872
The noble wife Tytus beryth witnesse
I tell it for she was of loue so trewe
Ne in hir wylle she chaungyd for no newe
and yn hir stable herte sad & kynde *sceta.* 1876
That yn these women men may alday fynde
there as thei kaste her herte there it dwellyth *wota.*
For well I wote that criste him-selfe tellyth
That yn Israell as wyde as ys the londe 1880
that so grete feyth yn all the londe he ne fonde
As yn a woman & this ys no lye
and as of men loketh which tyrannye
Thei done alday assay hem who so luste 1884
The trewyst ys full brotyll for to truste

Explicit Legenda Lucrecie · Rome Martiris.

BODLEY 638

356-357 PAR.-TEXT
116 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *ADDIT. MS.* 9832.

Tho fell she downe and caste ther-with-all a looke 1856
And of her clothes yete she hede toke
ffor in her fallinge yete had she a Care [leaf 41, 40 in print]
Leste that here fete or suche thynge lay bare
so well she lovyd clennes and eke trouth 1860
Of her had all the towne of Rome routh
And Brutus by her chast blod hath swore
That Torquynus banysshid shuld be ther-fore
And all her kynne lete pepyll call 1864
And opynly the tale was told all
And opynly she was caryed vpon a bere
Thorough all the towne that men may se and here
The orybyll dede of her opression 1868
Ne nevyr was ther kynge in Rome towne
seth thyke daye and she was hold ther
A saynt and evyr her daye halowid dere
As in her law and thus endith lucresse 1872
The nobyll wyffe as tytus berith witnesse
I tell hit for she was of love so trew
And nevyr in her wyll she chaungid for no new
And for the stabyll hert sadd and kynde 1876
That in thes women may alday fynde
Ther as they caste her hert ther hit dwellith
ffor well I wote Cryste hym selfe tellith
That in Israell as wyde as is the londe 1880
not so grete faith in all that he founde
As in a woman this is no lye
And also of men loke ye which tyranny
They do alday assaye hem who so lyste 1884
The trust is full brytyll for to trist

ADDIT. 9832

356-357 PAR.-TEXT
116 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *ADDIT. MS.* 12,524.

And so a-doune she kast hyr loke 1856
And off hyr clothes yete she hede toke
ffor in hyr fallinge yete she had care
List that hyr fete or suche thing laye bare
So wele she louede clenesse & eke treuthe 1860
Off hyr hadde all the towne off Rome rewthe
And brutus by hyr chast blode hath sworne
That Torquyne / shall ybannyste thereforne
And all hys kyn & lete the pepyll call 1864
And openly this taile he tolde hem all
And ploynlye lete carye her on a bere
Through all the towne / that men myght so & here
The horrible dede off hyr oppressiotte. 1868
Ne neuer wes ther kyng in Rome towne
Syn thilk day and she wes holdyn there
Seynt & euery hye day yhalowede dere
In-to there law and endith lucrese [leaf 4, back] 1872
The noble wiffe as Titus bereth witnesse
I tell it ffor she wes off loue so trewe
In this nyl will she changed ffor no newe
And ffor the stable hert sad and kynde 1876
That in this women men may all daye ffynde
There as they kast there hert there it dwelleth
ffor wele I wote that/ criste hym self telleth
That in Israel as wyde as ys the londe 1880
That so grete treuthe in all that he ne ffonde
As in a woman and this ys no lye
And as off men loke yhe suche tyranye
They don aldaye assaye hem whoso liste 1884
The trewast / ys full brotel ffor to tryste

ADDIT. 12,524

[VI.]

Incipit Legenda Adryane De Athenes.

Iuge ynfernall Mynos of grece kynge [leaf 70]
Now cometh thi lotte now comestow on the rynge
Not only for thi sake wryten ys this storye 1888
But for to clepe a-geyn vn-to memorye
Of Theseus the grete vntrouth of loue
For which the goddis of heuyn a-boue
ben wroth & wreche han take for thi synne 1892
Be red for shame now I thi life begynne
Mynos that was the myghty kynge of Crete
That wanne a hundrid Cyteys stronge & grete
to scole hath sente his sone Androgyus 1896
To Athenes of the which it happyd thus
that he was slayne lernynge Philosophye
Right in that Cite not but for enuye
The grete Mynos of which I speke 1900
his sones deth ys come for to wreke
And the Cyte besegith harde & longe
and natheles the wallys be so stronge
And Nysus that was kynge of that Cite 1904
So cheualrouse that litell dredith he
Of Minos or his oste toke he no cure
Tyl on a day befell an Auenture
That Nysus doghtre stode vpon the walle 1908
and of the sege saugh the maner alle
So it happed that at a skarmyshynge
She caste hir herte vpon Mynos the kynge [leaf 70, back]
For his beaute & his cheualrye 1912
So sore that she wende for to dye
And shortlye of this matere for to pace
She made Mynos wynne thilke place
So that the Cyte was all at his wylle 1916
To saue whom him luste or ellys spylle

[VI.]

[THE LEGEND OF ARIADNE.]

I uge infernall Minos of Crete kynge [leaf 41, back]
now comyth thy lott now constrew on thrynge
not for thy sake only wryte I this story 1888
But ffor to clepe agayne in-to memorye
Of theseus the vntrouth in love
ffor the whiche the goddes of the heyyn above
ben wroth and wreche haue take for thy synne 1892
By drede of shame now thy lyffe I begynne
Minos that was the myghti kynge of Crete
[No gap in the MS.]
To scole hath sent his sonne Androgyius 1896
To Athenes for whiche hit Appynyd thus
That he was I-slay lernynge philosophye
Ryght in that Citte nought but for Envy
The grete Minos of the which I speke 1900
His sonnes deth is comyn for to wreke
All the Citte he seged brode and longe
but natheles the walles ben so stronge
And Nysus that was kynge of that Cite 1904
so chevalrous that litylle dredith he
Of Minos nor of his hoste toke he no cure
Tyll on a daye hit byfell on aventure
That nysus doughter stode vpon the wall 1908
And of the sege saye the maner all
so happid it at a schirmysshynge
she kaste her hert vpon mynos the kynge
ffor his bewte and for his chyvallre 1912
so sore that she wende for to dye
And shortely of this processe for to passe
she made Mynos to wynne that ilke place
so that all the Cyte was at his wyll 1916
To save whome hym list or ells to spill

[VI.]

Incipit legenda
Adryane Martiris

INfernal Iuge Mynos off Crete kynge
Now comth thy lot now commestow on the rynge
Nat ffor thy saike oonly wryte I this storie 1888
But ffor to clepe ageyne vnto memorie
Off Theseus the grete wntrouth off loue
ffor whiche the goddes off the hewen aboue
Bene wrothe / & wrath hath takyn ffor thy sayn 1892
Be rede ffor shame now I thy lyffe begyn
Mynos that was the myghty king off Crete
That hadde a hundreth Citeis stronge & grete
To scole hath sent hys son Androgeus 1896
To Athenes off whiche ys happed thus
That he wos sleyne / lernyng philosophie
Right in that Cite nat but ffor enuy
The grete Mynos off the whiche I speke 1900
Hys sonnys deth ys commen ffor to wreke
Alcitoe he besegeth hard and longe
But nethelese the walles bene so stronge
And Nisus that was king off that Cite 1904
So chevalrouse that litel dredith he [leaf 8]
Off Mynos nor his oste toke he no cure
Till on a day befil ane auenture
That Nisus doghter stoode wpon the wall 1908
And off the assege saugh the manere all
So happed it that at a scarmysshinge
She kast hyr Eye wpon mynos the kinge
ffor hys beaute and ffor hys chevalrie 1912
So sore that she wend ffor to dye
And shortlye off this processe ffor to passe
She made Mynos wynnen thilk place
So that the Cite wes all at hys will 1916
To sawen whome hym list or els spill

360-361 PAR.-TEXT
118 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *BODLEY MS.* 638,

but wyckedlye he quytte hir kyndenesse
and lete hir drenche in sorow & dystresse
Nere that the goddis had of hir pyte 1920
but that tale were to longe as now for me
Athenes wanne this kynge Mynos also
and Alcytes & othir townys mo
And this teffecte that Mynos hath so dreuyñ 1924
hem of Athenes thei mote hym yeuyñ
Fro yere to yere her owne childreñ dere
For to be slayne as ye shal aftir here
This Mynos hath a Monstre a wikkyd beste 1928
that was so cruell that withowten areste
Whan that a man was brought in-to his presence
He wold him ete ther helpith no defence
And euery thridde yere withouten doute 1932
Thei casten lotte as it kame a-boute
On rich on pore he moste his sone take
and of his childe he moste presente make
To Mynos to saue him or to spylle 1936
Or let is beste deuoure him at his wylle
And this hath Mynos done in dispyte [leaf 80]
To wreke his sone was sette al his delyte
to make hem of Athenes his thralle 1940
Fro yere to yere while he leuyn shalle
And home he sayleth when this toune ys wonne
This wikked costome ys so longe I-ronne
Tyl of Athenes kynge Egeus 1944
Muste sende his owne sone Theseus
Sith that the lotte is fallen hiñ vpoñ
To be deuoured for grace ys ther noñ
and forth is ladde this wofull yonge knyght 1948
Vn-to the contre of kynge Mynos full of myght
And in a pryson fetryd caste ys he
Tyl the tyme he shall I-fretoñ be
Wel maystow wepe o wofull Theseus 1952
That arte a kynges sone & dampnyd thus

BODLEY 638

360-361 PAR.-TEXT
118 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *ADDIT. MS.* 9832.

But wykkydly he quyte here kyndnes
And lete here drenche in sorow and distresse [leaf 42]
Ne wer that the goddes had of her pite 1920
but that tale wer to longe as now for me
Athenes whan this kynge Mynos also
With all the Citte And other townes mo
And this is the effecte that Minos hath so dryvyn 1924
Hem of Athenes that they must hym yevyn
ffor evyr and aye her owyn childryn dere
ffor to be slayne ryght as ye shall here
This Minos had a monstre a wylkyd beste 1928
That was so Cruell that with-outen areste
Whan that A man was brought in his presence
He wold hym ete ther helpid no defence
And every thyrde yere with-outyn doute 1932
They castyn lott and as hit come a-boute
On ryche and pover he must his sonne take
And of his child he must present make
on-to Minos to save hym or to spill 1936
Or lat his beste devoure hym at his wyll
And this hath Minos done in ryght grete spite
To wreke his sonne was all his delyte
And make hem of Athenes his thrall 1940
ffor evyr and while they lyven shall
And home he saylith when he this townne had wonne
This wykkyd custome is so longe I-ronne
Tyll that of atheryes kynge Egens 1944
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
seth that the lott is fallyn hym vpon
To be devouryd for grace is ther non
And forth is lade this wofull yonge knyght 1948
Vn-to the courte of kynge Mynos full ryght
And in a presone feteryd fast is he
Tyll the tyme he etyn shuld be
Well maiste thou wepe o wofull Theseus [leaf 42, back] 1952
That Arte A kyngis sonne and dampnyd thus

ADDIT. 9832

360-361 PAR.-TEXT
118 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. *ADDIT. MS.* 12,524.

But wikkedly he quyt hyr kyndenesse
And lete hyr drenche in sorow and distres
Ner that the goddes had off hyr piete 1920
But that tale wor to longe as now for me
Athenese wan this kyng Minos also
As Alcitoe and other townes mo
And this is theffect that Minos hath driwen 1924
Them off Athenes / that thei mote hym yeuen
ffro yhere to yhere / there owne children dere
ffor to be sleyne / right as yhe shall heyre
This Mynos had a monstre / a wikked beste 1928
That wes sso cruell that without arreste
Whan that a man wes brought in hys presence
He wold hym ete / there helpeth no defence
And euery thrid yhere withouten dowte 1932
They kasten lot / and as it came aboute
On riche on poure / he moste hys son take
And off hys childe he moste presente make
To Mynos to sawe hym / or to spill 1936
Or lat hys beste dewoure hem at hys will
And thus hath Minos don right in dyspyte
To wreke hys son // wes set all hys delyte
And maketh hem off Athenese hys thrall [leaf 2, back] 1940
ffro yhere to yhere whill that he lewyn shall
And home he saileth / when this towne ys won
This wikked custome / ys so longe yronne
That off Athenes king egeus 1944
Mote send hys awne sson Theseus
Sith that the lot ys ffallen hym wpon
To be dewouredе / ffor grace ys there none
And forth ys lede this wofull yonge knight 1948
Vnto pe cowrte off kinge Mynos ffull right
And in a presoñ fettred kast ys he
Till thilk tyme he shuld yfrete be
Wele maistow wepe o wofull theseus 1952
That art a kyngys soñ and dampned thus

ADDIT. 12,524

Me thinketh this that thou depe were I-holde
To whom that saued the fro carys colde
And now if eny woman helpe the 1956
Wel oughtest hir servaunt to be
And ben hir trew louer yere by yere
but now to come a-goyne to my matere
The towre there this Theseus ya throwe 1960
Doune yn the bothome derke & wondir lowe
Was ioynenge to the wall of a Foreyne
and it was longynge to the Doughtren tweyne
Of Mynos that yn hir chambres grete [leaf 90, back] 1964
Dwellyn a-boue the maystre strete
Of Athenes in ioye & in solace
wote I not how it happed *par case*
as Theseus compleynod him by nyght 1968
The kynges doughtre that Adryan hight
And eke hir sustre Phedra herdyn all
his compleynte as thei stode on the wall
And lokyd vpon the bright mone 1972
hym lust not go [1] bed so sone [1 thy lusted not to go *in a later hand*]
and of his woo thei had compassyon
A kynges sone to be in such pryson [thay *in a later hand*]
and to be deuowryd [2] thought hem [3] grete pyte
Then Adryan spake to hir sustre free [2 yt *in a later hand*]
And seid Phedra leue [4] sustre dere [4 my *in a later hand*]
this woful lordys sone may ye not here
How pitously compleyneth his kyane 1980
and eke his pore estate that he is ynne
And gyltles certys now it ys routh
and if ye wull assonte by my trouth
He shal be holpyn how so that we do 1984
Phedra answeryd I-wis me ys [5] as wo [5 I am *in a later hand*]
For him as euyr I was for eny man
And to his helpe the beste rede [6] that I kan [6 counsell *in a later hand*]
Is that we don [7] the layler priuelye [7 cause *in a later hand*]
To come & speke with vs hastelye 1989

BODLEY 638

Me thynkyth this that thou were depe I-holde
To them that the savyd fro cares colde
And yf Anny woman help the 1956
Well Aught thou her seruaunt for to be
And be her trew lover yere by yere
but now to come agayne to my mater
The tour there that this theseus was throw 1960
Downe in the botome Derke and wondyr lowe
Was Ioynynge in the wall to a foreyne
And hit was longynge to the doughters tweyne
Of Mynos that in her chambyrs grete 1964
Dwelldyn a-bove toward the mastyr strete
In moche myrth in Ioye and in solace
but I not how hit happid ther *parcase*
As thoseus complaynyd hym by nyght 1968
The kyngis doughter that Adryan hight
And eke her sustyr federa herdyn all
His complaynynge as they stodyn on a wall
And lokyd vpon the bryght mone 1972
Hem lust not to go to bed so sone
And of his wo they had compassion
A kynges sone to be in suche presone
And be devouryd thought hem grete pite 1976
That Adryan spake to her sustyr ffre
And said federa leve sustyr dere
Theys wofull wordes may ye not here
How pytiously complaynyth he his kynge 1980
And eke the pore estate that he is in
And gyltels certes now it is routh
And yf ye wyll assent by my trouth
he shall be holpyn how so that we do 1984
ffedera Aunswerd I-wisse me is ryght wo

[*catchword*] ffor hym As euer

[*No more leaves of the MS. are left.*]

ADDIT. 9832

Me thinketh this that thou were depe yholde
To whome that sawed the ffro cares colde
And yiff now any woman help pe 1956
Wele aughtestow hyr seruaunte ffor to be
And bene hyr trew luware yhere by yhere
But now to come ageyne to my matere
There as thys theseus in a toure ys throwne 1960
Doun in the bottome dirk & wonder lawe
Was Ionyng in the wall to a foryene
And it was longyng to the doghtren tweyne
Off Mynos that in there chambres grete 1964
Duelten aboue towart the maistor strete
Off Athenes in Ioye & in solace
Not I not how it happed *parcas*
As theseus complened hym by nyght 1968
To the kinges doghter Adryane that heght
And eke hyr suster ffedra herken all
Hys complenyng as they stoode wn the wall
And loked wp on the bright mone 1972
Them list nat to go to bed sone
And off hys wo they hane compassione
A kinges sone to be in suche presen [leaf 6]
And bene devoured thought hem grete piete 1976
Then Adryane spak to hyr suster ffre
And seide ffedra lewe suster dere
This wofull lordys sson maye yhe nat here
How petuosely compleyneth he hys kyn 1980
And eke this powre estate that he ys In
And giltese now certys it ys rewthe
And iff yhe woll assentyn by my trenthe
He shall ben holpen howso that we doo 1984
ffedra ansuerde .I.-wys .me. ys as woo
ffor hym as euer I was ffor any man
And to hys help the beste rede .I. kan
Yt that we don the gellere priuelye 1988
To come and speke with ws hastelye

ADDIT. 12,524

and doñ this wofull man with him to come
For yf he May the Monstre ouyrcome [leaf 81]
Then were he quyte ther ys noñ othir bote 1992
Let vs well taste him at ys herte rote
That if so be that he a wepne haue
Wher that his life he dar kepe or saue
Fyghten with this fende & hym defende 1996
For yn the preson there as he shall descende
That ys not derke & hath Rome & eke space
Him to saue if he haue grace [line in a later hand]
To weld an Axe or swerde or staffe or knyfe 2000
So that me thenkyth he sholde saue his life
If that he be a man he shall do so
And we shall make ballys eke also
Of wex & towe that when he gapith faste 2004
In-to the bestys throte he shall hem caste
To aleke his hungre & encombre his teth
And right anone when Theseus seth
The beste aslakyd he shal on him lepe 2008
to slene him or thei comyn more to hepe
This wepne shal the gayler or that tyde
Full priuely with-in the prison hyde
And for the house ys cruklyd to & fro 2012
and hath so queynte weyes for to go
For hit is shapen as the mase ys wrought
Therto haue I a remedye in my thought
that bi a clywe of twyne as he hath goñ 2016
The same wey he may retorne a-noñ
Folwynge alwey the thred as he hath come [leaf 81, back]
and when this beste ys ouyrcome
Then may he flen a-wey out of this stede 2020
And eke the gayler may he with him lede
and him avaunce at home in his contre
Syn that so grete a lordys sone ys he
This is my rede if that he dar it take 2024
What sholde I lengur of hit make

And doñ this wofull mañ with hym to come
ffor yiff he maye this monstre ouercome
Then were he quyte / there nys noñe other bote 1992
Lat vs wele taist hym / at hys hert Rote
That iff so be that he a wapeñ haffe
Whether that he dar / hys lyffe to kepe & sawe
ffighten with this theffe & hym defende 1996
ffor in the presowne ther he shall descende
Ye wote wele that the beste ys in a place
That nys nat dyrk / & hath Rome eke & space
To welde ane ax or swerde staff or knyffe 2000
So that me thinkeñ he sholde sawe hys lyffe
yiff that he be a mañ he shall do eso
And we shall make hym balles eke there-too
Off wex and towe that whan he gapeth fast 2004
In-to the bestys throte he shall hem kast
To slake hys hongyr / & encombre hys tethe
And right anoñe wheñ theseus seith
The beste achoked he shall oñ hym lepe 2008
To sleyñe hym or theye come more to he[pe]
This wapyn shall the gaillere or that tyde [leaf 6, back]
ffull prewelye within the presoñ hyde
And ffor the house ykrenkled ys to & ffroo 2012
And hath so queynte weyes ffor to goo
ffor it ys shapeñ as the mase ys wrought
There to haue I a remedie in my thought
That by a clewe off threde as he hath goñe 2016
The same weye he may retorne anone
ffolowynge all weye the throde as he hath come
And wheñ that he this monstre hath ourecome
Then maye he fleye awaye oute off thys drede 2020
And eke the gaillere may he with hym lede
And hym awauñce at home in hys contre
Syn that so grete a lordes soñe ys he
Thys ys my rede iff that he dare it take 2024
What shuld I langer sermoñe off it make

the gayler cometh & with him Theseus
When these thinges ben acordid thus
Doune sytte Theseus vpon his kne
The right ladi of my life quoth he
I sorowfull man I-dampnyd to the deth
Fro you whiles that me lasteth breth
I wold not twynne aftir this Auenture
but yn youre seruyce thus I wold endure
And as a wrecch vnknow I wull you serue
For euermore tyll that myne herte sterue
Forsake I wull at home myne herytage
And as I seide ben of youre courte a page
If that ye vouchsafe that in this place
ye graunte me to haue such a grace
That I may haue not but my mete & drynke
and for my sustenaunce yet wull I swynke
Right as you luste that Mynos ne no wight
Syn that he saw me neuyr with yghen syght
Ne no man ellys shall me kon espye
So sleylye & so well I shal me gye [leaf 87]
and so me well disfugure & so lowe
That yn this world ther shal no man me knowe
to haue my life & to haue presence
Of you that done to me this excellence
And to my Fadre shal I sende here
this worthi man that ye youre gaylere
And him so guerdon that he shall wel be
Oon of the gretiyste men of my contre
and if I durste sayne my lady bright
I am a kynges sone & eke a knyght
As wold god if that it nyght be
ye weryn in my contre all thre
And I with yow to bere you companye
Then shuld ye sen if that I therof lye
And if that I profre you yn low manere
To ben youre page & serue you right here

Thys gaillere comth and with hym theseus
When thys thinges ben acorded thus
A-doun sit theseus wp-on hys kne
The right lady off my lyffe. quod hee
A sorowfull man ydampned to the dethe
ffro. you whill that me lasteth lyffe or brethe
I. woll nat twynne after this auenture
But in your seruice thus I woll endure
That as a wreche wnknow I woll you seruice
ffor euermo till that myne hert sterwe
fforsaike I woll at home myne heritage
And as I seid ben off youre cowrte a page
Yiff that yhe vouchesaffe / that in this place
To *grante me to* haue so grete a grace
That I maye haue nat but my mete & drynke
And ffor my sustenaunce / yete woll I swynke
Right as you list that Mynos nor no wight
Syn that he saugh me neuer with eyne sight
Ne no man els shall my come espie [leaf 7] 2044
So slily and so wele I shall me gye
And me so wele disfugure & so lowe
That in this worlde there shall no man me knowe
To haue my liffe & to haue the presence
Off you that don me this excellence
And to my ffadder shall I senden here
Thys worthi man that ye your gaillere
And hym so gerdoune that he shall wele be
One off the gretest men off my contre
And yiff I. durste seyne my lady bright
I. am a kinges son & eke a knight
As wold god iff that it myght bee
Yhe werren in my contre all thre
And I with you to kepe you companye
Then sholde yhe seyen / iff I therof lye
And yiff I. profer you in lowe maners
To. ben youre page & seruen you right heyre

But I you serue as lowlye in that place
I prèy to Mars to yeue me such grace
That shames dede on me ther mote fall 2064
and deth & powerte to my frendys all
And that my spyrete bi nyght mote go
aftir my deth & walke to & fro
That I mote of traytoure haue A name 2068
For which my spyrete mote go & do me shame
And if euyr I clayme othir degre [leaf 82, back]
but ye vouch-safe to yeue it me
As I haue seid of shames deth I deye 2072
and mercy lady I kan no more sey
A semly knyght was this Theseus to se
and yonge but of twenty yere & thre
But who-so had sene his contenaunce 2076
He wolde haue wepte for routh of his penaunce
For which this Adryan in this manere
Answerd to his profre & to his chere
and a kynges sone & eke a knyght quoth she 2080
To ben my seruaunte yn so lowe degre
God shelde it for the shame of women all
And lene me neuyr such a case befall
and send you grace & sleight of herte also 2084
yow to defende & knyghtlye slene youre fo
And lene here-aftir I may you fynde
To me & to my sustre here so kynde
that I ne repente not to yeue you lyfe 2088
yet were it bettre I were youre wife
Syn ye ben as gentyll borne as I
And haue a Realme not but faste by
Then that I suffred youre gentillesse to sterue 2092
Or that I lete you as a page serue
Hit ys no profyte as vn-to youre kynrede
But what ys that that man wull not do for drede [leaf 83]
And to my sustre syn that it ys so 2096
That she mote gone with me yf that I go

But I you serue as lowlye in that place
I. preye to marce so yeue me suche a grace
That shemese deth on me ther moten ffall 2064
And deth & powerte to my ffrendes all
And that my spirite by nyght mote goo
After my deth & wake to and ffroo
That I mote off traytoure haffe a name 2068
ffor whiche my spirite goth to do me shame
And yiff I. euer clame other degre
But yiff yhe wouchesawe to yeue it me
As I haff seide off shemese deth I dye 2072
And mercy lady I kan nat ela seye
A semely knight with theseus to se
And yonge but off xxty yhere & thre
But whoso had sene hys countenance 2076
He wolde haff wept ffor rewthe off hys pennaunce
ffor whiche this Adryano in thys manere [leaf 7, back]
Answerde hym to hys profer and to hys chere
A kinges son / & eke a knight quod she 2080
To bene my seruaunt in so lough degre
God shilde it ffor the shame off women all
And leue neuer suche a case befall
But send you grace off hert and slight also 2084
You to defende & knightlye sle youre ffoo
And leue heyre after that I may you ffynde
To me and to my suster heyre sso kynde
That I. repent nat to yeue you lyff 2088
Yete were it sso that I were your wyffe
Syn that yhe ar as gentill borne as I
And hauen your Realme / nat but fast by
Then that I. suffred giltlese you sterwe 2092
Or that I. lete you as a page serwe
It ys no profere as vnto your kinrede
But what ya that / that man nyl doo ffor dede
And to my suster / synethat it ya sso. 2096
That she myght goñe with me iff that I goo

Or ellys suffre deth as weℓ as I
That ye vn-to youre sone as trewlye
Done hir to be weddid at youre home comynge 2100
This is the fynal ende of all this thynge
ye swere it here vpon all that may be sworne
ye ladi myn quoth he or ellys· torne
Mote I be with the Mynotawre to-morwe 2104
And haueth here of myn herte bloℓ to borwe
Yef that ye wuℓ if I haℓ knyfe or spere
I wold it lete oute & there-on swere
For then at erste I wote ye wuℓ me leue 2108
By Mars that is chef of my beleue
So that I myght leuyn & not fayle
To-morow for to take by batayle
I nold neuyr fro this place fle 2112
Tyl that ye shulde the verray trouth se
For now if that the soth I shaℓ you say
I haue louyd you fuℓ many a day
Though ye ne wiste not in my contre 2116
and aldirmoste desired you to se
Of any leuynge erthly creature
Vp-on my trouth I swere & you assure
These seuen yere I haue youre seruaunt be [leaf 83, back] 2120
Now haue I you & also haue ye me
Mi dere herte of Athenes Duchesse
This ladi smyleth at his stidfastnesse
and at his hertilye wordis & at his chere 2124
And to hir sustre seide yn this manere
and softly now sustre myn quoth she
Now be we *Duchessys* both I & ye
And sikeryℓ to the Regalis of athenes 2128
and both here-aftir likly to be quenes
And saued fro his deth a kynges sone
as euyr of gentilwomen ys the wone
To saue A gentilman enforth hir myght 2132
In honeste cause & namely in his right

Or els suffer deth / as wele as I
That· yhe vnto your soñ as trewly
Doñe hyr be wedded at· *your* home *comm*ynge 2100
This ys the final ende offe all thys thinge
Yhe swere it here / on all that· mayo be sworñe
Yhe lady myne / or els all to-torñe
Mote I beñ with the Mynatoure to morowe 2104
And haff hereoff / myne hert· bloode to b[o]rowe
Yiff that yhe well / & I had knyff· or spere
I woll it· latteñ oute & thereoñ swere
ffor theñ at erst· / I wote / yhe woll me lewe 2108
By Mars that· ys the cheffe offe my bilewe
So that I. myght· lewen and nat· ffaille [leaf 8]
To morow. ffor to tacheñ my battaile
I. wolde neuer ffro this place flee 2112
Till that· yhe shulde the *werr*ey prowe ese
ffor nowe yiff that· the sothe I shall you saye
I haffe ylowede you ffull many a daye
Thought· yhe na wist· it· nat· in my contre 2116
And althermoste desirede you to Se
Off eny erthlye lywinge creature
Vpoñ my treuthe I-euere and you assure
This sewyñ yhere / I haff your seruaunte be 2120
Now haue I you & also yhe haff· me
My dere hert· offe Athenes Duches
Thys lady smyleth at· hys stedefastnes
And att· hys hertily wordes & hys chere 2124
And to hyr suster seide· vn thys manere·
And softlye / now suster myne quod she·
Now beñ we duches both I and yhe
And sekerid to the Regals off Athenes 2128
And both heyre after· likly to beñ queynis
And sawid ffrome hys deth a kinges soñ
As euer offe gentil women was thy wonne
To sawen a gentil mañ after ther myght· 2132
In honest· cause / and namely in there right·

Me thinketh no wight ought vs here-of blame
Ne bere vs therfor an euyl name
And shortly of this matre for to make
This Theseus of hir hath leue I-take
and euery poynte was performyd in dede
As ye haue in the couenaunte herd me rede
his wepne his clywe his thinge that I haue said
was bi the gailer in the house I-laid
There as this Mynotawre hath his dwellynge
Right faste bi the dore at his entrynge
And Theseus is ladde vn-to his deth
and forth vn-to this mynotawre he geth
And bi the techinge of this Adryan
He ouyrcome this beste & was his bane
And oute he comyth bi the clywe a-gayn
and pryuely when he this beste hath slayne
And bi the gailer & with hem all thre [*half* 2150 & 2153]

[*A blank line here.*]

Is stole a-wey onte of the londe bi nyght
And to the contre of Ennopye him dyght
there as he had a frende of his knowynge
There festen they there dauncen thei & synge
And yn his Armes hath this Adryan
that of the beste hath kepte him fro his ban
And gate him there a noble barge a-non
and of his contre folke a grete won
And taketh his leue & homeward sayleth he
and yn an yle a-mydde the wylde se
There as ther dwelte creature non
Saue wylde bestys & that full many on
He made his shippe a-londe for to sette
And in that Ile half a day he lette
and seid on the londe he moste hym reste
His Marynere han don right as him leste

Me thinketh / no wight ought ws hereof blame
Ne beren ws therefore ane ewill name
And shortely off this mater ffor to make
This theseus off hyr haue lewe ytake
And euery poynte wes performede in dede
As yhe hane in this conante herde me Rede
Hys wapen hys clewe hys thinge that I haff seide
Wes by the gaillere in the house yleyde [leaf 8, back]
There as thys Mynatoure hath hys duellinge
Right fast by the Dore: at hys entringe
And theseus Is lede vnto hys deth
And forth vn-to this Mynatoure he geith
And by the teching off thys Adryane
He ouercome this beste & wes hys bane
And oute he comth by the clewe ageyne
ffull priuely when he: the beste hath sleyne
And by the Gaillere getten hath a barge
And off hys wiffes tresour gan to charge
And toke hys wiff & eke hyr suster ffre
And the gaillere / & with hem all thre
Is stele away oute off the londe by nyght
And to the contre of eunopie bym dight
There as he hadde a frende off hys knowinge
There festen theye there Daunce they & synge
And in hys Armese / hath thys Adryane
That off the beste hath kept hym ffro hys bane
And gat hym there ane newe barge anone
And off hys contre ffolk a full grete wone
And taketh hys lewe / and homewart saileth he
And in ane Ile amyde the salt sse
There as there ys creature none
Sawe wilde bestye / & that ffull many one
He made hys barge a londe ffor to asette
And in that Ile half a day he lette
And sayde that on the londe he wolde hym reste
Hys marenere hath don right as hym leste

And for to telle shortlye yn this cas
whan Adryan his wyfe a-slepe was
For that hir sustre fairer was then she
he takyth hir yn his honde & forth goth he
To shippe & as A traytoure stale his way (leaf 84, back)
while that this Adryan a-slepe lay
And to his contreward he saileth blyne
A twenty deuylwey the wynde him dryue
and fonde his Fadre drenchyd yn the se
Me lyste no more to speke of him parde
These fals louers poyson be her bane
But I wull turne a-geyne to Adryane
That is with slepe for werynesse I-take
Full sorowfully hir herte may a-wake
Allas for the myn herte hath pytee
Right in the dawnynge a-wakyth she
And gropeth in the bed & fonde right nought
allas quoth she that euyr I was wrought
I am betrayed & hir heer to-rente
And to the stronde barefote faste she wente
and cryed Theseus myn herte swete
where be ye that I may not with you mete
And myght thus with bestys ben I-slayne
[*No gap in the MS.*]
No man she saugh & yet shone the mone
and high vpon a rokke she wente sone
And sawe his barge saylenge in the se
Colde wex hir herte & ryght thus seide she
Mekyr then ye fynde I the beatys wylde
hath he not synne that hir thus begylde
She cried O torne a-geyne for routh & synne (leaf 85)
Thi barge hath not all his meyne ynne
Hir kerchef on a pole vp styked she
Aseaunce he shuld it well I-se
and him remembre that she was behynde
And tourne a-geyn & on the stronde hir fynde

And ffor to telleñ shortely in this cace
Whell Adryañe hys wyffe a slepe wes
ffor that hyr suster ffayrer wes theñ she
He taketh hyr in hys honde / & forth goth he
To ship and as traytoure stele awaye
Whill that this Adryane a slepe laye
And to hys contreward he saileth blyne (leaf 5)
A twenty dewelwey the wynd hym dryffe
And fonde hys ffaddre drenchod in the sse
Me leste no more speke off hym pardee
This fals lowers poiswñ be there bañe
But I woll torñe ageyne to Adryane
That ye with slepe ffor drerynesse ytaike
ffull sorowfully / hyr hert may awake
Allace ffor the nayne hert hath piete
Right in the dawnynge awaketh she
And gaspeth in the bede / & fonde right noght
Allace quod she that euer I wes wrought
I am betrasede / and hyr here to-Rent
And to the stronde / barefoote fast she went
And cried Theseus myne herte swete
Vhere he yhe that I maye nat with you mete
And myght thus / with bestys be ysleyñe
The lolowe Rokkes ansuerde hyr ageyñe
No man she saugh / & yete sheuede the moñe
And hye wpoñ a Roke she went soñe
And saugh hys barge sailinge in the See
Colde wex hyr hert / & right thus seide she
Mekere theñ yhe / ffynd I the bestys wilde
Hadde he nat syñ / that hyr thus begylde
So cryed she torñe ageyñe / ffor reuth & syñ
Thy barge hath nat al hys meyne In
Hyr touerchciffe oñ a poll wp stiketh she
A scaunce that he sholde it wele sse
And hym Remenbre that she wes behinde
And torñe ageyñe & oñ the stronde hyr ffynde

but aH for nought his wey he is goñ
and douñ she feH a-swoune on a stoñ
And vp she ryste & kissed in aH hir care
The steppys of his fete there he hath fare
and to hir bed right thus she spekyth tho
thow bed quoth she that haste resseyvyd two
Thou shalte vnswer of two & not of ooñ
where is the grettyr parte a-wey goñ
Allas where shal I wrecchid wight bicome
For though so be that bote noñ here come
Home to my Contre dar I not for drede
I kan my self in this case not rede
What shuld I teH more hir compleynenge
Hit is so longe it were a heuy thynge
In hir Epystlys Naso tellyth aH
But shortly to the ende teH I shaH
The goddis haũ hir holpyn for pyte
and in the sygne of Taurus mea may se
The stonys of hir corowne shyne clere
I wuH no more speke of this matere
but thus these fals louers kan begyle
Her trew loue the deuyH quyte hiṁ hỳs whyle

Explicit Legenda Adriane De Athenes.

[VII.]

Incipit Legenda Philomene. Deus Dator Formarum.

THou yeuer of the formes that haste wroughit
The fayre world & bare hit yn thi thought
Eternally or thou thi werke biganne
Whi madest thou vn-to the sklaundre of manne
Or al be that it was not thi doynge
As for that fende to make such a thynge
Whi suffridest thou that Tereus was bore
That ys in loue so fals & so forswôre

But all ffor noght hys weye is he goñe
A Downe she ffell a swonyng on a stoñe
And wp she rest / & kisseth in all hyr care
The steppes off hys ffeete there he hath ffare
And to hyr bed right thus she spak thoo
Thow bede quod she that hast resceyuede two
Thow shallt ansuare off two & nat off ooñe
Where ys thy grettar party awey goñe
Allace where shall I wroched wight become
ffor thought sso be that any bote here come
Home to my contre Dar I nat ffor drede
I kañ my selff in this case nat Reide
What shuld I more tell hyr compleynige
It ys to longe it wer ane hewye thing
In hyr Epistil Naso telleth all
But shortlye to the ende I tell shall
The góoddes hañe hyr hoppeñ ffor piete
And in the Signe off thaurus men may sse
The stones off hyr crowñe shyne clere
I woll no more speke off this mateire
But thus this ffals gane begile
Hys trew lowe the dewile / quyte hym hys while

[VII.]

Incipit legenda Philomene

THow yeuere off the ffermese that all hast wrought
This fayre worlde / & bure it in thy thought
Eternalye / or thou thy werk began
Whi madistowe vn-to *the sklaundre off* man
Or all be that it ves nat thy doynge
As ffor that fyne to make sike a thinge
Whi suffristow that Tereus wes bore
That ys in lowe so fals & so forswore

that fro this worlde vp to the firste heuen
Corumpeth when that folke his name neuen
And as to me so grysly0 was his dede
That when that I this foule story rede
Myne yen wexen foule & sore also
yet laste the venym of so longe a-go
That infecteth him that wolde bi-holde
The storye of Tereus of which I tolde [leaf 86]
Of Tars was he lorde & kynne to Marte
the cruell god that *stante* with blody darte
And weddid had he with blisfull chere
Kynge Pandyones Doughtre dere
That hight Proigne floure of hir contre
though Iunobaste not at the feste be
Ne ymeneus that god of weddynge vs
But at the feste redy ben I-wys
The furyes thre with all hir mortall bronde
the Oule alnyght a-boute the balkys wonde
That prophete ys of No & of myschaunce
this reuell full of songe & full of Daunce
Laste a fourtenyght or litell lasse
But shortly of this story for to passe
For I am wery of him for to telle
Fyue yere his wife & he to-gedir dwelle
Tyl on a day she gan so sore longe
To seen hir sustre that she saugh no longe
That for desyre she nyste what to seye
But to hir husbonde gan she for to prey
For goddis loue that she muste onys goñ
Hir sustre for to se & come a-noñ
Or ellys but she muste to hir wende
She *preyed* him that he wold aftir hir sende
And this was day bi day all hir *prayere* [leaf 86, back]
With all humblessh of wifhode worde & chere
This Tereus lete make his shippes yare
and in-to grece him-self is forth I-fare

That ffro this worlde / wp to the thride heuen
Corrumpeth when that folk hys name neuen
And as to me so gruisly was hys dede
That when that I hys foule storie rede [leaf 19]
Myne eyne waxen *foule* / & sore also
Yete last the wemyn off so longe ago
That it infecteth hym that woll byholde
The storie off Tereus off whiche I tolde
Off Trace wes he lorde & *kyn to* marte
The cruell god that stonde *with* blody darte
And wedded had he with a blysfull chere
Kyng pandiones fayre doghter dere
That heght progne flloure off hyr contre
Thought Iuno list nat / at the weddinge be
No ymeneus that god off wedding Is
But at the ffeste redy bene I-wys
The ffuries thre with all there mortaile bronde
The oule at nyght / aboute the walles wonde
That prophet ys-off woo & off myshaunce
Thys Reuelle ffull off songe & eke off Daunce
Last a fortennight and litel lasse
But schortely off this storie ffor to passe
ffor I am wery off hym ffor to tell
V yhere hys wyffe and he to-gydder dwe[l]le
That till on a daye / she gan to sore longe
To seyne hyr suster that she saugh nat long
That ffor desyre she nyst what to seye
But to hyr husbond fast she gan to preye
ffor goddes luffe that she moste ones goñe
Hyr suster ffor to señe / & come a-noñe
Or els but she moste to hyr wende
She preyed hym that he wold for hyr sende
And this wes Day be day al hyr preyere
With all humblesse off wifhode worde & chere
This Tereus lete make hys schippis yare [leaf 19, back
And in-to grece hym self ys forth yfare

Vn-to his Fadir-yn-law & gan hym prey
To vouchsauf that for a moneth or twey
That Philomene his wyues sustre myght
On Proigne his wife but onys haue a sight
And she shall come to you a-geyne a-non
Mi-self with hir I will both come & gon
And as myn hertys life I will hir kepe
This old pandeon this kynge gan wepe
For tendrenesse of herte for to leue
His Doughtre gone & for to yeue hir leue
Of all this world he louyd no-thynge soo
But at the laste leue hath she to goo
For Philomene with salte terys eke
Gan for hir Fadre grace to beseke
To seen hir sustre that hir longith so
And him enbracyth with hir Armes two
And therwithall so yonge & feyre was she
That when that Tereus saugh hir beaute
and of aray that ther was non hir lych
and yet of bounte was she two so rych
He caste his fyrye herte vp-on hir so [leaf 87]
That he will haue hir how so that it go
And with his wyles knelyd & so preyde
That atlaste Pandeon thus seide
"Now sone quoth he that arte to me so dere
I the betake my yonge Doughtre dere
That beryth the key of all my hertys lyfe
And grete well my doughtre & thy wyfe
and yeue hir leue som tyme for to pley
that she may seen me onys or I deye
and sothly he made him riche feste
And to his folke the moste & eke the leste
that with him come & yaf him yeftys grete
an him conueyeth thoro the maystre strete
Of Athenes & to the see hym brought
And turnyth home no malice he ne thought

Vn-to hys fadder in lawe he gan to preye
To wouchesaffe that for a monthe or twey
That philomene hys wiffys sustr myght
On progne hys wiff but ones haft a sight
And she shall come to you · ageyne anon
My selff with hyr / I. will both come & gone
And as myne hertis liff I will hyr kepe
This olde pandion / the king gan to wepe
ffor tendrenes off hert / ffor to leue
hysse Doughter gon / & ffor to yeue hyr lewe
Off all this worlde he loweth no thing so
But at the last lewe hath she to goo
ffor Philomene with salt teres wete
Gan off hyr ffadder grace to beseke
To sene hyr *suster that* she loued ssoo
And hym Enbraseth with hyr armes two
And therwithal so yonge / & fayre wes she
That whan that Tereus saugh hyr beaute
And off Arraye that there / wes none hyr like
And yete off beaute wes she twise sso Ryke
He kast hys ffury hert vpon hyr ssoo
That he woll haue hyr how so that it goo
And with hys wiles kneled sso & preyed
That at the last Pandion thus seyde
Now,son quod he / that art to me so dere
I. the betaike my yonge *doghter here*
That bereth the keye off all myn hertis lift
And grete me wele the Doughter that *is thi* wiffe
And yeue hyr lewe some tyme ffor to pleye
That she maye se me / ones or I. deye
And shortly he hath made *hym* riche ffeste
And to hys ffolke the moste & eke the leste
That with *hym* come / & through the maister strete [leaf 11]
Conueyeth theme: & yaff hem yiftes grete
And ffrom Athenes to the sey hem brought
And turneth home / no malice he ne thought

The Orys pulleth forth the Vesseℓ faste
and in-to Trace aryueth at the laste
And vp in-to a Foreste he hir ledde
and to a Caue pryuelye him speddе
And in this derke Caue if hir leste
Or lust nought he bade hir for to reste
Of which hir herte [agrosse] and seid' thus
Where is my sustre brothir Tereus
And therwithal she wepte tendrelye
And quoke for fere pale & pitouselye [leaf 87, back]
Right as the lambe that of the wolfe ys byteñ
Or the Coluere that of thegle is smyteñ
And is owte of clawys forth escapid'
yet it ys a-ferde & a-whapyd'
Leste it be hente efte-sonys so sate she
But vttrely it may noñ othir be
bi force hath this traitoure doñ a dede
That he hath refte hir maydenhede
Maugre hir hed be strenghth & bi his myght
Lo here a dede of men & that a ryght
She crieth sustre with longe stouyñ
And Fadir dere helpe me god in heuyñ
All helpith not & yet this fals theſe
Hath don this lady yet a more myscheſe
For ferde leste she sholde his shame crye
And doñ him openlye a vylonye
and with his swerde hir tonge of kerfe he
And in a Casteℓ made hir for to be
Full priuelye yn prison euyrmore
and kepte hir to his vsage & to his store
O sely Philomene woo ys yn thin herte
Huge ben thi sorwys & wondir smerte [*spurious*
God wreke the & send' the thi bone
Now is it tyme I make an ende sone
This Tereus ys to his wife I-come
And in his Armys hath his wife I-nome [leaf 88]

The ores pullen fforth the wessel fast'
And in-to Trace Arryueth he at' the last'
And vp in-to a forest' he hyr lede
And to a caue preuilye hym sped
And in this Dirk caue yiff hyr lest'
Or lest' nat' he bad hyr ffor to reste
Off' which hyr hert' agrose & seide thus
Vhere ys my suster brother Terens
And therwithal she wepe tendrelye
And quoke ffor fere / pale & petuosely
Right' as the lambe / that' off' the wolff' ys bitteñ
Or as the Coluere / that' off' the egle ys smyttym
And ys forth off' hys clawes eschapede
Yet' .it. is efferde and a-whaped
List' it' be hynt' eftsonis / so that' she
But' vtraly it' may noñe other be
By ffors hath this / traytoure doñ a dede
That' he hath raft' hyr off' hyr maydinhede
Mawgre hyr hede / by strengh & by hys myght'
Llo heyre a dede off' meñ / & that' a right'
She cryed. suster with a lowde stewen
And ffadder dere / & help me god off' hewen
All helpeth naught' / & yete this ffals theiff'
Hath Doñ this lady yete a more myscheffe
ffor ferde list' she sholde hys shame crye
And doñ hym opynlye a vilaney
With hys swerde hyr tonge oute kerwith hee
And in a Castel made *her* ffor to be
ffull prively in presoñ euermore
And kept' hyr to hys vsage & to hys store [leaf 11, back]
So that' she myght' hym neuermo asterte
O sely philomene wo ys thyne hert'
Gode wreke the & sende the thy bonne
Now it' ys tyme I make ane ende sonne
Thys Terens ys to hys wiffe yoome
And in hys Armyse hath hys wiffe ynome

and pitousliye he wepe & shoke his hed
and swore hir that he fonde hir sustre ded
For which the sely Proigne hath such woo
That nygh hir sorwfull herte brake a-twoo
And thus in terys lat I Proigne dweⁿ
And of hir sustre forth I wuⁿ you telⁿ
This wofuⁿ ladi I-lernyd hadⁿ in youthⁿ
So that she werkyn & enbrowdiⁿ kouthⁿ
and weuyⁿ yn stole the Radenore
As hit of women hath be wonyⁿ yore
and sothlye for to seyⁿ she hath hir fylle
Of mete & dryuke of clothynge at hir wylle
And kouth eke rede weⁿ I-nough & endyte
But with a penne she kouth not wryte
but lettris kan she weue to & fro
So that bi the yere was aⁿ a-go
She had weuyn in A stames large
how she was brought from Athenes in A barge
And in a Caue how that she was brought
and aⁿ the thinge that Tereus hath wrought
She wafe it weⁿ & wrote the storye a-boue
how she was seruyd for hir sustre loue
And to a knaue a rynge she yaf a-noⁿ
and p'uied him bi sygnes for to goⁿ
Vn-to the quene & beryn hir that clothⁿ
And bi signe sworne many an othⁿ
She shuldⁿ him yeue what she getⁿ myghⁿ
This knaue a-noⁿ vn-to the quene himⁿ dyghⁿ
And toke it hir & aⁿ the manere tolde
And when that Proigne hath this thinge biholde
No worde she spake for sorow & eke for rage
But feyned hir to go a Pylgrymage
To bachus Temple & yn a liteⁿ stounde
Hir dombe sustre sittynge hath she founde
Wepynge yn the casteⁿ hir-selfe alloⁿe
Allas the woo constreynte & the mone

2344
2348
2352
2356
2360
2364
2368
[leaf 68, back]
2372
2376

And pitouselye he wepe/ & shoke hys hede
And swore hyr thaⁿ he *fond*ⁿ *her* suster dede
ffor whicⁿ *this* progne hathⁿ suche woo
Thaⁿ neye *hyr* sorowfull hertⁿ brak *y twoo*
And thus *in* teres latⁿ *I.* progne Ducle
And offⁿ hyr suster forth I. woll you tell
Thys wofull lady lernede hadde in youthe
So thaⁿ she werkeⁿ & *enbr*awden couthe
And wafyⁿ *in hyr stole* the Radenoure
As. it. off women hathⁿ *be wowed thore*
And *shortely ffor to* seyⁿe she *hadde hyr ffyll*
Offⁿ mete and drinke / & clothinge aⁿ hyr will
She couthe eke rede / & wele ynoughⁿ endyte
Butⁿ with a peⁿ couthe she natⁿ Iwryte
Butⁿ letteres gaⁿ she weue to & ffroo
So thaⁿ by the yhere wes all ygoo
She hadde ywoueⁿ in a stamyⁿ large
How she wes broghtⁿ ffromⁿ Athenes *in* a barge
And in a caue how thaⁿ she wes broughtⁿ
And all the thingⁿ thaⁿ tereus hath wroughtⁿ
She waue itⁿ wele and wrote / the storie a-bowe
How she wes *seruede* / ffor hyr suster loue
And to a knafe a reng'ⁿ she yaffe anoⁿe
And preyed hym *by* signes many ooⁿe
Vn-to the queyⁿe to go and bere thaⁿ clothe [leaf 12] 2368
And by signes swore many aⁿe othe
She shulde hym yeue whatⁿ she getteⁿ myghtⁿ
Thys knaffe anone / vn-to þe queyⁿe hym dyghtⁿ
And toke itⁿ hyrⁿ and all the manere tolde
And vheⁿ thatⁿ Progneⁿ hathⁿ thys thing byholde
No worde she spake / ffor sorow & ffor Rage
Butⁿ feyneⁿde hyr to goo oⁿ pilgramage
To Bachus temple / & in a litel stounde
Hyr dombe suster / sittyng hase she ffounde
Wepyngⁿ in a Castelle hyr alloⁿe
Allace the woo / the compleyntⁿ & the moⁿe

2344
2348
2352
2356
2360
2364
2368
2372
2376

That Proigne vpon hir Dombe sustre makith
In Armys euerych of hem othir takyth
And thus I lete hem in her sorow dwelt
The remanent ys no charge for to telt
For this [is] all & som thus was she soruyd
That neuyr harme a-gylte ne deseruyd
Vn-to this cruelt man that she of wyste
Ye may be-war of men if that you lyste
For albe that he wilt not for shame
Doon as Tereus to lese hys name
Ne serue you as a mordrer or a knaue
Full litell while shult ye trew hym haue
That wult I seyn all were he now my brothyr
But it so be that he may haue an-othyr

Explicit Legenda Philomene.

[VIII.]

Legenda Phillis. [leaf 89]

By preue as well as by Auctoryte
That wikked frute comyth of a wikked tre
That may ye fynde if that it like you
But for this ende I speke this as now
To telle you of fals Demophon
In loue a falser herde I neuyr non
But it were his fadre Theseus
God for his grace fro such on kepe vs
Thus these women preyen that it here
Now to theffecte turne I of my matere
Distroied of Troye the Cyte
This Demophon come saylenge in the se
towarde Athenes to his Paleis large
With him come many a shippe & many a barge
Full of folke of which full many oon
Is woundid sore & seke & woo bigoon

That Progne vpon hyr dome suster maketh
In Armes euerych / off hem / other taketh
And thus I let hem / in here sorowes Duell
The Remanent ys no charge off to tell
ffor thys ys all & some. thus was she seruede
That neuer harme / agilte no deservyd
Vn-to thys cruelle man / that she off wyste
Yhe women may beñe war iff you lyst
ffor all be that he wolle nat ffor shame
Doñe as Tereus / ffor lesynge off hys name
No serue you as a mordrowre or as a knave
ffull lytell while shule yhe hym trewe haue
That woll I seyñe / all wor he nowe my bruthre
But yff so be / that he may gette none other

[VIII.]

Incipit Legenda Philles

BI prewe as wele / as by Autorite
That wikked froyte comth off wikked tree
That maye yhe fynde / iff that it. liketh you
But ffor thys ende I speke thys as nowe [leaf 12, back]
To tell you off fals Demephoñe
Y loffe a falser / herd I neuer none
But yeue it wor hys fadder Theseus
Gode ffor hys grace: fro suche oñe kepe ws
Thus may thys women preyen that it here
Nov[ɣ] to theffect / torne off my matere
Destroyed ys off Troye the Citee
Thys demephoñ comth sailyng in the sse
Towarde Athenes to hys palace large
With hym come ship and many barge
ffull off ffolke off whiche ffull many oone
Ar wounded sore / and seike / & wobygone

And thei han at a sege longe I-layne
Behynde come a wynde & eke a Rayne
That shoof so sore his sayle myght not stonde
Him were leuyr then all the worlde a londe
So hunteth him the tempeste to & fro
So derke it was he kouth nowhere go
And with a wawe borstyn was his stere
His shippe was rente so lowe in such maneere
That ka[r]pyntor koude it not amende [leaf 48, back]
the se bi nyght as any torche brende
For wode & possith him vp & doun
Tiłł nompłynius hath of him compassyoun
And Tetes Thorus & thei all
And maden hem vpe a londe to fall
Wherof that Phillys lady was & quene
Ligurgus Doughtre feirer on to sene
Then ys the floure a-geyne the bright sonne
Vneth is Demophon to londe I-wonne
Weyke & eke wery & his folke fur pyned
Of werynesse & also enfamyned
And to the deth he was almoste I-dreuyn
His wise folke to counsayle han him yeuyn
To seke helpe & socoure of the quene
And loke what his grace myght bene
And make in that londe som cheuyssaunce
and kepe him fro woo & fro myschaunce
For seke he was & almoste at the deth
Vneth myght he speke or drawe breth
And lyth in Rodopeya hym for to reste
When he may walke him thought it was þ° beste
Vnto the contre to seke for socoure
Men knywe him well & did him honoure
For at *Athenes Duke & lorde* was he
As Theseus his fadre hath I-be [leaf 49]
That in his tyme was grete of Renoun
No man so grete in all his Regyoun

As they haffe att thassege longe ylayñe
Byhynd hym come a wynd / & eke a Rayne
That shof so sore. hys saile. ne myght stande
Hym were leuer then all the worlde a lande
So. honteth hym the tempest fo & ffroo
So. dyrke it was. he couthe no where goo
And with a waw brustyn wes hys stere
Hys ship wes Rent so lowe in suche manere
That Carpentere / ne koude it nat amende
The sse by nyght as any torche brende
ffor wode / & posseth hym now wp ho downe
Till Neptinus / had off hym compassione
And thethes Thorus Tritoñ and they all
And maden hym vpoñ a londe to ffall
Wherоff that Philles lady wes & queyne
Ligurges Doughter fayrer oñ to seyne
Then ys a floure ageyne the brig[hte sonne] [leaf 12]
Vneth wes demephoñ to londe ywo[nne]
Waike & eke wery / & hys folk forpy[nede]
Off werynesse & eke enfamynede
And to the dethi he ys all moste ydrywen
Hys wise ffolk to counsaile haue hym yeue[n]
To seken help / & succoure off the queyn[e]
And loke what hys grace myght beyn[e]
And make in that londe some chevisaunce
To kepyn hym / ffrome woo / & fro myschaunce
ffor seike he wes & almoste at the Dethi
Vneth myght he speke or drawe hys brethe
And lithe in Rodopeya hym to reste
When he may walk / hym thoght ffor the beste
Vn-to the courte / to sekyñ ffor succoure
Men knewe hym wele / & hym they dede honoure
ffor off Athenesse / Duc / and lorde wes he
As Theseus hys fadder had ybe
That in hys tyme / wes off grete Renowne
No man so grete in all the Regiown

And like hys fadre of face & of stature
and fals of loue it came him of Nature
As doth the Fox Renarde the Foxys sone 2448
Of kynde he koude his olde fadrys wone
with-oute lore as kan a Drake swymme
Whan hit is kaught & caryed to the brymme
This honourable quene doth him there 2452
and liketh his Porte & his manere
But for I am a-grotyd here biforne
To write of hem that in loue be forsworne
and eke to haste me in my legende, 2456
Which to performe god me grace sende
Therfor I passe shortely in thys wyse
Ye han well herde of Theseus the nyse
In the betraysynge of feyre Adryan 2460
That of hir pite kepte him fro his bane
And shorte wordis right so Demophon
the same way the same path hath gon
That did his fals Fadre Theseus 2464
For vn-to Phillys hath he sworne thus
To wedde hir & hir his trouth plight
and piked of hir all the good he myght
When he was hole & sounde & had his reste [leaf 90, back]
and doth with Phillis what so that him leste 2469
And well kouth I if that me luste so
Tell al his doynge to & fro
He seid to his contre moste hym sayle 2472
For there he wolde hir weddynge apparayle
As fylle to hir honoure & his also
[*No gap in the MS.*]
and to hir swore he wolde not soiourne 2476
But in a moneth a-geyn he wolde retourne
and in that londe lete make his ordynaunce
As veray lorde & toke the obeysaunce
Well & homely & his shippes dight 2480
and home he goth the nexte wey he myght

And like hys fadder / off face / & off stature
And fals off loue / as comthe / hym off Nature
As Doth the fox bernarde / the ffoxes soon 2448
Off kynde he koude hys olde ffadres wonne
Withoute lore / as kan a drake sswyme
When he ys kaught / & karyede to the bryme
This honorable philles Doth hym chere 2452
Hyr liketh wele / hys porte / & hys manere
But ffor I am agroteide here byforne
T . . . hym that beith in lowe forsworne [leaf 13, back]
A . . . ste me in my legende 2456
Wh . . orme god me grace send
Th . . asse shortly in thys wise
Yh . . welo herd off theseus devise
In . . . trayseing off ffayre Adryane 2460
Th . . hyr piete kept hyns frome hys bane
And [nt] shorte wordes right so demephon
T[he] same weye the same path hath gone
Th[at] Ded hys fals ffadder theseus 2464
ffor vn-to philles / hath he sworne thus
To wedden hyr / & hyr hys treuthe plight
And pyked off hyr / all the goode he myght
When he wes hole & sowndе & hadde hys rest 2468
And doth with Philles / what so hym lest
As wele koude I yiff that me lyst sso
Tele all hys doynge / both to & ffroo
He seide in-to hys contre moste he saile 2472
ffor there he wolde hyr weddinge apparaile
As fill to hyr honour / & hys also
And opynlye he toke hys leve thoo
And hath hyr sworne he nolde soiorne 2476
But in that month he wolde ageyne Retorne
And in that londe / lete make hys ordenaunce
As were lorde / & toke the obeisaunce
Vels and homely / & hys shippes dight 2480
And home he goth / the next weye he myght

For vn-to Phillis yet come he nought
And þat hath she so harde *and* sore I-bought
allas that the storye vs recorde
She was hir owne deth with a cordo
when that she sigh þat Demophon hir trayed
but firste wrote she to him & faste him prayed
He wold come & delyuer hir of peyne
As I roherse shall oo worde or tweyne
Me lust not vouchsafe on him to swynke
Dispendyn on him a penne-full of ynke
For fals in loue was he right as his syre
The deuyll sette her sowlys both on a fyre
But of the lettre of Phillys wull y wryte
a worde or tweyne al-thogh it be but lyte
Thyn hostesse quoth she o Demophon [leaf 91]
thi Phillys which that is so woo bigon
Of Rodopey vpon you compleyn
Ouyr the terme sette bitwex vs tweyne
That ye ne holde forwarde as ye seide
youre Ankyr which ye in owre hauen leide
hight vs that ye wolde commen out of doute
Or that the mone onys wente a-boute
But tymes foure the mone hath hir face
Syn that thylke day ye wente fro this place
And foure tymes light the worlde A-gayn
But for all that yet I shall sothlye seyn
yet hath the streme of Sitoye not brought
From Athenes the shippe yet come hit nought
And yef that ye the terme rekne wolde
as I or othir trew louers sholde
I pleyne not god wote bi-fore my daye
But all hir lettre wryte I ne maye
bi ordre for it were to me a charge
Hir lettre was right longe & therto large
But here & there in Ryme I haue it laide
There as me thought that she hath well saide

ffor to Philles ayene / yete come he noght
And that she / so harde & sore ybought
Allace that as the stories ws Recorde
She wes hyr ſwne deth / right with a corde [leaf 14]
Whan that she saith that demephon hyr trayede
But ts hym fyrst she wrote & fast preyede
That he wolde come / & delyuer hyr off peyne
As I shall roherse / o worde / or tweyne
Me lyst nat vouchesaft / on hym to swinke
Ne spenden on hym / a penfull oft ynke
ffor fals in loue / wes he right as hys syre
The dewele set / there soules both afyre
But off the letter of Philles woll y wryte
O wourde or two suppose it be but lyte
Thyne hostes quod she O demephon
Thy Phillis / which / that ys so wobegone
Off Rodopeye vpon you mote compleyne
Ouer the terme set betuix ws tweyne
That yhe ne holden forthwarde as yhe sayde
Your Anker whiche / yhe in oure hawen layde
Heght vs that yhe wolde / commyn oute off Dowte
O that / the mone / ones yude aboute
But tymes foure the mone hath hyd hyr face
Syn thylk day / yhe went / ffrome thys place
And foure tymes lyght this worlde ageyne
But ffor all that / I shall sothely seyne
Yete hath the streme off Sitoie that brought
ffrome Athenes the ship yete comth yt nought
And iff/ that yhe / the terme Rekyn wolde
As I or any trewe loffor sholde
I pleyne nat god wote / afore my Daye
But all hyr letter writyn I ne maye [leaf 14, back]
By ordoure / ffor it were to me a charge
Hyr letter wes right / longe / & therto large
But here and there in Ryme I haff it layde
There as me thought that she wele hath sayde

She scide the sailenge comyth not a-geyñ
Ne to the worde ther nys no fey certey̆n
But I wote whi ye come not quoth she
For I was of my loue to you so fre
And of the goddis that ye han forswore
That her vengeaunce fall on you therfore
ye be not suffysaunte to bere the peyne
To much trustyd I well may I seyne
Vp-on youre lynage & youre feire tonge
And on youre terys falsly outo-wronge
how kouth ye wepe so bi crafte quoth she
May ther such terys feyned be
Now certys yf ye wolde haue in memorye
Hit ought be to you but litell glorye
To haue a sely maide thus betrayed
to god quoth she preye I & ofte haue prayed
That it be now the grettyste pryse of all
And moste honoure that euyr you shall befall
and when thin olde auncestris peyntyd be
In which men may her worthynesse se
Then prey I god thou peyntyd be also
That folke may rede forth bi as thei go
lo this is he that with his flateryе
Betraised hath & don hir vilanye
That was his trew loue in thought & dede
But sothly of oo poynte yet may thei rede
that ye ben like youre Fadre as in thys
For he bigyled Adrian I-wys
with such an Arte & such A sotylte
As thou thi-self haste begiled me
as in that poynte al-thogh it be not feire
Thou folwiste certeyne & arte his eyre
But syn thus synfully ye me begyle
Mi body mote ye seen within a while
Right in the hauen of Athenes fletynge
Without sepulture & buryenge

She seyde thy sailes commyn nat ageyne
Noryn thy worde there ys no fey certayne
But I wote why yhe commyn nat quod she
for I wes off my loffe to you so fre
And off the goddes that yhe haue swotne
Yiff there wengeaunce / come on you therforne
Yhe be nat suffisant to bere the peyne
To moche trustede / I wele maye y pleyne
Wpon your langage and your fals tounge
And on your teres falsly oute ywronge
How koude yhe wepe / so by craft quod she
May there suche teres yfeyneds be
Now certes iff yhe woll haff in memore
It ought to you to be but lytil glore
To haff a selye mayde thus betrayede
To god quod she preye I / & ofte haff preyde
That it may be the *gretast* pryse off all
And moste honour / that euer the befall
And when / thyne olde aunc*este*r ypeynted be
In whiche mea maye thy worthynesse Se
Then preye I god thou peynted be also
That folk may redeñ fer by as they goo
lo this yhe that with hys flatterie
Betrayed hath and doñ hyr vilanye
That wes hys trewe loffe in thought & dede
And thys she seyde hym also as I reida
That he wes lyke hys ffadder as in thys
ffor he begylede Adryane I-wys
With suche ane Arte / & suche subtilite
As thou thy selwyn haste begilede me
As in that poynte all thought it be nat fayre
Thou folowist hym certeyne / & art hys ayre
But syn thus synfully yhe me begyle
My body mote yhe seyne within a while
Right in the hawen off Athenesse ffetinge
Withoute sepulture or beryinge

Though ye ben harder, then ye any ston
and when this lettre was forth sonn
And knyw how brotyH & how fals he was
She for dispeyre for-did hir-selfe allas
Such sorwe hath she for she besette hir so
be-ware ye women of your sotyle fo
Syn yet thys day men may ensample se
and as yn loue truste no man but me

Explicit Legenda Phillis.

[IX.]

Incipit Legenda Ypermystre.

IN grece whilom were brethryn two [leaf 92, back]
Of which than oon was callid Dano
That many a sone hath of his bodi wonne
As such fals louers ofte konne
A-monge his sonys all ther was one
That althirmoste he louyd of *euer*ychone
And when this childe was borne this Dano
Shope him a name & callyd him lyno
That othir brothir callyd was Egyste
that was in loue as fals as euyr him lyste
And many a Doughtre gate he in his lyfe
Of which he gate vpon his right wife
A doughtre dere & did it for to calle
Ypermystra yongeste of hem alle
The wh[i]ch chylde of hir Natyuite
to al good thewis borne was she
As liked to the goddesse, or she was borne
that of the shefe she shulde be the corne
The wyrdes that we clepyn destanye
hath shapyn hir that she muste nedys be
Pitouse and wyse trew as stele
and to this woman it acordith wele

Thoughte yhe ben hardar / then ye any stone
And when thys letter / wes forth sent anone
And knewe how brotell / and flow fals he was
She for dispeire fordede / hyr self Allace
Suche sorowe hath she / for she biseth hyr sco
Be ware yhe women off yours subtille floo
Syn thatylko daye dayg mayg your sample se
And trusteth as in loue no man but me

[IX.]

Incipit legenda ypermystre

IN Grece whilome dwelt there brether two
Off whiche that one callyd wes Danaoo
That many a son hath off hys body wonne
As suche fals lóffarys often konne
Amonge hys sonnes all there wes one
That althermoste he lowede off *euer*ychone
And when thys chylde wes borne thes Danaoo
Shupe hym ane name & calledo hym lino
That other brother callyd wes Egyst
That wes in loue as fals as euer hym lyste
And many a doughter gatte he in hys lyve
Off which he gat vpon hys right wyffe
A Doughter dere and ded hyr ffor to call
Ypermistra yongeste off heme all
The whiche chylde off hyr natiuite
To all thewes goode yborne wes she
As liked to the goddes / or she wes borne
That off the shoffe / she sholde be the corne [leaf 15, back]
The weredes that we clepyn destanye
Hath shapen hyr / that she moste nedys be
Petouse sadde wise / & trewe as stele
As to this women it acordeth wele

For though that Venus yaf hir grete beaute
with Iupiter compownyd so was she
That conscience trouth & drede of shame
And of hir wifehode for to kepe hir name
This thought hir was felycyte as here
And rode Mars was that tyme of the yere
So foble that his malyce ys hym rafte
Repressyd hath Venus hys cruell crafte
and with Venus & othir oppressyon
Of housys Mars is renym ys a-doun
That ypermystra dar not handill a knyfe
In malyce though she shulde lese hir lyfe
But natheles as hewyn gan the turne
To badde aspectys hath she of Saturne
that made hir to dye in pryson
and I shall after make mensyon
To Dano & Egystys also
And though so be that they were bretheryn two
For thilke tyme nas spryd no lynage
Hit liketh hem to make maryage
Betwyxe ypermystra & him lyno
and castyn such a day it shall be so
And ful acordid was it wytnelye
The araye is wrought lit the tyme is faste bye
and thus lyno hath of his Fadrys brothir
the Doghtre weddid & ech of hem hath othyr
The torchys brennyn & the lampis bright
The sacrifyes ben full redi dight [leaf 85, back]
thensence out of the fyrd rekyth sote
The floure the lefe is rente vpe bi the rote
to make garlandys & corownys hye
Fuli ys the place of Mynstralcye
Of songys Amorouse of maryage
Al thilke tyme was the pleyn vsage
and this was yn the Paleys of Egiste
That in his house was lorde as him lyst6

ffor though that wenus yaffe hyt grete beaute
With Iuppiter componede so wes she
That conscience treuthe / & drede off shame
And off hyr wifehode ffor to kepe hyr name
Thys thought hyr wes felicite as here
The rode marce wes tyme off the yhere
So feble that hys malice wes hym rafte
Represith hath / wenus hys cruele crafte
That what with wenus & other oppressionne
Off howse mars / the wenym ys adonne
That ypermistra dar nav handyll a knywe
In malice thought / she sholde lese hyr lywe
But natheless as hewyn gan to torne
To bad aspectes hadde she off Satorne
That made hyr to dyē in prisonne
As I shall after makyn mensionne
To Danaco and Egestes also
All though sso be / that theye wor brethren two
ffor thilk tyme yes spared no lynage
At lykede them to make a mariage
Betweyne Ipermistre / & hym lino
And castyn suche a dāy it shall be Doo
And ffull accorded wes it vtralye
Tharraye is w[r]oughte / the tyme ys fast by
And thus lino off hys fiaddres brother
The Doughter wedded / and iche off heme hath other
The torches bernyn / & the lampes bright
The sacrifies ben full redy dyght [leaf 16]
The ensens / oute off the fyre reketh Sote
The floure the lefe ys Rent wp by the rote
To make garlandes and crownes hye
ffull ys the place off sowne and menstralsye
Off songes amorouse off mariage
As thilk tyme wes the pleyne vsage
And this wes in the paleis off Egeste
That in hys house wes lorde right as hym leste

And thus that day thei dreuyn to an ende
the Frendis takyn leue & home thei wende
The nyght ys come the brid shall go to bed
Egiste to his chambre faste hym spedde
And preuely let his Doughtre calle
When that the house voydit was of alle
he lokyth on his Doughtre with glad chere
And to hir spake as ye shall aftre here
Mi right dere Doughtre tresoure of myñ herte
Syn first that day that shapyn was my sherte
Or bi the fatale sustryn had my dome
So nye myn herte neuyr thinge ne come
As thou ypermystra Doughtre dere
Take hede what thi Fadre seith the here
And werke aftir thi wyser euyr-mo
For aldirfyrst doughtre I loue the so
That all the worlde to me nys half so lefe
Ne nolde rede the to thi myschefe
For all the good vndir colde mone
And what I mene it shall be seid right sone
with protestacyon as seyñ these wyse
That but thou do as I shall the deuyse
thou shalt be ded bi him that all hath wroght
at shorte wordis thou ne skapyst nought
Out of my paleyce or that thou be ded
But thou consente & werke aftir my red
Take this to the for full conclusyoñ
This ypermystra caste hir yeñ douñ
And quoke as doth the lefe of aspe grene
Ded wex hir hew & like as ashe to sene
and seid lorde & Fadre all youre wille
Aftir my myght god wote I shall fulfylle
So it be to me no confusyoñ
I nyl quoth he haue noñ excepcyoñ
and oute he kaught a knyfe as rasor kene
Hide this quoth he that it be not sene

2620 2624 2628 2632 [leaf 94] 2636 2640 2644 2648 2652

And thus the day / they Drywen to ane Ende
The ffrendes take leve and home they wende
The nyght ys come the bryde shall goo to bede
Egestus to hys chawmer fast hym spede
And preuelye he lete / hys Doughter call
When that the house / woided wes off heme all
He loketh on hys doughter / with glade chere
And to hyr spake / as yhe shall after here
My right Doughter tresoure off myne hert
Syn fyrst that daye / that shapen wes thy shert
Or by the fatail sustren hadde thy dome
So neye myne hert neuer thing ne come
As thou ypermistre Doughter Dere
Take hede what I the ffadder saye the here
And wyrk after thy wisser euermo
ffor altherfyrst doughter / I loue the ssoo
That all the worlde / nys to me halff so leffe
No wolde I rede the / to thy myscheiffe
ffor all the goode wndre / the colde mone
And what I meyne it shall be seyde right soune
With protestacion on thise wise
That but thou don / as I shall the devise
Thou shall be dede / by hym that all hath wrought
At shorte wordes thou ne scapist nought
Oute off my palace / or that thou be dede
But thou consent & werk after my rede
Take thys to the ffor full conclusiouñe
Thys Ipermistre cast hyr eyne a-douñe
And quoke as Doth the leffe off espe greyñe
Dede wex hyr hewe / & like ane assh to seyñe
And seide lorde and ffadder all your will
After my myght goode wote I shall fulfyll
And it to me be no confusioune
I nyl quod he haff noñe excepciouñe
And oute he kaught a knyffe rasoure keyñe
Hyde thys quod he that it may nat be seyñe

[leaf 16, back]

2620 2624 2628 2632 2636 2640 2644 2648 2652

and whan thin husbonde is to bed go
While that he slepith kut his throte a-two
For in my dremys yt ys warnyd me
How that my nevyw shall my bane be [Leaf 91, back]
but which I note wherfor I wull be sykre
If thou say nay we two shall haue a bikre
As I haue said bi hym that I haue sworne
This ypermystra hath nygh hir wytte forlorne
And for to passen harmelesse of that place
She grauntyd him ther was non othir grace
And withall a costrell takith he tho
and seide herof a draught or two
yeue him drynke when he goth to reste
And he shall slepe as longe as euyr the leste
The Martytokys & Epyes ben so stronge
And go thi way lest that him thinke to longe
Out comyth the brid & with full sobre chere
as ys of maydyns ofte the maner
To chambre brought *with* reuell & *with* songe
and shortly leste this tale be to longe
this lyno & she beth brought to bed
And euery wight out at the dore him sped
The nyght ys wastyd & he fell a-slepe
Full tendrely begynneth she to wepe
She riste hir vpe & dredfully she quakyth
As doth the braunch that zepherus shakyth
And husshst were all in Argone that Cyte
As cold as any frost now wexyth schee [Leaf 92]
For pety by the hert straynyth hir soo
And drede of deth doth hir so much wo
That thries doun she fell in such a were
She riste hir vpe & stakerith here & there
And on hir handis faste lokyth she
Alas shall myn handys bloody be
I am a mayde & as bi my Nature
And be my semblaunt & be my vesture

And when thy husbonde / ys to bede y-goo
Whill that he slopeth kutt hys throte y twoo
ffor in my dremes it ys warnede me
How that my newowe shall my bone be
But whiche I not / quherfore I woll the sykker
Yff thou say naye / we tweyne / shall haff a bykkyr
As I haff seide by hym / that I haffe sworne
This Ipermistre hath neys hyr lyffe forlorne
And ffor to passen harmlesse off that place
She graunteth hym there ys none other grace
And therevithall a costreth taketh he
And seide hyr off o· draught· or two or thre
Yeue hym to drynk / when he goth to reste
And he shall slepe as longe as euer the leste
The narcotiks and opies ben so stronge
And goo thy weye / list· that he think to longe
Oute cometh the bryde / & with ffull sobre chere
As ys off· madenys off· the mancre
To chawmber ys brought· with rewell & with songe
And shortlye list· this taile be to longe
Thys lino and she .ben. brought· in bedde
Alid euery wight owte at the dore them spedde [Leaf 17]
The nyght· ys wastede / & he fill a slepe
And tendrely begynnith she to wepe
She rist· hyr vp. and dredefully she quaketh
As Doth the branche that zepherus shaketh
And hust· were in Argon that Citee
As colde as any frost then wexeth she
ffor piete by the hert· it· hyr streneth sseo
And droide off deth / doth hyr sse moche woo
That· thrise doune she ffill in that· swere
She riste yete vp / & stakereth here &· there
And on hyr hondes fast· loketh she
Allace and shall myne hondes bloodye be
I am a mayde & by my nature
And by my semblaunce / & by my vesture

Myñ handis be nat shapyñ for a knyfe
As for to reue no man fro his lyfe.
What deuyll haue I with the knyf to do
And shall I haue my throte kerue a-two
Then shall I blede allas & be shende
Or nedis coste this thinge mote haue an ende
Or he or I mote nedis lese owre lyfe
Now certys quoth she syn I am his wife
And he hath my feith yet is hit bot for me
For to be ded in wyfly honeste
Then be a traytoure leuynge in my shame
Be as be may for ernyste or for game
He shall a-wake & ryse & go his way
Out of this goter or that it be day
And wepte full tendrely vpon his face
And in hir armys gan him to enbrace [leaf 93, back]
And him she roggyth & a-wakyth softe
and at the wyndow lepe he fro the lofte
Whan she hath warnyd him & don him bote
This lyne swifte was & light of fote
and from hir ranne a full good pace
This sely woman ys so wayke allace
And helples so that er she fer wente
Hir cruell Fadre did hir for to hente
Allas lyne whi arte thou so vnkynde
whi ne haste thou remembred in thi mynde
And takyn hir & lad hir forth with the
For when she saw that gon a-wey was he
And that she myght not so faste go
Ne folwyn him she sate doune right tho
and then she was kaught & fetryd in pryson
This tale ys seide for this conclusion.

[*unfinisht*]

Myne hondes ben nat shapede ffor a knyffe
Or ffor to reffe a man frome hys lyffe
What Dewyll haff I. with a knyff a doo
And shall I. haff my throte y kerve y twoo
Then shall I. blede allace / then shall I. Dye
And nedys cost thys thing moste be
Or he or I. mote nedes losse oure lyffe
Now certes quod she · sith I am hys wyffe
And hath my feith yete / it ys bot ffor me
ffor to be dede in wifely honeste
Then ben a traytoure lyffinge in my shame
Be as be may / ffor ernyste / or ffor game
He shall awaike and ryse / & gone hys weye
Oute atte thise gotter / or that it be daye
And wepe ffull tendrely / vpon hys face
And in hyr armyse / gan hym to enbrace
And hym she rokketh and awaketh. softe.
And at a wyndo lepe he ffrome the lofte.
And when she hadde warned hym and don bote [leaf 17, back]
And thys lino wes light and swift off foote
And from hys wiff he ran a full goode passe
Thys sely woman ys so wayke allace
And helplesse so that or she ffer went
Hyr cruell ffadder ded hyr ffor to hente
Allace lino whi art thou so vnkinde
Whi ne hastow remenbrede in thy mynde
And taken thy wiffe / & lade hyr fforth with the
ffor when she sawe that gone aweye wes he
And at she myght nat so fast goo
Ne folowen hym she sette hyr done right thoo
And till she wes fettrede & pute in presoune
Thys taile ys seide to this conclusioune [*unfinisht*]

[*Here follows the Legend of Siemond by Gilbert Banestre :—*
begins : Qhylom ther was ane hyght & myghty prince . . .
ends : Spoke to Gilbert banester . which at the mocioune
Off Iohn Raynere · this made aftir þe sentence

Explicit, legenda Siemond

Heyr endyth the legend of ladyse and bygynneth the compleynte of Mars and Venus. *MS. ends here, if* 28.]

V. THE COMPLAINT OF MARS.

THREE TEXTS, One complete and two incomplete, from the

PEPYS MS. 2006, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE (*complete*);

LONGLEAT MS. 258 (the Marquis of Bath's) (*all but the first* 42 *lines*);

PEPYS MS. 2006, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE (*the first* 84 *lines only, out of* 298).

(For 6 other copies, see the *Parallel-Text Edition*, p. 100.)

[THE COMPLAINT OF MARS.]

[*Pepys MS.* 2006, *Magd. Coll. Camb., paper: page* 115, *hand B, ab.* 1440-50 *A.D.*]

[g *is for* g *with an upcurl.*]

(1) [*The Proem.*]

g Ladeth the fowlis of this morow gray 1
Lo Venus ryseth among yonder rowes rede
And flowres fresh honowreth ye this may
For when the sonne vprist them wol they spredde 4
But the louers that lye in eny drede
Flesshe lest that wikked tonges yow espye
Lo yond the sonne the candel of Ielousye 7

(2)

¶ Wyth teeres blew and wyth a wounded hert 8
Taketh your leve and wyth seint Thon to borow
Appeseth somewhat of your sorowes smert
Tyme commyth eft that that cessen shal your sorow 11
The glade nyght is worth an hevy morow
Seint Valentyn a fowle thus herd I synge
Vpon thy day or the sonne gan vp sprynge 14

(3)

¶ Yet sang this fowle I rede yow all a-wake 15
And ye that han not chosen in humble wyse
Wyth oute repentyng chesen your make
And ye þat haven chosen as I devyse 18
Yet at the leest renoveleth your servyse
Confermet it perpetualy to endure
And paciently taketh your auenture 21

[THE COMPLAINT OF MARS.]

[*Twelve Stanzas only: 84 lines out of* 298.]

[*Pepys MS.* 2006, *Magd. Coll., Camb., page* 378: *hand E.*]

(1) [*The Proem.*]

GLadeth ye fouLes At the Morowen gray [page 378] 1
Lo Venus risen Among yow rowes rede
And floures Freshe honoureth þe this Day
For whan the sonne vpryste than woll ye spredde 4
But ye louers that lye in Any Drede
Fleth lyste þat wykked tongges yow espie
Lo yond þe sonne the CandeH of Ielousye 7

(2)

Wyth terys blew And with woundded herte 8
Taketh yow leeue And with seint Iohn to borowe
Appaiseth sumwhat of your sorowes smerte
Tyme comyth este þat Cessen shall your sorow 11
The glade nyght is worth An heuy Morow
Seint Valatyn A foule þus herd I singe
Vp on thi day or sonne gan vp springe 14

(3)

Yet sange this foule I Rede yow AH A-wake 15
And ye þat haue not chosen in humble wise
With outen Repenting cheseth your make
And ye þat haue ful chosen As I deuise 18
yet At laste renouleth your seruyse
Confermeth it perpetually to dure
And paciently taketh your Auenture 21

(4)

¶ And for the worshyp of this hye fest
Yet wil I in my briddes wyse synge
The sentence of þ^e^ compleynt at the leest
That wofal mars made at the departyng
Fro fressh venus in a morowenyng.
When phebus wyth his firy torches redo
Ransakede euery louer in his drede

(5) [*The Story.*]

¶ Whylom the thridde hevens lord a-bove
As well by hevens reuelacion
As by desert hath wonne Venus his love
And she hath take hym in subiecciou
And as a maistres taught hym his lesson
Comanndyng hym þat euer in hir service
Be neuer so bold no louer to despice

(6)

¶ For she for-bad hym Ielowsy at alle
And cruelte and boost and tyrannye
She made hym at hir lust so humble and tale
That when hir deigned cast on hym hir eye [page 116]
He toke in pacience for to lyve or dye
And thus she buldeth hym in hir manere
Wyth no thyng bot wyth scourgyng of her chere

(7)

¶ Who reigneth now in blis but Venus
That hath this wurthy knyght in gouernaunce
Who syngeth now but mars þat seruyth thus
The faire Venus causer of pleasaunce
He hynt hym silf in perpetual obeysaunce
And she hynt hir to loven hym for euer
But so be that his trespas it descever

[THE COMPLAINT OF MARS.]

[*Lord Bath's Longleat MS.* 258, *paper and vellum, 1 ab.*-1460, *leaf* 49.]

[After Lydgate's "*Temple of Glas*," on leaves 1—32 (leaf 32 containing only the last two lines and the colophon) a quire (leaves 33-48) is gone. "The missing quire," says Mr Brudshaw, in a note now lying in the volume, "consisted of 16 leaves, each containing 3 stanzas on a page. *The Flower & the Leaf* would begin on the first page, and end on the last leaf but one, with one stanza only on the page, the rest of the page and the back of the leaf being blank [as in the case of the last leaf of the *Temple of Glas*, &c.]. The last leaf of the quire contained the first six stanzas of the *Compleynte of Mars*."]

(7)

Whoo Raygneth now in blisse but Venus [leaf 49, *vellum*] 43
That hath this worthy knyght in gouernaunce
Whoo singeth now but mars that seruyth thus
The faire Venus causer of pleasaunce 46
He bynte him to perpetual obeysaunce
And she bynte hir to loue him for euer
But so be that his trespasse it desseuer 49

(4)

And for the worship of this hie Feast 22
Yet woll I in my briddis wise singe
The sentence of the Compleint At Leste
That wofull Mars made at departinge 25
Fro fresche venus in A morowinge
Whan Phebus *with* his torches rede
Ransaked *euery* louer in his drede 28

(5) [*The Story.*]

Whilom the thridde lord heuenes A-bone [page 250: *turn over p. 470*]
As well by heuynesse Reuolucion
As by desert hath won Venus his loue
And she hath takyn him in subiection 32
And As A Maistres taught him his lesson
Commanndinge him þat neuer in her seruise
He nere so bold no louer to dispise 35

(6)

For she forbadd him Ielousye At all 36
And Cruelte And Boste And Tyrannye
She made him At her luste And talle
That whan her deigned to caste on *him* her yie 39
He toke in Pacience to lyue And dyé
And þus she brideleth him in her Maner
Wyth no thinge but *with* scourging of her Chier 42

(7)

Who reigneth now in blisse but Venus 43
That hath þis wordi knyght in Gouernance
Who singeth now but Mars þat seruyth thus
The fair Venus causer of pleasaunce 46
he bynt him to perpetuell Obeisaunce
And she bint her to louen him for euer
But so be þat his trespas it dissenere 49

(8)

¶ Thus be they knytt and reignen as in heven
By lokyng most til it fil on a tyde
That by her both ascente was sette a steven
That mars shuld entre as fast as she may glide
In to her nex paleis and per abide
Wilkyng his cours til she had hym a-take
And he prayed hir to hast hir for his sake

(9)

¶ Thenn seid he thus myn hertes lady swete
Ye knowen well my myschyef in þat place
For sekerly til þat I wyth yow mete
My lif stant þer in auenture and grace
But whenn I see the beaute of your face
Ther is no dred of deth may do me smerte
For alle your lust is ese to myn hert

(10)

¶ She hath so grete compassion of her knyght
That dwelleth in solitude til she come
For it stode so that thilk tyme no wyght
Conseilled hym per ne seid to hym welcome
That ny her witt for woo was ouercome
Wherfore she sped hir as fast in hir wey
Almost in oo day as he dede in twey

(11)

¶ The grete Ioye that was betwix hem to
When they be mett þer may no tonge telle
Ther is no more but vn to bedd they go
And thus in Ioy and blisse I let hem dwelle
This writhy mars that was of knyghtode þ welle
The floure of fairnes he lappeth in his Armes
And Venus kysseth mars the god of Armes

[page 111]

(8)

Thus be they knytte and Reignen as in heuen
By loking moost as it falle on a tide
That by thair bothe ascent was sette a steuen
That mars shal entre as fast as he may glide
In to hir next paleys to abide
Walking his cours tyll she had him-take
And he praied hir to hastye hir for his sake

(9)

Than gred he thus my hertis lady swete
Ye knowe well my myschief in that place
For sikerly till that I with you mete
My lif stant there in auenture and grace
But whan I see the beaute of your face
There is no drede of dethe may doo me smart
For al your lust is ease to myn hert

(10)

She hath so gret compassion of hir knyght [last 63, back] 64
That dwelleth in solitude tyll she come
For it stode so that thilke tyme noo wight
Counselled him ne saied to hym welcome 67
That nigh hir witte for sorowe was ouercome
Wherfore she speddo as fast in hir wey
Almoost in oo day as she did in twey 70

(11)

The gret Ioye that betwix theim two 71
When they be mette there may no tonge tell
There is noo more but vnto bedde they goo
And thus in Ioy and blisse I lette theim dwell 74
This worthy mars that is of knyghthode well
The floure of faireneese happeth in his Armes
And Venus kysshed mars the god of Armes 77

(8)

Thus ben thei knit And regnen As in heueno
Bi lokynge most til it fitt on A tide
That by her both assent was sett a steuene
That Mars shall entre As faste As he may glide
In to her next Palys And A-bide
Walkynge his Cours till she hadd him A-take
And he praid her to hast her for his sake

(9)

Than seid He thus my hertis ladi swete [turn back to page 57?]
Ye know well my Mischief in þat place
For sykirly till þat I with yow mete
Mi liffe stant þer in Auenture And grace
But whan I se þ beaute of your face
Ther is no drede of deth may do me smerte
For All your luste is Ese to my hert

(10)

She hath so gret Compassion on her knight
That dwellith in solitude till she come
For it stode so þat thilk tyme no wyght
Conselled him þer ne seid to him welcome
That ny her wit for wo was ouercome
Wherfor she spedd her As faste in her wey
Almost in o day as she dede in twey

(11)

The grete Ioye þat was by-twex hem .ij.
When thei ben met þer kan no tonge telle
þer is no more but to bedde thei go
And þus in Ioye And blisse I let hem dwelle
This wordi Mars þat is of knighthode welle
The flour of Faireneese lappeth in his Armes
And Venus kiseth Mars the God of Armes

(12)

¶ Soiourned hath this mars of whecche I rede 78
In a chambre amydd the paleis prively
A Certeigne tym til he fil a drede
Thurgh Phebus that was commyn hastely 81
Wyth in the paleis yates sturdely
Wyth torche in hand of whecche the stremes bright
On Venus Chambre knokkeden ful light 84

(13)

¶ The Chambre ther as ley the fresh Quene 85
Depeynted was wyth whyte boles grete
And by-þat light she knew þat shone so shene
That Phebus cam to brenn hem wyth hir hete 88
This Sely Venus ne dryut in teres wete
Embraced mars and seid I dye
The torche is com that alle this world will wrye 91

(14)

¶ Vp stertith mars he not to slepe 92
Whenn he his lady herd so complayn
But for his nature was not for to wepe
In stede of teres from his eyen tweyn 95
The fyry sparkes brosten owt for peyne
And hynt his hamberk that lay hym beside
Flee wold he not ne myght hym silven hide 98

(15)

¶ He throw on his helme of huge wyght 99
And girde hym wyth his swerd an in his hande
His myghty spere as he was wont to fight
He shoke it so þat almoost it to wounde 102
Ful hevy was he to walkyn ouer lande
He myght not hold wyth Venus compaigne
But badd hir fleen lest ded hir aspye 105

(12)

Soiourned hath this mars of whiche I rede 78
In Chambre amyd the paleys prydely
A certain tyme tyll him fille a drede
Thorough phebus that was comen hastely 81
Within the paleys yates sturdely
With torche in hande of which the stremes bright
On Venus Chambre knokked ful light 84

(13)

The Chambre there as lay this freshe quene [lost to ... 85
Depaynted was with white bolys grete
And by the light she knewe that shone so shene
That phebus cam̃e to brenn̄e them̄ with his hete 88
This sely Venus nigh dryent in teres wete
Embraceth mars and saide alas I dye
The torche is com̃e that al this worlde wol wrye 91

(14)

Vp stert mars him list not to slepe 92
What he his lady harde so complayne
But for his nature was not for to wepe
In stede of terys from his yen twayne 95
The firy sparcles sprangen oute for payne
And hent his hawberk that lay him beside
Flee wolde he not ne wolde him self hide 98

(15)

He throweth on his helme of huge weight 99
And girde him with his swerde and in his hande
His mighty spere as he was wont to fight
He shaketh so that he almoost to wonde 102
Ful heuy was he to walken ouer londe
He may not holde with Venus companye
But badde hir fleen lest phebus hir espye 105

(12)

Soiornith hath this Mars of which I Rede 78
In Chambre Amydde the palise priuely
A *certein tyme* tiH he fiH *A* drede
Throw phebus þat was comen hastily 81
With yn the palise yates stourdily
With torche in honde of wich þ^e^ stremes bright
On Venus Chambyr' knokking' fuH lyght 84

[*No more in the MS.*]

(16)

¶ O wofull mars alas what may þou seyene
That in the paleis of thy dest*our*baunce
Art laft be hynde in perel to be sleyne
And yet *per-to* is dowble thy penaunce
For she that hath thyn hert in gou*er*naunce
Is passed half the stremes of thyn eyen
That thow nere swyft wel may þou wepe and cryen

(17)

¶ Now fleeth Venus vn to Cilenius toure
Wyth voyde cours for fere of Phebus light
Alas and *per* ne hath she no socour [*space illegible*]
For she there ne found ne say ne man*er* whyght
And eke as ther she hath but litil myght
Wherfor hir silven for to hide and save
Wyth in the gate she fledd in to a Cave

(18)

¶ Derke was that Cave and smoked like þ^e^ helle
Not but twoo pass wyth-in the gate it stode
A natural day in derk I let hir dwelle
Now wil I speke of mars furious and wode
For sorow he wold a-seien his hart blode
Sithen he myght do hir no compaigne
Ho ne right not o myte for to dye

(19)

¶ So fel he wex for hete and for his woo
That ny be swelt he myght vneth endure
He passed but a steier in daies two
But netheles for his hevy armure
He foloweth hir that is his lives Cure
For whose dep[*ar*]tynge he toke gret*er* Ire
Then for al his brennynge in the fire

(16)

O woful Mars alas What maist thou sayne [*leaf 50, back*]
That in the palais of thy disturbaunce
Art left belynde in pareil to be slayne
And yet therto is double thy pennaunce
For she that hath thyn hert in gouernaunce
Is passed half the stremes of thy yen
That thou nere wyst wel maist thou wepe & crien

(17)

Now fleeth Venus vnto Cilynius Toure
With voide cours for ferre of phebus light
Alas and there hath she noo socoure
For she ne founde ne sawe no manere wight
And eke as there she hade but litel might
Wherfore hir seluen for to hide and saue
Within the gate fledde into a Caue

(18)

Derke was this Caue and smoking as helle
Not but two pace within the gate it stode
A natureH day in derke I lete hir dwelle
And now wol I speke of mars furious and wode
For sorowe he wolde haue seen his hert blode
Sith that he might not doon hir companye
He ne Rought not a myte to dye

(19)

So feble he woxe for hete and for his woo [*leaf 51*]
That nigh he swelt vnneth he might endure
He passeth but a sterre in dayes twoo
But neuer thelesse for al his heuy Armure
He feloweth hir that is lyues cure
For whois departing he toke gret yre
Than for al his brennyng in the fire

(20)

¶ *Aftur* he walketh softely a paas 134
Compleynynge that it pite was to here
He seid o lady bright Venus alas
That euer so wyde a compas is my spere 137
Alas when shal I mete yow myn hert dere
This twelve day of *Auerel* I endure
Thourgh Ielous Phebus this mysaventure 140

(21)

¶ Now god helpe sely Venus al a lone 141
But as god wold? It happed for to be
That while *pat* Venus made hir mone
Cilenius rydyng in his Chyvalrie 144
Fro Venus balaunce myght his paleis see
And Venus he saluet̄h and dooth chere
And hir receyveth as his frend ful dere 147

(22)

¶ Mars dwelleth furth in his adu*er*site 148
Compleynynge eu*er* on hir depar*t*ynge
And what his compleynt was remembreth me
And *per* for in this lusty morowynge 151
As I best can I wil it seye and synge.
And aft*ur* that I wul my leve take [page 119]
And god yeue eu*er*y wyght Ioy of his make 154

The Compleynt of Mars [*In margin*]

(23)

¶ The ordre of compleynt requirith skylfully 155
That if a wyght shal pleyne pitously
Ther̄ moot be cause wherfor men pleyne
Or men may deme he pleyneth folely
And causeles alas that am not I 159
Where for the grounde and cause of al my peyne
So as my trowble wytt may it atteigne

(20)

After he walketh softely a pace 134
Complaynyng that it pite was to here
He saied o lady bright Venus alas
That euer so wide a compace is my spere 137
Alas whan shal I mete you hert dere
These twelue dayes of Aprill I endure
Thorough Ielous phebus this mys aventure 140

(21)

Now god helpe sely Venus aloone 141
But as god wol it happed for to be
That while that weping venus made hir mone
Ciclynius riding in his Cheuaucho 144
Fro Venus Valaums might his palois see
And Venus he saluet̄h and maket̄h chere
And hir Receyueth as his frende ful dere 147

(22)

Mars dwelleth forth in aduersite. [leaf 81, back.] 148
Complaynyng euer in hir departing
And what was his Complaint Remembreth me
And therfore in this lusty morowning 151
As I best can I wol it saien and synge
And after that I wol my leue take
And god yeue euery wight Ioy of his make 154

[*Complaint.*]

(23)

The ordre of complaint Requireth skilfully 155
That if a wight shal paine pituously
There mote be cause wherfore that men playne
Or men may deme he playneth folyly
And causeles alas that am not I 159
Wherfore the grounde and cause of al my payne
So as my troubled witte may it attayne

I wull rehers not to have redresse
But to declare my ground of hevynesse 163

(24) (*Tern* I. 1)

¶ The first tyme alas that I was brought, 164
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
By hym that lordeth eche Intelligence
I yef my trew seruice and my thought
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*] 168
To hir that is of so grete excelence
That what whyght that first sheweth his presence
Whenn she is wrought or taketh of hym no Cure
He may not longe in Ioie of love endure 172

(25) (I. 2)

¶ This is no feyned mater as I telle 173
My lady is the *verray* sours and welle
Of beaute lust fredom and gentilnesse
Of riche aray how deere men it selle
Of Al disport in whoche men frendely dwelle 177
Of loue and play and of benygne humblesse
Of sown of instrumentz of alle sweteneesse
And *per*-to so welle fortuned and thewede
That thurgh the world hir godenesse is shewede 181

(26) (I. 3)

¶ What woundre is it then thought I becette 182
My seruyce on swoche oon that may me knette
To well or woo sith it lith *in* hir mygh[t][1] [1 *MS. torn*]
Where-for myn hert for euer I to her hight
Ne truely for my deth I shal not lette 186
To ben hir truest servant and hir knyght
I flatere not I may wete euery wyght
For day in hir service shall I dye
But grace be I see hir neuer wyth Eye 190

I wol reherce not for to haue Redresse
But to declare my grounde of heuynesse 163

(24) [*First Tern of Stanzas*, 1]

The first tyme alas that I was wrought 164
And for certain effectis hidre brought
By him that lordith eche intelligence
I haue my trewe seruice and my thought
And euermore howe dere I haue it brought 168
To hir that is of so gret excellence
That what wight that sheweth first his presence
Whan she is wrothe and taketh of him noo Cure
He may not long in Ioy of loue endure 172

(25) (I. 2)

This is noo fayned matere that I tell [leaf 32, *paper*] 173
My lady is the verry fors and well
Of beaute lust fredom and gentilnesse
Of Riche array howe dere men it sell
Of al disport in whiche men frendly dwell 177
Of loue and play and of benyngne humblenesse
Of sowne of Instrumentis and of al swetnesse
And therto so meke fortuned and thewed
That thorough the worlde hir godenes is Ishewed 181

(26) (I. 3)

What Wondre than though I be-sette 182
My seruice on suche oōn that may me knytte
To wele or woo sith it lieth in hir might
Therfore my hert for euer I to hir hette
Nē trewly for my dethe shal I not lette 186
To ben hir trewest seruaunt and hir knyght
I flater nought that may wite euery wight
For this day in hir seruice shal I dye
But grace be I see hir neuer *with* ye 190

(27) [*Second Tern of Stanzas*, 1]

¶ To whom shal I pleynen of my distresse 191
Who may me helpe who may my harme redresse
Shal I compleyne vn to my lady free
Nay certes for she hath such hevenesse
For fere and eke for wo that as I gesse [page 126] 195
In litil tyme it wul hir bane be
But were she saf it were no force of me
Alas that euer louers mot endure
For loue so many perilous auenture 199

(28) (II. 2)

¶ For though so be that louers be as true 200
As eny mortal that is forged newe
In mony a cas hem tideth sorowe
Some tym her lady will not on hem rue
Some tym if that Ielousye it knew ¶ 204
They myghten lightely leye her hed to borowe
Some tyme envious folk wyth tonges horowe
Depraven hem alas whom may they plese
But he be fals no lover hath non ese 208

(29) (II. 3)

¶ But what availeth sweche a long sermoun 209
Of auentures of love vp and doun
I wul retourne and speke of my peyne
The point is this of my destrucciouu
My right lady my sauaciouu 213
Is in affray and not to whom compleyne
O herte swete lady souereigne
For your desese well aught I swon and swelt
Though I non other harme ne drede felte 217

(27) [*Second Tern of Stanzas*, 1]

To whom shal I playne of my distresse 191
Who may me helpe who may my hert Redresse
Shal I complayne vnto my lady free
Nay certis for she hath suche heuynesse
For ferre and eke for woo that as I gesse 195
In litell tyme It wol hir bane be [leaf 52, back]
But were she sauf it were no fors of me
Alas that euer louers motte endure
For loue / so many a perelous aventure 199

(28) (II. 2)

For though so be that louers be as trewe 200
As any metall that is forged newe
In many a cas them tideth oft sorowe
Sum tyme thair lady wol not on theim Rewe
Summe tyme if that Ielosye it knewe 204
They might lightily ley thair hedis to borowe
Summe tyme envyous folke *with* tongis horowe
Departen theim alas whom may they please
But he be fals noo louer hath his ease 208

(29) (II. 3)

But what a-vailleth suche a long sermoun 209
Of Auentures of loue vp and doun
I wol retorne and speke of my payne
The point is this of my destrucciouu
My Right lady my saluacioun 213
Is in affray and not to whom to complayne
O hert swete o lady souuerayne
For youre disease I aught wele swone and swelt
THough I noon other harme ne drede felt 217

(30) [*Third Tern of Stanzas*, 1]

¶ To what fyne made he þat satt so hye
Benetheñ hym love or compaigne
And streyneth folk to love magre her hedde
And then her Ioye for aught I can aspye
Ne lasteth not the twenklynge of an eye
And some haue neuer Ioy til they be ded[e]
What menyth what is this mysty . . . . [*MS. torn*]
Wher-for constreigneth he his folk . . . so fast
Thyng' to desyre but it shuld' last

(31) (III. 2)

¶ And though he maketh a louer love a thyng'
And maketh it stedefast and duryng' -
Yet putte he in it swithe a mysaventure
That rest þer is noon in his yeuyng'
And þat is wondre that so Iust a kyng'
Doth suche hardenesse to his creature
Thus whe|er love breke or indure [page 121]
Algates he that hath wyth love to doon
Hath ofter woo then changeth the moon

(32) (III. 3)

¶ It semyth well he hath to louers enemyte
And lik a fissher as men al day see
Baiteth his angil hooke wyth some plesaunce
Til mony a fysshe is woode til þat he be
Cesed þer wyth and þen at erst hath he
Al his desire and þer wyth al myschaunce
And though the lyne breke he hath penaunce
For wyth þ' hooke he is wounded so sore
That he his wages hath for euer more

(30) [*Third Tern of Stanzas*, 1]

That what fyne made the god that sitte so hye
Byneth him loue other companye
And strayneth to loue maugre hir' hede
And than hir' Ioy for aught I can espye
Ne lasteth not the twynkeling of an ye
And summe haue neuer Ioy tyll they be dede
What meneth this what is this mistihede
Whereto constrayneth his folke so fast
Thing to desire but it shulde last

(31) (III. 2)

And though he made a louer loue a thing
And maketh it seme stedefast and during
Yet putteth he in it suche misauenture
That Rest nys there in his yeuyng
And that is wondre that so Iuste a thing
Doith suche hardnesse to his Creature
Thus whether loue breke or elles endure
Algat*is* he that hath with loue to doone
Hath ofter woo / than chaunged is the mone

(32) (III. 3)

It semeth he hath to louers envyte
And like a fyesher as men al day may see
Baiteth his Anglehoke with summe pleasante
Tyll many a fyshe is wode till that he be
Sesed therewith and than at ernest hath he [leaf 83, back]
Alle his desire and therewith al mischaunce
And though the lyne breke he hath penaunce
For with that hoke he wounded is so sore
That he wages hath for etermore

(33) [*Fourth Tern of Stanzas*, 1]

¶ The brocche of Thebes was of suche a kynde
So ful of Rubies and of stones Inde
That euery wyght that sett on it an Eye
He wend a-non to wurthyn out of his mynde
So sore þ^e^ beaute wold his hert byndc
Till he it hadd though he most dye
And whan þat it was his thon shuld he drye
Suche woo for dredc ay while þat he it hadde
That wel ny for fere he shuld be madde

(34) (IV. 2)

¶ And when it was fro his possessioun
Then hadd he dowble wo and passioun
For he so faire a tresour hath for-go
But yet this broche as in conclusioun
Was not þ^e^ cause of his confusioun
But he that wrought it infortuned it so
That euery wyght þat hadd it shuld have woo
And per-for in þ^e^ wircher was the vyce
And in the couertour that was so nyce

(35) (IV. 3)

¶ So faireth it by louérs and by me
For my lady have so grete beaute
That I was madd til I gete hir grace
She was not cause of myn aduersite
But he that wrought hir al so mot I thee
And put suche a beaute in hir face
That made me coveytan and purchace
Myn awn dcth hym wite I yef that I dye
And myn vnwitt that euer I clambe so hye

(33) [*Fourth Tern of Stanzas*, 1]

The Broche of Thebes was of suche a kynde
So ful of Rubyes and of stones of Inde
That euery wight that set on it an ye
He wande anoon to worthe oute of his mynde
So sore the beaute wolde his hert byndc
Tyll he it hade he thought he must dye
And whan that it was his than shuld he drye
Suche for dredc / while ay that he it had
That welnygh for the fere he shuld mad

(34) (IV. 2)

And whan it was fro his possessioun
Than had he double woo and passioun
That he so fair' a Iowel hade for-goo
But yet this broche as in conclusioun
Was not the cause of this confusioun
But he that wrought it enfourmed it so
That euery wight that had it shuld haue woo
And therfore in the worcher was the vise
And in the coniecture that was so nyse

(35) (IV. 3)

So fareth it by Iouers and by me [leaf 84, paper]
That though my lady haue so grat beaute
That I was mad till I hade gete hir' grace
She was not the cause of my aduersite
But he that wrought hir' so mote I thee
That put suche a beaute in hir' face
That made me couuete and purchace
Myn owne dethe him wite that I dye
And myn vnwitte that euer I clambe so hye

(36) (*Fifth Tern*, 1)

¶ But to yow hardy knyghtes of grete renoun
Sith that ye be of my diuisioun
Al be I nat wurthy to have so grete name
Yet seyen these clerkes I am *your* patroun
per-for ye ought have some compassioun
Of my desese and take it not in game
The prowdest of yow may be made ful tame
Wherfor I pray yow of yowre lentillnesse
That ye compleyn for myn hevenesse

(37) (V. 2)

¶ And ye my ladyes that ben truy and stable
By wey of kynde ye owen to be able
To have pitee of folk *pat* ben in peyne
No have ye cause to clothen yow in sable
Syth that yowr Emprice the honorabli
Is desolate well myghten ye compleyn
Now shuld youre holy teres fall down and reyn
Alas youre honowre and *your* Emprice
Ny dede for dreds ny can hir not chevyce

(38) (V. 3)

¶ Compleyneth eke the louers alle in fere
For hir that wyth vnfeyned humble cheere
Was *euer* redy to do yow Socoure
Compleyneth hir that *euer* had yow dere
Compleyneth beaute fredam and manere
Compleyneth hir that endeth *your* labour
Compleyneth thilk ensample of alle honour
Nat neuer dede but all lentillnesse
Kytheth *per*-fore on hir som kyndenesse.

(36) [*Fifth Tern of Stanzas*, 1]

But you hardy knyghtis of Renown
Sith that ye be of my deuisigun
Albe I nought worthy to so gret a name
Yet saien these clerkes I am *your* patroun
Therfore ye ought to haue *summe* compasgioun
Of my disease and take it nought in game
The proudest of you may be made ful tame
Wherfor I praye you of youre gentilnesse
That ye complayne for myn heuynesse.

(37) (V. 2)

And ye my ladies that ben trewe and stable
By wey of kynde ye aughte to ben hable
To haue pite of folke that ben in payne
Nowe haue ye cause to clothe you sable
Sith that youre Emprice the honnourable
As desolat wel aught ye to complayne [leaf 54, back]
Nowe shulde youre holy terys falle and Rayne
Alas youre honnoure and youre Emprice
Nygh dede for drede can he not Cheuyce

(38) (V. 3)

Complāyneth eke ye louers al in fere
For hir that with vnfayned humble chere
Was euer redy to doo you socoure
Complayneth hir that euer hath be to you dere
Complayneth beaute fredom and manere
Complayneth hir that endith your laboure
Complayneth the ilke ensample of al honnour
That neuer dud but gentilnesse
Kitheth therfore in hir *summe* kyndenesse

Here endith the
Complaint of Mars

[*Follows*: "thexclamacioun of the dedhe of pite", *leaves 55-7, printed in the* Odd-Texts, p. 265]

VI. TRUTH.

SIX TEXTS, FROM THE

HARL. MS. 7333 (*after Shirley*).
FAIRFAX MS. 16 (*first copy*).
FAIRFAX MS. 16 (*second copy*).

ADDITIONAL MS. 22,139, BRITISH MUSEUM.
LANSDOWNE MS. 699.
CAXTON'S TEXT, CAMBR. UNIV. LIBR.

(*For six other Texts see the* "Parallel-Text Edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems"; *and for three more, two scottified; see the* "Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems.")

[*Harl. MS.* 7333 (*vellum*, ¶ 1440: *after Shirley*), *leaf* 147, *back*, *col.* 2.]

¶ Moral balade Of CHaucyre /

(1)

FLe ffrome þe p[r]es And dwell *with* sothefastnesse 1
Suffice vn-to þi goode þaughe it be smalle
For hoorde hathe hate & clymbyng tekilnesse
Pres hathe envy / and welt is blent overal 4
Savoure namore þanne [þe] by-hove shall
Doo welle thi selfe þat othir folkys canste Rede
And trowthe the shall deliver it is noo drede 7

(2)

Peyne þe nowght all Croked to Redresse 8
In truste of hir as turnithe as a balle
Grete Reste standithe in litle beaynesse
By ware also to spurne agaynest an hille 11
Streyve nowght as doþe þe crocke *with* þe walle
Dounte þy selffe / þat dountest ay oþers dede
And trowþe þe shall deliuer it is noo dreede 14

(3)

¶ þat þere is sente Receyve *with* bouxumnesse 15
þe wrastelynge *with* þe worlde / axsethe a falle
Here is noon home here is but wilderneese
Foorþa pilgrime forþe forþe beeste of þy stalle 18
loke vp on hie and thanke god of all
Weyve thi luste & lete thi goste þe lede
And trowthe the shall deliuer it is noo drede. 21

[*Chaucer's 'Purse' follows.*]

TRUTH.

[*Fairfax MS.* 16 (*vellum*), *leaf* 40, *First copy: the Second is on leaf* 201.]

(1)

Fle fro the pres / and duelle with sothfastnesse note 1
Suffice the thy good / thogh hit be smale
for horde hath hate / and clymbyng tikelnesse
pres hath envye / and wele is blent ouer alle 4
sauour no mor / then the be-hove shalle
Do wel thy self / that other folke canst rede
And trouthe the shal delyuer / hit ys no drede 7

(2)

Peyne the not / ech croked to redresse 8
In trust of hire that turneth as a balle
grete rest stant / in lytil besynesse
be war also to spurne / ayein an [1]nalle [1] a *altered to* n] 11
stryve not as doth a croke / with a walle
Daunt thy selfe / that dauntest otheres dede
And trouthe the shal delyuer / hit is no drede 14

(3)

That the ys sent / receyve in buxumnesse 15
the wrastelyng of this world / asketh a falle
her is no home / her is but wyldyrnesse
forth pilgrime / forth best / out of thy stalle 18
Loke vp an hye / and thonke god of alle
Weyve thy lust / and let thy goste the lede
And trouthe shal the delyuer / hit is no drede 21

¶ Explicit/ { Le bone counseill
{ De .G. Chaucer

[*Fairfax MS.* 16 (*vellum*), *leaf* 201.]

¶ Balade

(1)

file fro the pres / and dwelle with withfastnes note 1
Suffise vn-to thy good / though hyt be smalle
ffor hoorde hath hate / and clymbyng tikylnesse
Pres hath envy / and weele ys blynd ouer alle 4
Sauour nomore /-then the behoue shall
Do wel thy-self / that other folk canste rede
And trouthe the shalle delyuer / it is no drede 7

(2)

Payn the not / eche crokyde to redresse note 8
In truste of hire / that turnyth as a balle
Gret reste stont / in litill besynes
Be ware also / to spurne ayenes an nalle 11
Stryffe not as doglie a crok / with a walle
Daunt thy selfe / that dawntest otheres dede
And trouthe the shall delyuer / hyt is no drede 14

(3)

That the is sente / resayve in buxumnes note 15
The wrastelyng of this worlde / axith a falle
Her is no home / her ys but wildirnes
forth pilgreme / forith best out of thy stalle 18
Looke vp on high / and thanke god of alle
Weyve thy lust / and let thy gooste the lede
And trouthe shall the delyuer / hyt is no drede 21

¶ Explicit/

Qui legit emendat scriptorem non reprehendat/.

[*Lansdowne MS.* 699 (*paper & vellum*), *leaf* 81, *written as part of the* "Fortune," *below.*]

¶ La bon Counseil de le Auttour

(1) (*-esse, -all, -eede*)

¶ flee from the prees / & dwell with sothfastnesse 1
suffise to thi good / thoull it be small
for hoorde hath hate / & clymbyng tikilnesse
pres hath envie / & wele is blent ovir all 4
Savour no more / than the be-hove shall
Rewle thi silf / that othir folk canst reede
& trouth the shal / deliver it is no dreede 7

(2)

¶ Peyn the nat / eche crokid to redresse 8
In trust of hur that turneth as a ball
Gret rest stant in litel busyneese
bewar also / to spurne a-geyn a wall 11
strive nat as doth / a crokke a-yens a wall
dant thi silf / that dantist othris deede
and trouth the shal deliver it is no dreede 14

(3)

¶ That the is sent / receive in buxumneese (*leaf* 82) 15
the wrestlyng of this world / axith a fall
hear is noon hoom / heer is but wildirneese
forth pilgrym forth / forth best out of thi stalle 18
look vp on hih & thank god of all
weive thi lust & lat thi gost the lede
an trouthe the shal delyver it is no dreede 21

¶ *Explicit* optimus tractatus
de ffortuna

TRUTH.

[*Addit. MS.* 22,139, *Brit. Mus., vellum,* ¶ 1432 (*on the shield, leaf* 1), *leaf* 138, *col.* 2.]

(1)

Fle fro the pres and dwell with sothfastnesse 1
Suffice vn-to thi lyuynge thogh hit be smal
For hord hap hate and clembyng tikilnesse
Pres hath enuy and wele blyndeth ouer all 4
Sauor no more then the behouen shall
wirke wel thi selfe that othir [folk] caste rede
And truthe shal the delyuer hit is no drede 7

(2)

Restreyne the not *every* croked to red[r]es 8
In trust of her that turnesse as a ball
Grete reste stant in litil bisenesse
Stryue not as a crok' agaynes the wall 11
Clymbe not to hye for ferd thou fall
Daunt thi selfe that dauntest ojeres dede
And truth shall the delyuer *it* is no drede 14

(3)

That the is sent receyue in boxumnesse 15
The wrastelyng of this world axep a fall
Here is *non* home here is but wildrenesse
Forth pilgrime forth orth beste oute of þi stall 18
Know thi contre loke vp thanke god of all
Holde the hie way and *lete* thi gost the lede
And truth shal the delyuer hit is no drede 21

[*Caxton's Text, Cambr. Univ. Libr., leaf* 21, *back.*]

The goode counceyl of chaucer

(1)

Fle ye fro þ^e prees & dwelle with sothfastnes (*leaf* 22) 1
Suffyse vnto the good yf it be smal
For horde hath hate / & clymmyng tikelnes
Prese hath enuye / & wele is blent ouer al 4
Sauoure nomore / than the behoue shal
Rede wel thy self that other folk rede
And trouthe the shal delyuere / it is no drede 7

(2)

Payne the not eche croked to redresse 8
In trust of her / that torneth as a balle
Grete reste standith in litil besynesse
Be ware also to spurne agayn an alle 11
Stryue not as doth a crock with a wall
Deme thy self / that demest others dede
And trouthe þ^e shal deliuere it is no drede 14

(3)

That the is sent / receyue in buxomnes 15
The wrastlyng of this world axith a fall
Here is no home / here is but wildernes
Forth pylgrym / forth best out of thy stall 18
Loke vpon high / and thank god of all
Weyue thy lust / and late thy gost the lede
And trouthe the shal delyuer / it is no drede 21

VII. THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

(ENGLISHT FROM GRANSON'S FRENCH.)

THREE TEXTS, FROM

The first known Print of the Poem, JULIAN NOTARY'S (A.D. 1499-1501), and

THE PEPYS MS. 2006, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: one copy complete, except stanza 9; the second copy, a Fragment, lines 45-82.

(For 6 other copies, see the *Parallel-Text Edition*, p. 412.)

[*Julian Notary's edition* (1499-1501). *The Britwell-House copy. The text must have been carelessly printed from some other print, and never read with it.*]

¶ The compleynt of Venus for Mars.

[on sign. B 1]

(1) (*Tern* l. 1 : *-aunce, -esse, -ure = oure*, l. 23)

Ther nys noo hyghe comfort to my plesaunce 1
whan that I am in ony heuynes
As for to haue leyzer of remembraunce
Vpon the manhode and the worthynes 4
Vpon the trouthe / and the stedfastnes
Of hym / whos I am / all / while I may dure
Ther ought blame me noo creature
For euery wyght preyseth his gentylnessne 8

2) (l. 2)

In hym eis bounte wysedom and gouernaunce [leaf B 1, back]
well more / than ony manes wytte can gesse
For grace hath wold him soo ferforth tauaunce
That of knyghthode / he is parfyght rychesse 12
Honoure honoureth hym / for his noblesse
Therto soo well / hath fourmed hym nature
That I am his for euer / I hym assure
For eury wyght preyseth his gentylesse 16

(3) (l. 3)

And not withstandyng alle his suffysaunce 17
His gentyll herte / is of soo grete humblesse
To me in werke / in word / in contenaunce
And me to serue in alle his besynesse 20
That I am sette in veray sekernesse
Thus ought I well blysse myn auenture
Syth that hym lyste me serue in honure
For euery wyght preyseth his gentylesso 24

Compleynt of Venus.

[*Pepys MS.* 2006, *Magd. Coll., Camb., leaf* 122, *back, hand B, ab.* 1440-50, A.D.]

(1) (*Tern* l. 1 ; *-aunce, -esse, -ure = oure*, l. 23)

Ther nys so hye comfort to my plesaunce 1
Whenn that I am in eny hevenesse
As for to have leyser of remembraunce
Vp-on the manhode and þ^e^ stedfastynesse 4
Vp-on the throuth and wurthynesse
Of hym whose I am alle whyle I may dure
The aught blame me no creature
For euery wyght *preyseth* his Ientilnesse 8

(2) (l. 2)

¶ In hym is beaute wysdam and gouernaunce 9
Wel more than eny mannys wytt can gesse [page 123]
For grace hath wold so ferforth hym avaunce
That of knyghthode he is perfit rychesse 12
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Ther-to so well hath formed hym nature
That I am his for euer I hym ensure
For euery wyght preyseth his gentilnesse 16

(3) (l. 3)

¶ And nowght wyhstondyng alle his sufficiaunce 17
His Ientil hert is of so grete humblesse
To me in word in werk in countenaunce
And me to serve is all his besynesse 20
That I am sett in verray sykernesse
Thus aught I blesse myn aventure
Syth that hym list me serven and honour
For euery wyght preyseth his Ientilnesse 24

(4) (*Tern* II. 1 : *-able, -yng, -aunce*)

Now certes loue / it is ryght couenable [sc] 25
That men full dere abye thy noble thyng
As wake a bedde / fastyng at the table
wepyng to lawhe / and synge in copleyneg 28
And soone to caste vysage and lokyng
Often to chaunge vysage and contenaunce
Pley in slepyng / and dreme at the daunce
All the reuerse / of my glad feelyng 32

(5) (II. 2)

Ialousye be hanged with a cable 33
She wold all knowe / thuegh her espyeg [sign. B ii]
Ther doth noo wyght / nothyng soo resonable
That all nys harme / in her ymageuyng 36
Thus dere abought / is loue in yeuyng
whiche ofte he yeueth / withoute ordenaunce
As sorowe ynough / and lytyll plesaunce
All the reuerse / of my glad feelyng 40

(6) (II. 3)

A lytell tyme his yefet is agreable 41
But full encombrous / is the vayng
For subtyll Ialousye / the deceyuable
Full ofte tyme causeth destourbyng 44
Thus ben we euer / in drede and suffryng
In noncertayne we languyssbyng in penaunce
And haue full ofte many a hard myschaunce
All the reuerse of my glad feelyng 48

(7) (*Tern* III. 1 : *-yse, -ente, -ay*)

But certes loue / I seye not in suche wyse 49
That for teskape out of your laas I mente
For I soo long haue ben in your seruyse
That for to lete of / wyll I neuer assente 52
No w force / though Ialousye me turment
Suffyseth me to see hym whan I may
And therefore certe / to myn endyng day
To loue hym best / shall I neuer repente 56

JULIAN NOTARY

(4) (*Tern* II. 1 : *-aote, -yng, -aunce*)

¶ Now certes love it is ryght couenable 25
That men ful deere abye the noble thyng
As wake abedde and fastyng at the table
Wepyng to laugh and syng in compleynyng 28
And doun to cast vysage and lokyng
Often to chaunge hew and countenaunce
Plèy in slepyng and dremen atte daunce
Alle the ryuers of eny glad feelyng. 32

(5) (II. 2)

¶ Ielousy be hanged wyth a cable 33
She wold alle knowe thurgh hir espyyng
Ther doth no wyght no thyng so resonable
Nat alle is harme in hir ymagynyng 36
Thus deere a-bought is love in yevuyng
Whyche oft he yeveth wyth outen ordynaunce
As sorow y-nowgh I and litil of plesaunce
Alle the reuers of eny glad feelyng 40

(6) (II. 3)

¶ A litil tym his yeft es agreable 41
But ful encombrous is the vayng
For sotil Ielousy the decyvable
Ful often tym causeth destourbyng 44
Thus ben we euer in drede and sufferyng
In non certeigne we langwyssbe in penaunce
And have oft many an hard myschaunce
And the reuers of eny glad feelyng 48

(7) (*Tern* III. 1 : *-yse, -enth, -ay*)

¶ But certes love I sey not in swealie wyse [page 121] 49
That for to escape out of your lace I mente
For I so long have ben in your servyse
That for to lette of I wul neuer assente 52
No force though Ielousye me tormente
Suffyseth me to seen hym whan I may
And therfor certes to my endyng day
To loue hym best ne shal I neuer repente 56

PEPYS 2 006

The Complaint of Venus.

[*less the first 44 lines*]

[*Pepys MS.* 2006, *paper ; p.* 381, *hand E, late* 15*th cent.*]

(6) (II. 3)

[44 *lines not in the MS.*]

Thus be euer in Drede And suffrynge [page 381] 45
In non certeyn wee langwishe in penaunce
And haue welt ofte many An hard penance
All the Reuers of Any glad felynge 48

(7) (*Tern* III. 1 : *-ise, -ent, -ay*)

But certes loue I sey not in swich wise 49
That for tescape out of your laas I mente
For I so longe haue ben in your seruyse
Pat for to lete of woll I neuer Assent 52
No fors bought Ielousye me torment
Suffiseth me to se hym whan I may
And perfor certes to my Endinge day
To loue hym best shall I neuer repente 56

PEPYS 2006

(8) (III. 2)

And certes loue whan I me well auyse 57
On enery estate / that men may represente
Thenne haue ye made me thurgh your fraunchise [*leaf* 11 b, *back*]
Chese the best / ẏ ouer on erthe wente 60
Now loue well her / & loke thou never stente
And lete the Ialous put it in assaye
That for no payne / wold I not saye naye
To loue you best / shall I neuer repente 64

(9) (III. 3)

Hehrte to the it ought ynough suffyse 65
That loue to the / soo byghe a grace hath sente
To chese the worthyest / of alle wyse
And moost agreable / vnto myn entente 68
Seke noo further / neyther weye ne wente
Syn I haue suffysaunce / vnto my pay
Thus wold I ende / this complaynt or lay
To loue hym best / ne shall I neuer repente 72

(10) ¶ Thenuoye. (*-e, -aunce*)

Prynces receyue ye / this complaynt in gre 73
Vnto your excellente benygnyte
Dyrect after my lytyll suffysaunce
For elde / that in my spyrite dulleth me 76
Hath of endytyng / all the subtylte
well nygh byrafte out of my remembraunce
And eke to me it is a grete penaunce
Syth ryme in englysse / hath suche scarcete 80
To folowe worde by worde the curyosyte
Of graunson flour of hym / ẏ make in fraunce

¶ Explicit the compleyces of Maris and Venus / and of the broche of Thebes.

(8) (III. 2)

And certes love whan I me well avyse 57
Of eny estate that men may *repr*esente
Than han ye maked me thurgh *your* franchyse
Cheese the best that *euer* on erth wente 60
Now love well hert and loke thow *neuer* stente
And lette the Ielous put it *in* assay
That for no peyn wold I not sey nay
To love yow best ne shal I *neuer* repente 64

(9) (III. 3)

[*No gap in the MS.* 65
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. 68
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . .] 73

(10) (*Envoy. -e, -aunce*)

¶ Prynces receyveth this compleynt in gree 73
Vn to *your* excellent benygnyte
Directe *aftur* my litil sufficiaunce
For eld that in my spirite dulleth me 76
Hath of endytyng alle the subtilite
Well ny by-reft out of my remenbraunce
And eke to me it is a grete penaunce
Sych ryme in englissche hath suche scarsetee 80
And folowyñ word by word the curiosite
Of Graunson floure of hem that make in fraunce.

Explicit.

(8) (III. 2)

And certes loue whañ I me wel̃ Auyse 57
On Any Astate þat mon̄ may represente
Thañ han̄ ye maked̃ me þorow *your* franchise
Chese þ^e best þat euer on̄ erth went 60
Now loue wel̃ hert And loke þow neuer stente
And lat the Ielous put it in assay
That for no peyne wold I not sey nay
To loue him best shal̃ I neuer repente 64

(9) (III. 3)

Herte to þ^e it ought ynow suffise 65
That loue to þ^e so hy A grace sent
To chese þ^e wordyeste of Al̃ wise
And most Agreable on̄ to myn̄ entent 68
Seke no ferþer neþer wey ne wente
Syn̄ I haue suffisance on̄ to my pay
þus wol̃ I ende þis compleint of þis lay
To loue hym best ne shal̃ I neuer repente 72

(10) (*Envoy. -ee, -aunce*)

Princes receyueth þis compleint in gree 73
On̄ to *your* excellent benignyte
Direct After my litel̃ suffisance
For elde þat in my spirit dwellith me 76
Hath of enditinge Al̃ þ^e subtilite
Wel̃ ny berafte out of my remembrance
And eke to me it is A gyte penance
Sith̃ ryme in Englysche hath swich scarsite 80
To folowen̄ word̃ by word̃ the curiosite [*page 252*]
Of Grawnson̄ flour̄ of hem þat make in Fraunce

[*follows:* The Complaint of Anelida, &c., see p. 47 of *Supplementary Parallel Texts.*]

VIII. GENTILESSE.

THREE TEXTS, FROM

CAXTON'S TEXT, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. HARLEIAN MS. 2251. R. 14. 51, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

(For 6 other copies, see the *Parallel-Text Edition*, p. 427.)

GENTILESSE.

[*Caxton's Text, Cambr. Univ. Libr., leaf* 18, *back.*]

[Ute yeeu ha st. 6—I1 Shirley's st. 11—16 I. 81—1311, and has Shirley's st. 6—10 (I. 41—60) as his st. 19—16.]

[St. 8 *of Skogan's poem.*]

Therfore I counceille / vertu / that ye knowe
Thau by your eldres ye may nothing claime (97)
As my maister shewer seith expresse
But temperal thing / ȳ may hurte & mayme
Thenne god is stock / of vertuous noblesse (100)
And sythen he is lord of blessidnesse
And made us alle / and for vs alle deyde
Folowe ye hym in vertue with ful besynesse
And of this thing herkene hou it is seyde (104)

[*Chaucer's Balade.* 1.]

The first stok / fader of gentilnesse 1
What man that claymeth gentil for to be
Must folowe his trace and his wittes dresse
Vertue to folowe / and vices for to flie 4
For vnto vertue longeth dignyte
And not the reuerce / sauffy dar I deme [C. 3, *leaf* 18]
Al were he mytor cro wne or dyademe 7

(2)

This first stok was ful of rightwisnes 8
Trewe of his word / sobre pyetous and free
Clene of his goste / and loued besynes
Agayn vice of slouthe / in honeste 11
And but his eyer loue vertue as did he
He is not gentil though he riche seme
Al were he mytor crowne or diademe 14

(3)

Vice may wel be to holde richesse 15
But ther may no man / al men may wel see
Bequethe his eyer / his vertuous noblesse
That is appropred vnto no degre 18
But to the first fader in magestc
That makes hem eyres / that can hem queme
Al were he crowne mytor or diademe 21

[*No Envoy quoted, or known to exist.*]

GENTILESSE.

[*Harleian MS.* 2251, *leaf* 48, *back: paper, ab.* 1450.]

(1)

The first stok · was fader of gentilnes 1
And who that claymeth · gentil for to be
Must folwe his trace · and al his wittis dresse
Vertu to love · and vices for to flie 4
ffor vnto vertu · longith dignite
And nat the Revers · sauffy dar I deme
Whether he were myter · Corone · or dyademe 7

(2)

¶ The first stok was fader · of Rightwisnesse 8
Clene of his gost · sobre pitous and fre
Triewe of his word · and loved busynes
Ayenst the vyce of slouth · in honeste 11
And yef his Eyre · love [?] vertu and dide he [? 'out' is put between the lines in a much later hand]
He is nat gentil · although he riche seme
Whether he were myter · Crowne or dyademe 14

(3)

¶ Vyce may wele be Eyre · to old richesse 15
But ther may no wight · as euery man se
Bequeth hys Eyre · his vertuous noblesse
ffor that is enpropred · vnto no degre 18
Savyng to the first fader · in Mageste
That makith his Eyre · suche as can hym qweme
Whether he were myter · crowne or dyademe 21

GENTILESSE.

[*R.* 14. 51, *Trin. Coll. Cambr., vellum flyleaf* 1, *back: ? ab.* 1460-70.]

Balade.

(1)

The ferst stokke fadre of gentylnes 1
What man[1] kleymyht gentyl for to be:
Must *folow hysse trace & alle wyttys dresse*
Vertu to[1] shewe[1] vysis for to flie [1 MS. *hardly readable*] 4
For vnto[1] vertu[1] longhyt[1] Dyngnite
And not[1] to Reverse savely dar y deme
Alle[1] were he[1] myhter croune or deyodeme 7

[*No more in the MS.*]

IX. LACK OF STEDFASTNESS.

A BALADE.

THREE TEXTS, FROM

W. THYNNE'S EDITION OF 1532. MS. R. 14. 51, Trin. Coll., Cambr. THE BANNATYNE MS., A.D. 1568, in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow.

(*For six other and better Texts, see the* Parallel-Text Edition.)

The Bannatyne MS. has a spurious 4th stanza, and wrongly transposes stanzas 2 and 3. I have set em in right order here.

LACK OF STEDFASTNESS.

[Wm. Thynne's edition of *Chaucer's Works*, 1532, Fo. CCC.lxxxi. col. 1.]

(1)

Somtyme yᵉ world so stedfast was & stable
That mannes worde was an obligacioun
And nowe it is so false and disceyuable
That worde and dede as in conclusyoun
Is nothyng lyke / for turned is vp so doun
Al the worlde / through mede and fykelnesse
That al is loste for lacke of stedfastnesse

(2)

What maketh the worlde to be so varyable
But lust that men haue in discensyon
For amonge vs a man is holde vnable [col. 2]
But if he can by some collusyon
Do his neyghbour wronge and oppressyon
What causeth this but wylful wretchydnesse
That al is loste for lacke of stedfastnesse

(3)

Trouthe is put downe / reason is holde fable
Vertue hath nowe no domynation
Pyte is exyled / no man is merciable
Through couetyse is blente discretion
The worlde hath made a permutation
Fro right to wronge · fro trouth to fykelnesse
That al is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse

LACK OF STEDFASTNESS.

[*MS. R.* 14. 51, *Trinity College, Cambridge: vellum, leaf* 2, *flyleaf*, ?1460-70.]

Balade

(1)

Wylum the wordule was stedefaste & stable
That manys word was obligacyun
Now hyt ysse so false & desoyvable
That word & dede asse in conclucyun
Is no thyng ela butt for turnyd vp & doñ
Is alle thys wordut throv mede & wylfulnes
That all ysse lost for lacke of stedefastnes

(2)

What causyht the wordut to be so varyable
But lust tha men have in disencyun
ffor amonge vsse a man ys hold vnable
But yf he can by sum maner colusyon
Do hys neyheborow wrong or oprecyun
And alle causyht wylful wrechydnis
That alle ysse loste for lacke of stedefasts[1] [[1] so MS.]

(3)

Trouthe ysse putte doun Resun ys hold fable
Vertu haþe now[2] no dominacyun [[2] 'now' added in margin]
Pety ys exylyd no man ysse mercyable
Throu couetyse blent ys dyscresyun
Thys werdut haþ[e] made a permytacyun
ffro Ryht to wronge frō trouthe to feculnes
That alle l[s] lost for lacke of stedefastnes [[s] so MS.]

LACK OF STEDFASTNESS.

[*The Bannatyne MS.* A.D. 1568, *Fol.* 67, *a*; *collated by Mr. J. B. Murdoch, of the Hunterian Club.*]

(1)

Sumtyme this warld so steidfast was & stabill
That manis word was obligatioun
and now it is sa fals and dissavable
That word and deid discordis in conclusioun
Ar no thing lyk bot turnit vp and doun
Is all this warld for greid and wilfulnes
That all is loist for laik of steidfastnes

(2 : *wrongly as* (3) *in this MS.*)

Quhat makis this warld to be so variable
bot lust, quhilk folk hes but discretioun
among we now ane man Is haldin vnhable
Bot gif he can be sum collusioun
Doing his nychtbour wrang or oppressioun
Quhat makis this bot wofull wretchitnes
That all is loist &c.

(3 : *wrongly as* (2) *in this MS.*)

Trewith is put down Ressoũn is haldin fabill
Vertew hes nane at hir devotioun
Petie exylit and na man meretabill
Throw cuvettyce Blind is discretioun
The warld hes maid ane *permvtatioun*
Fra richt to wrang, ffra ressone to wilfulnes
That all Is loist for lak of steidfastnes

¶ Lenuoye.

Prince desyre to be honourable 22
Cherisshe thy folke / and hate extoreyon
Suffre nothyng that may be reprouable
To thyne estate done in thy regyon 25
Shewe forthe the yerde of castygacion
Drede god / do lawe / loue trouth & worthynes
And wedde thy folke ayen to stedfastnesse. 28

¶ Explicit.

[Envoy.]

Prynce desyryht to Be cnurable 22
Scheryche thy folke & hate extorcyun
Sofre no thyng that may be Reprovable
To thyn astat don in thy Regyun 25
Schew forthe thy yerd of castygacyun
Drede god do law loue trouþe & Ryhtwysnis
And wedde ayeyn thy folke to stedefastnes 28

(*Spurious 4th Stanza*)

ffalsheid that sowld bene abhominable 22†
Now is regeing but reformatioun
Quha now gifis lergly ar maist dissavable
for vycis ar *the* grund of sustentatioun 25†
all wit is turnit to cavillatioun
Lawtie expellit and all gentilnes
That all is loist &c 28†

(*Envoy*)

O prince desyre for to be honorable 22
chereiss thy folk and hait extortioun
Suffer nothing *that* bene reprovable
schaw furth thy sword of castigatioun 25
That vertew may rigne *with*in thy regioun
Dreid god / do law / luve trewith and richtousnes
And bring thy folk agane to steidfastnes ffinis. 28

X. FORTUNE.

(THREE '*BALADES DE VISAGE SANZ PEINTURE*,' WITH ENVOY.)

THREE TEXTS, FROM

LANSDOWNE MS. 699, British Museum. PEPYS MS. 2006, Magdalene College, Cambridge. CAXTON'S PRINT (ab. 1477-8 A.D.), Univ. Library, Camb. (*unique*).

(*For six other MS. texts see the* Parallel-Text Edition, p. 440-445.)

FORTUNE.

[*Lansdowne MS.* 699, *leaf* 81, *paper & vellum.*]

(1) (I. i. *-on, -our, -ye*)

THis wrechid worldis transmutacion
As wele & woo / now poore & now honour
withouten ordre or wise / discrecion
gouerned is / bi ffortunes errour
but nevirthelesse / the lak of hir favour
ne may nat done me syng' thouh that I dye
Iai tout perdu / mon temps & mon labour
ffor fynaly / ffortune i defye

(2) (I. ii)

¶ Yit is me left / the siht of my reson
to knowe freend fro foo / in myn errour
So mych hath yit / thi turnyng vp & don
Itauht me / to knowen in an hour
but trewly no force of thi reddour
to hym that ovir hym silf hath maistrie
my suffisaunce / shal be my socour
for fynally / fortune I defie

(3) (I. iii)

¶ O Socrates thou steedfast chaumpion
She myht nevir be thi tormentour
thou nevir dreddist / hir oppression
nor in hir cheer / fond thou no savour
thou knewe weel the deceite of hir colour
and that hir most / worship is to lie
I knowe hir eke / a fals dissymulour
ffor fynally / fortune i defye

FORTUNE.

[*Pepys MS.* 2006, *paper: p.* 124, *hand D, ab.* 1440-50, *A.D.*]

Pleyntyf encountre fortune

(1) (I. 1)

¶ This wreched worldes transmutacion [page 124]
As wel and wo now pore and now honour
Wyth owten ordre or wyse discrecion
Governed is by fortunes errour
But natheles the lakke of hir fauour
Ne may not do me syng' though I doe
Iay perdu tout mon temps and ma labour
For fynally fortune I defye

(2) (I. 2)

¶ Yet is me left þ' sight of my reson
To knowen frend fro foo in þy myrour
So muche hath yet thy turnyng' vp and doun
I-taught me to knowen in an howre
But truly no fors of thy reddoure
To hym that ouer hym self hath þ' mastrye
My sufficiance shal be my socour
For fynally fortune I defye

(3) (I. 3)

O socrotes thow stedefast Champyon [page 125]
She myght neuer be thy tormentour
Thow dredest neuer hir oppression
Ne in hir cheer fond þou ne sauour
Thow well the deceit of hir colour
And that hir moost wurship is to lye
I know hir eke a fals dissymylour
For finally fortune I defye

FORTUNE.

[*Caxton's Text, Camb. Univ. Libr., leaf* 22, *back.*]

Balade of the vilage without peyntyng'

Playntyf to fortune

(1) (I. 1)

This wrecchid' worldes transmutacoñ
As wele as woo / now poure / & now honour
Withoute ordre or due discrecon
Governed' is / by fortunes errour
But natheles the lack of her fauour
Ne may not do me synge / though I dye
Iay tout perdu mon temps et labour
For fynally fortune I deffye

(2) (I. 2)

Yet is me left the sight of my resoun
To knowe frend' fro foo / in thy myrrour
So moche hath yet thy tornyng' vp & doun
Y taught me / to knowen in an hour
But trewly no fors of thy reddour
To hym that ouer hym self hath maystrye
My suffysance shal be my socour
For fynally fortune I deffye

(3) (I. 3)

O socrates thou stedfast champion
She myght neuer be thy tormentour
Thou neuer dreddest her oppression
Ne in her chere fonde thou no fauour [leaf 23]
Thou knewe the deceyte of her colour
And that her moste worship is for lye
I knowe her eke a fals dissymylour
For fynally fortune I deffye

(4) (II. 1) (*-ene, -aunce, -yow*)

¶ La response de Fortune encountre le pleyntiff

¶ No man is wrechid / but hym silff it wene [leaf 81, back] 25
and he that hath hym silf / hath suffisaunce
whi seist thou than / I am to the so keene
that hast thi silf / out of my gouernaunce 28
Say thus gramercy / of thyn habundaunce
that thou hast lent / or this thou shalt nat stryve
what woost thou yit / how I wil the avaunce
And eek thou hast / thi best freend a live 32

(5) (II. 2)

¶ *I* have the tauht / dyvision between 33
ffreend of effect/ & freend of countenaunce
The nedeith nat / the galle of non liyen
that cureth eyn / dirk fro penaunce 36
now seest thou cleer / that wer in ignoraunce
yit hold thyn ankir / & yit thou mayst arrive
ther bounte berith / the keye of my substaunce
ande eek thou hast / thi best freend a-live 40

(6) (II. 3)

¶ How many have I / refusid to susteene 41
Syn I the fostred have / in thi plesaunce
wolt thou than make / a statute of thi queene
that I shal been ay / at thyn ordynaunce 44
thou born art in my regne of variance
aboute the wheel / with othir must thou drive
my lore is bettir / than thi wikkid gouernaunce
And eek thou hast / thi best freend a-live 48

(7) (III. 1) (*-e, -ese, -aile*)

¶ La responce de pleyntiff en-countre ffortune

¶ Thi lore I dampne / it is aduersite [leaf 82] 49
my freend maist thou nat reve / blynd goddesse
and that I freendis knowe / I thank it the
tak hem agayn / lat hem go lyn on presse 52
the Nigardis kepyng / her richesse
pronostik is / her toure thou wilt assaile
wikkid appetite / comyht ay be-fore sekenesse
In generall / this rowle may nat faile 56

(4) (II. 1)

Fortune al · pleyntyf

No man is wreched but hym self it wen 25
And he that hath hym self hath sufficiaunce
Why seyst thow thenn I am to the so kene
That hast thy self out of my gouernaunce 28
Sey thus grant *mercy* of thy habondaunce
That thow hast lente or this thow shalt not stryne
What knost þou yet how I the wil avaunce
And eke thow hast thy best frend a live 32

(5) (II. 2)

¶ I have the taught devysion betwen 33
Frend of effected frende of countenaunce
The nedeth not the galle of noon hyen
That cureth yen derk for penaunce 36
Now seyst thow cleere þat were in ignorance
Yet halt thyn acre and yet maist thow aryve
Ther bonete bereth the key of my substance
And eke thow hast thy best frende alyve 40

(6) (II. 3)

¶ How many have I refused to susteyne 41
Syn I the fostred in thy plesaunce
Wult thow then make a statute on thy quene
That I shal ben ay at thyn ordynaunce 44
Thow boren art in my reigne of variance
Abowte the whele wyth *oþer* most thow dryve
My lore is bet then wykke is thy grevaunce
And eke thow hast thy best frend alyve 48

(7) (III. 1)

Pleyntyf als fortune

Thy loore I dampne it is aduersite 49
My frende mayst thow not reue blynd godesse
That I my frendes know I thank it the
Take hem agayn lette hem go lye a presse [page 156] 52
The nygardes in kepyng hir rychesse
Prenostik is thow wolt her toure assaile
Wycked appetite cometh ay be-for sekenesse
In general this rule may not faile 56

(4) (II. 1)

Thanswer of fortune to the pleintyf

No man is wrecchid but him self it wene 25
And he that hath hym self / hath suffysance
Why sayst thou / thenne I am to the so kene
That hast thy self / out of my gouernaunce 28
Seye thus / graunt mercy of thin habundance
That þou hast *lent* or this thou shalt not striue
What woost thou yet / hou I the wil auance
And eke thou hast thy best frend a lyue 32

(5) (II. 2)

I haue the taught deuysion bytwene 33
Frende of effect / and frende of countenance
The nedeth not the galle of none hiens
That cureth eyen derk for penance 36
Now seest thou clere þat were in ygnorance
Yet holt thyn anker / & yet þou maist arryue
There bounte bereth the keye of my substance
And eke thou hast thy best frende a lyue 40

(6) (II. 3)

How many haue I refused to sustene [leaf 82, back] 41
Syn I haue the fostred in thy plesaunce
Wilthou thenne make a statute on thy quene
That I shal be ay at thyn ordenaunce 44
Thou born art in my regne of variaunce
Aboute the whele with *other* must thou dryue
My lore is bett / than wick is thy greuaunce
And eke thou hast thy best frende a lyue 48

(7) (III. 1)

Thanswer to fortune

Thy lore I dampne / it is aduersite 49
My frende mayst thou not reue blynd goddesse
That I thy frendes knowe / I thanke it the
Take hem agayn / lete hem go lye a presse 52
The nygardes / in kepyng her richesse
Prenostik is thou wolt her tour assaylle
Wyck appetite comth ay bifore sekenesse
In general this rule may not fayle 56

(8) (III. 2)

¶ La responsse de Fortune a pleyntiff

¶ Thou pynchest / at my mutabilite 57
ffor I the lent / a drope of my richesse
and now me liketh / to withdrawe me
whi sholdist thou / my Roialte oppresse 60
the see may ebbe / & flowe more & lesse
the walkyn / hath myht to shyne reyne & hayl
Riht so mote I / kithe my brotilnesse
In general / this rewle may nat faill 64

(9) (III. 3)

¶ La responsse de pleyntiff en-countre ffortune

¶ So excecucion / of the mageste (last ff, back) 65
that al purveieth / of his rihtwisnesse
that same thyng / ffortune k clepe ye
ye blynd beestis / ful of rudenesse 68
the heuene / hath propirte of sikirnesse
this world hath euer / restles *trauvaile* [*so*]
thi last day / is ende of my intresse
In general / this rewle / may nat faile 72

[*Chaucer's* Truth *follows, headed by* 'La bon Conseil de le Auctour,' *and ended by* 'Explicit optimus tractatus de Fortuna,' *as if it were part of this* Fortune.]

(8) (III. 2)

Fortune ayenst the pleyntyf

¶ Thow pynchest at my mutabilite 57
For I the lente a drope of my rychesse
And now me liketh to wythdrawe me
Why shuldest thow my rialte oppresse 60
The see doth ebbe and flow more and lesse
The welken hath myght to shyn reyn and haile
Right so mot I kyth my brokelnesse
In general this rule may not faile 64

(9) (III. 3)

The ployntif to fortune

¶ Loo the execucion of the mageste 65
That alle purveyth of his ryghtwysenesse
That same thyng fortune clepe ye
The blynde bestes full of lewdnesse 68
The heven hath propretee of sekernesse
The world hath euer resteles travaile
Thy last day is ende of myn intresse
In general this rule may not faille 72

(10)

Lenvoye de Fortune

p Rynces I pray yow of your lentilnesse 73
Lat not this man on me thus crye and pleyn
And I shal quyte yow this besynesse
And but ye releven of his peyn 76
Preyeth his best frend of his noblesse
That to som beter astat he may atteyn

Explicit

(8) (III. 2)

Fortune

Thou pynchest at my mutabilite 57
For I the lent a drope of my richesse
And now me liketh / to withdrawe me
Why sholdest thou my Ryalte oppresse 60
The see may ebbe and flow more and lesse
The welken hath might to shyne reine & haile (leaf 71)
Ryght so muste I / kythe my brokylnesse
In general this rule may not fayle 64

(9) (III. 3)

The ployntyf

Lo thexecucon of the mageste 65
That all purueyeth of his rightwisnes
That same thyng / fortune clepen ye
Ye blynde bestes ful of lewdnes 68
The heuene hath proporte of sikernes
This world hath euer restles trauayll
The last day is ende of myn entres
In general this rule may not fayle 72

(10)

Thenuoye of fortune

Pryncis I pray you of your gentyllesse 73
Lefe not this man on me thus crye & pleyne
And I shal quyte you this besynesse
And yf ye list releue hym of his poyne 76
Praye ye his best frende of his noblesse
That to som better estate / he may atteyne

BUNGAY: CLAY AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

$V + K$

00046967

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016